

Sinead O'Connor, 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 candles
And prayers are said,
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