

Gloomy Sunday

Sinead 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 them 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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