

# Sinead O' Connor, Gloomy Sunday

(L. Javor / R. Seress / Lewis)

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.