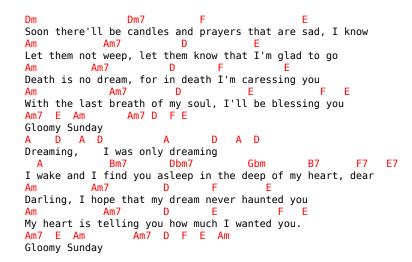


## **Abbey Lincoln - Gloomy Sunday**

Am7 D Sunday is gloomy my hours are slumberless Am Am7 D E Dearest, the shadows I live with are numberless Dm7 Little white flowers will never awaken you Am7 D Not where the black coach of sorrow has taken you Am Am7 D F Angels have no thought of ever returning you Am Am7 D E F Would they be angry if I thought of joining you Am7 D F E Am7 E Am Gloomy Sunday Am7 Gloomy Sunday, with shadows I spend it all Am  $$\mathsf{Am}^{\mathsf{T}}$$  D  $\mathsf{E}$ My heart and I have decided to end it all



## Acordes

