

# Marianne Faithfull, Gloomy Sunday

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