

# All tomorrows parties

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And what costume shall the poor girl wear  
To all tomorrows' parties?  
A hand-me-down dress from who knows where  
To all tomorrows partiesAnd 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 tomorrows' parties?  
Why silks and linens of yesterday's gowns  
To all tomorrows parties?And what shall 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 tomorrows' parties?  
For Thursday's child is Sunday's clown  
For whom no will go mourningA blackened shroud, a hand-me-down gown  
Of rags and silks, a costume  
Fits for one who sits and cries  
For all tomorrow's parties

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