

## The Twelfth of Never

Slim Whitman

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 'till the blue bells forget to bloom  
I'll love you 'till the clover has lost its perfume  
I'll love you 'till the poets run out of rhyme

Oh, until the twelfth of never  
And that's a long long time  
Until the twelfth of never  
And that's a long long time