

## **Eminemmylou**

# **"Gloomy Sunday (feat Legs Mc)"**

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Luck is what you make of it (Yeah sure)  
There's no such thing as good or bad luck  
You just gotta be positive (Yeah sure)  
If you're of a gloomy disposition  
You will be unlucky you know (Yeah sure)  
I'm telling ya, I was the happiest rapper in town  
And now I'm gloomy 'cause I'm unlucky (I'm just  
angry)  
I'm gloomy  
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 thoughts of ever returning you (Never  
returning you)  
Would they be angry if I thought of joining you? (Would  
they  
be angry?)  
Gloomy Sunday  
Gloomy Monday, Gloomy Tuesday, Gloomy  
Wednesday  
Gloomy Thursday, Gloomy Friday, Gloomy Saturday,  
Gloomy  
Sunday  
Gloomy is Sunday with shadows I spend it all  
My heart and I have decided to end it all (I have  
decided to  
end it all)  
Soon there'll be candles 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 (It  
isn't a  
dream)  
With the last breath of my soul I'll be blessing you  
Gloomy Sunday  
On a sad Sunday with a hundred white flowers  
I was waiting for you my dearest with a prayer  
It is autumn and the leaves are falling,  
All love has died on earth  
The wind is weeping with sorrowful tears,  
My heart will never hope for a new spring again.

My tears and my sorrows are all in vain,  
People are heartless, greedy and wicked  
Love has died, love has died  
The world has come to its end, hope has ceased to  
have a  
meaning  
Cities are being wiped out  
Meadows are coloured red with human blood  
There are dead people on the streets everywhere  
I will say another quiet prayer:  
People are sinners,  
Lord, they make mistakes, the world has ended!  
Lord, they make mistakes, the world has ended!  
Lord, they make mistakes, the world has ended!  
Gloomy Sunday  
Dreaming, I was only dreaming (It's not real, its not  
real)  
I wake and I find you asleep  
In the deep of my heart here (We need to wake up, we  
need  
to go)  
Darling I hope that my dream never haunted you (That  
my  
dream never haunted you)  
My heart is telling you how much I wanted you (How  
much I  
wanted you)  
Gloomy Sunday  
Gloomy Monday, Gloomy Tuesday, Gloomy  
Wednesday  
Gloomy Thursday, Gloomy Friday, Gloomy Saturday,  
Gloomy  
Sunday  
What's gloomier than gloomy Sunday,  
Eminemmygloom  
Hey it's not worth it  
Sundays are forever sad  
Why do you want to see flowers on your grave?  
Why not enjoy them now?  
Don't go hating  
That don't please no one  
You're fine looking  
You got brains  
Why be gloomy  
It's kind of doomy  
What'd you mean f\*ck off, who me?  
If I'm saying the wrong things then sue me  
But first you've gotta get back from the ledge  
I know girl, I know you're on the edge  
But just hold on  
I'm not religious neither, nor drunk

But you've gotta forgive yourself and all the other  
suckers too  
Else it might be better just to jump  
I been there too man  
Much higher building than this one  
And some do gooding ass said, "Luck is what you  
make of it"  
You just gotta be positive  
You're gonna survive  
Yeah  
Sunday should be my day of peace  
Sunday should be my day of rest  
On the runway to say the least  
And now's my time to stay in bed  
Cause I've forgotten more of them  
Than I can care to remember  
Outside the temperature is dropping  
With the real air of December  
You can't buckle it down  
It's just the general Brighton mood  
Some clubbers still walk the town  
After a heavy old night on the booze  
All I need is a mic and a booth  
Plus a little more light in this room  
Then I can try to resume  
My eternal fight for the truth  
Catch the omnibus  
Hope I've got enough cash for roast dinner  
Snuck up pretty quick  
Me and my lass cuddle up like old women  
Not getting out of bed now  
We'll just leave the phone ringing  
Or maybe I should just spit a rap  
And let the flows hit 'em  
Or go with 'em  
Or stroll with 'em

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