

# 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 door And 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 door And 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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