

Send in the clowns

Isn't it rich? Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground,
You in mid-air.
Send in 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?
Where are the clowns?
Where are the clowns?
Well, maybe next year.

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

