

Roger Miller, 12th Of Never

You ask how much I love you must I explain
I need you oh my darling like roses need rain
You ask how long I'll love you I'll tell you true
Until the 12th of Never I'll still be loving you
Hold me close never let me go hold me close melt my heart like April snow
I'll love you till the bluebells forget to bloom
I'll love you till the clover has lost its perfume
I'll love you till the poets run out of rhymes
Until the 12th of Never and that's a long long time
Until the 12th of Never and that's a long long time