

Diamanda Galas

"Gloomy Sunday"

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Sadly one Sunday, I waited and waited
With flowers in my arms, for the grief I'd created
I waited 'til dreams like my heart were all broken
The flowers were all dead and the words were
unspoken
The grief that I knew was beyond all consoling
The beat of my heart was a bell that was tolling
Saddest of Sundays

Then came the Sunday when you came to find me
They brought me to church and I left you behind me
My eyes would not see what I wanted to love me
The earth and the flowers of the lover above me*
The bell tolled for me and the wind whispered 'never'
But you I have loved and I bless you forever
Last of all Sundays

*Only line I'm not 100% sure of.

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