

Peter Wolf

"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 thoughts
Of ever returning you
Would they be angry
If I thought of joining you?

Gloomy Sunday

Gloomy is Sunday
With shadows I spent it all
My heart and I
Have decided to end it all
Soon there'll be candles
And prayers that are said I know
But 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 here
Darling I hope
That my dream never haunted you
My heart is telling you
How much I wanted you

Gloomy Sunday

