

## Gloomy Sunday

Lydia Lunch

Sunday is gloomy  
My hours are slumber less  
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  
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