

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