

Underground Velvet

"All Tomorrows Parties"

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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 clown

And cry behind the door

And what costume shall the poor girl wear

To all tomorrow's parties

Why 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

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