

## **Velvet Underground**

# **"All Tomorrow's 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 shall she go and what will 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

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 shall she go and what will 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  
A hand-me-down dress from, who knows, where  
To all tomorrow's parties

And where shall she go and what will 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  
And silks and linens of yesterdays' 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

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 shall she go and what will 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

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 shall she go and what will 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  
A hand me down dress from, who knows, where  
To all tomorrow's parties

And where shall she go and what will 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 child?  
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  
A Thursday's child who's 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

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 shall she go and what will 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

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 shall she go and what will she do?

And what costume shall the poor girl wear?  
To all tomorrow's parties  
A hand-me-down dress from, who knows, where  
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And where shall she go and what will she do?  
When midnight comes around  
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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 shall 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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