

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