All tomorrow's parties

SLABB

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 partiesAnd where shall she go and what will 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 partiesAnd 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 partiesAnd where shall she go and what will 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
A hand-me-down dress from, who knows, where
To all tomorrow's partiesAnd where shall she go and what will 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
And silks and linens of yesterdays' gowns
To all tomorrow's partiesAnd 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 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 mourningA blackened shroud, a hand-me-down gown
Of rags and silks, a costume
Fit for one who sits and cries
For all tomorrow's partiesAnd 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 partiesAnd where shall she go and what will 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 partiesAnd 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 doorAnd what costume shall the poor girl wear?
To all tomorrow's parties
For Thursday's child is Sunday's clown
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Of rags and silks, a costume
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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 partiesAnd what will she do with Thursday's rags?
When Monday comes around
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And cry behind the doorAnd 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 partiesAnd where shall she go and what will 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 partiesAnd what will she do with Thursday's child?
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
A Thursday's child who's Sunday's clown
For whom none will go mourningA blackened shroud, a hand-me-down gown
Of rags and silks, a costume
Fit for one who sits and cries
For all tomorrow's partiesAnd 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 partiesAnd where shall she go and what will she do?
When midnight comes around

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And cry behind the doorAnd what costume shall the poor girl wear?
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Of rags and silks, a costume
Fit for one who sits and cries
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Of rags and silks, a costume
Fit for one who sits and cries
For all tomorrow's parties

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