All Tomorrow's Parties (Version '93)

Apoptygma Berzerk

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

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