

Elvis Costello "Gloomy Sunday"

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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 Sunday

Gloomy Sunday
With shadows I spend it all
My heart and I
Have decided to end it all

Soon there'll be kindness
And prayers that are sad
I know, let them not weep
Let them know that I'm glad to go

Death is no dream
And in death I'm caressing you
With the last breath of my
Soul, I'll be blessing you
Gloomy Sunday, 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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