All Tomorrow's Parties

Rasputina

And what costume shall the poor girl wear
To all tomorrow's parties
A hand-me-down dress from who knows where
To all tomorrow's parties
When midnight comes around
She'll turn once more to Sunday's clown
And where will she go and what shall she beAnd what costume shall the poor girl wear
And cry behind the door
To all tomorrow's parties
To all tomorrow's parties
Why silks and linens of yesterday's gownsWhen Monday comes around
And what will she do with Thursday's rags
And cry behind the door
She'll turn once more to Sunday's clown
And what costume shall the poor girl wear
For Thursday's child is Sunday's clownTo all tomorrow's parties
For whom none will go mourning
A blackened shroud, a hand-me-down gown
Of rags and silks, a costume
It's fine for one who sits and cries

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