The Twelfth Of Never

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Jerry Livingston

You ask how much I need 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 Twelfth 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 'til the bells forgot to bloom,

I'll love 'til you 'til the clover has lost its perfume.
I'll love you 'til the poets run out of rhyme,

And that's a long, long time; Until The Twelfth Of Never, And that's a long, long time.