

Gloomy Sunday

Sarah Vaughan

Sunday is gloomy My hours are slumberless Dearest the shadows I
live with are numberless Little white flowers Will never awake
n 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 hav
e decided To end it all Soon there'll be flowers and prayers Th
at 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 Wi
th the last breath of my soul I'll be blessing you Gloomy Sunda
y

Dreaming I was only dreaming I wake and I find you asleep In th
e deep of my heart dear Darling I hope That my dream never haun
ted you My heart is telling you How much I wanted you Gloomy Su
nday Gloomy Sunday