

# gloomy sunday

## Iordache

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 thoughts of ever returning you  
Wouldn't they be angry if I thought of joining you?

Gloomy Sunday

Gloomy is Sunday, with shadows I spend it all  
My heart and I have decided to end it all  
Soon there'll be candles and prayers that are said I know  
But let them not weep, let them know that I'm glad to go  
Death is no dream, for in death I'm caressin' you  
With the last breath of my soul, I'll be blessin' you

Gloomy Sunday

Dreaming, I was only dreaming  
I wake and I find you asleep in the deep of my heart here  
Darling I hope that my dream never haunted you  
My heart is tellin' you how much I wanted you

Gloomy Sunday

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