

Jeff Buckley, Thousand Fold

I have no desire to make contact with all the thought of "no, no";
I shiver now, to think of how this answer asked her, no.
Long time gone. I run to my hide out.
There ain't a star born that brightens
More than you, you always should have known,
I'll illuminate your question,
Long time ago I'd died and gone.
What has brought the question?
Time has brought the question.
Come and call the question,
Oh, oh, oh.
Here are the stars, same thing again
Over, over, over, over, over, over
Over, over, over, over, over, over.