



Send in the Clowns

Isn't it rich? Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground, you in mid-air
Where are the clowns? Isn't it bliss?
Don't you approve? One who keeps tearing
around
One who can't move
Where are the clowns? Send in the clowns
Just when I'd stopped opening doors
Finally knowing the one that I wanted was
yours
Making my entrance again with my usual flair
Sure of my lines
No one is there

Don't you love farce? My fault, I fear
I thought that you'd want what I want
Sorry, my dear
But where are the clowns?
Quick, send in the clowns
Don't bother, they're here

Isn't it rich? Isn't it queer?
Losing my timing this late in my career
But where are the clowns? There ought to be
clowns
Well, maybe next year

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