

# Nick Cave, All Tomorrow's Parties

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 gown  
And cry behind the door

And what costume shall the poor girl wear  
To all tomorrow's parties  
Why silks and plumes of yesterday's gowns  
To all tomorrow's parties

And 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 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