

# Abbey Lincoln - Gloomy Sunday

Tom: A

Am Am D F  
Sunday is gloomy my hours are slumberless  
Am Am D E  
Dearest, the shadows I live with are numberless  
Dm Dm F E  
Little white flowers will never awaken you  
Am Am D E  
Not where the black coach of sorrow has taken you  
Am Am D F  
Angels have no thought of ever returning you  
Am Am D E F E  
Would they be angry if I thought of joining you  
Am E Am Am D F E  
Gloomy Sunday  
Am Am D F  
Gloomy Sunday, with shadows I spend it all  
Am Am D E  
My heart and I have decided to end it all

Dm Dm F E  
Soon there'll be candles and prayers that are sad, I know  
Am Am D E  
Let them not weep, let them know that I'm glad to go  
Am Am D F E  
Death is no dream, for in death I'm caressing you  
Am Am D E F E  
With the last breath of my soul, I'll be blessing you  
Am E Am Am D F E  
Gloomy Sunday  
A D A D A D A D  
Dreaming, I was only dreaming  
A Bm Dbm Gbm B7 F7 E7  
I wake and I find you asleep in the deep of my heart, dear  
Am Am D F E  
Darling, I hope that my dream never haunted you  
Am Am D E F E  
My heart is telling you how much I wanted you.  
Am E Am Am D F E Am  
Gloomy Sunday

## Acordes

