

Apoptygma Berzerk **"Apb Goes C-64"**

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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.
And where will she go and 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?
Why silks and linens of yesterdays gowns
To all tomorrows 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 tomorrows parties?
For Thursday's child is Sunday's clown
For whom no will go mourning.
A blackened shroud, a hand-me-down gown
Of rags and silks, a costume.
Fits for one who sits and cries,
For all tomorrows parties.

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