

Sarah Brightman, Gloomy Sunday

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

Gloomy sundays
With shadows I spend it all
My heart and I have decided
To end it all
Soon there'll be flower 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 dear
Darling I hope
That my dream never haunted you
My heart is telling you
How much I wanted you
Gloomy Sunday
Gloomy Sunday