

# Sarah Brightman, 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

Gloomy sundays  
With shadows I spend it all  
My heart and I have decided  
To end it all  
Soon there'll be flower 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 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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