

**All Tomorrows Parties**  
**Bryan Ferry**

(Reed)

Intro: **D#m C# D#m** |x4

**D#m C# D#m**  
And what costume shall the poor girl wear  
**G#m Bbm**  
To all tomorrow s parties  
**D#m C# D#m**  
A hand-me-down dress from who knows where  
**G#m Bbm**  
To all tomorrow s parties  
**G#m Bbm**  
And where will she go and what she gonna do  
**G#m Bbm**  
When midnight comes around  
**D#m C# D#m**  
She turn once more to Sunday s clown  
**G#m Bbm D#m C# D#m**  
And cry behind the door

And what costume shall the poor girl wear  
To all tomorrow s parties  
Linens and silks of last night 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

as Intro |x4

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

sa Intro to fade