

# Bjork, Gloomy Sunday

Sunday is gloomy  
The hours are slumberless  
Dearest the shadows  
I live with are numberless

Little white flowers  
Will never awaken you  
Not where the dark 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

Gloomy is Sunday  
With shadows I spend it all  
My heart and I  
Have decided to end it all

Soon there'll be prayers  
And candles are lit 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 here

Darling I hope  
That my dream hasn't haunted you  
My heart is telling you  
How much I wanted you

Gloomy Sunday  
is absolutely Gloomy Sunday  
Gloomy Sunday  
...Sunday