

Gloomy Sunday

Ray Charles

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 candles 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

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