

## Gloomy Sunday

The Smithereens

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 spend it all  
My heart and I have decided to end it all  
Soon there'll be candles and prayers that are said 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

Darling I hope that my dream never haunted you  
My heart is telling you how much I want to do  
Little white flowers will never awaken you  
Not where the black coach of sorrow has taken you

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