

## Gloomy Sunday

Diamanda Galás

Sadly one Sunday, I waited and waited  
With flowers in my arms, for the grief I'd created  
I waited `til dreams like my heart were all broken  
The flowers were all dead and the words were unspoken  
The grief that I knew was beyond all consoling  
The beat of my heart was a bell that was tolling  
Saddest of Sundays

Then came the Sunday when you came to find me  
They brought me to church and I left you behind me  
My eyes would not see what I wanted to love me  
The earth and the flowers of the lover above me\*  
The bell tolled for me and the wind whispered `never`  
But you I have loved and I bless you forever  
Last of all Sundays