Japan, All Tomorrow's Parties

And what costume shall the poor girl wear To all tomorrows parties A hand-me-down dress from who knows where To all tomorrows parties

Where will she go 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 tomorrows parties The silken trimmings of yesterday's gown To all tomorrows parties

What shall 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 tomorrows parties Thursday's child is Sunday's clown From whom no-one ever borrows

A blackened shroud A hand-me-down gown of rags and silks her costume Fit for one who sits and cries For all tomorrows parties