Gloomy Sunday

Edvin Marton

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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