

Nico, 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 what shall she do and where will she go
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?
White 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.