

# Thousand Fold

**Jeff Buckley**

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 hideout  
There ain't a star born that brightens  
More than you, you always should have known, Joan  
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

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