All Tomorrows Parties

Beck

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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