

Gloomy Sunday

Iva Bittová

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 flowers 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
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 oh dear

Darling I hope that my dream never haunted you
My heart is telling you how much I wanted you
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