

# All Tomorrow's Parties

[Lou Reed](#)

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 Thursday'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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