

Gloomy Sunday

Diamanda Galás

Sadly one Sunday, I waited and waited
With flowers in my arms, for the grief I'd created
I waited `til dreams like my heart were all broken
The flowers were all dead and the words were unspoken
The grief that I knew was beyond all consoling
The beat of my heart was a bell that was tolling
Saddest of Sundays

Then came the Sunday when you came to find me
They brought me to church and I left you behind me
My eyes would not see what I wanted to love me
The earth and the flowers of the lover above me*
The bell tolled for me and the wind whispered `never`
But you I have loved and I bless you forever
Last of all Sundays