

# Gloomy Sunday

Sin  ad O'Connor

Sunday is gloomy,  
My hours are slumberless,  
Dearest the shadows  
I live with are numberless

Little white flowers will  
Never awaken you  
Not where the black coach  
Of sorrow has taken you

Angels have no thought of  
Ever returning you  
Would they be angry  
If I thought of joining you  
Gloomy sunday.

Sunday is gloomy  
With shadows I spend it all  
My heart and I have  
Decided to end it all

Soon there'll be flowers  
And prayers that are sad,  
I know, let them not weep,  
Let then know  
That I'm glad to go

Death is no dream,  
For in death I'm caressing you  
With the last breath of my  
Soul I'll be blessing you

Gloomy Sunday  
Dreaming  
I was only dreaming  
I wake and I find you  
Asleep in the deep of  
My heart dear

Darling I hope that my dream

Never haunted you  
My heart is telling you  
How much I wanted you  
Gloomy sunday.

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