

Send In The Clowns

Carmen McRae

Isn't it rich, are we a pair
Me here at last on the ground - and you in mid-air
Send in the clowns

Isn't it bliss, don't you approve
One who keeps tearing around - and one who can't move
But where are the clowns - send in the clowns

Just when I stopped - opening doors
Finally knowing the one that I wanted - was yours
Making my entrance again with my usual flair
Sure of my lines - nobody's there

Don't you love a farce; my fault I fear
I thought that you'd want what I want - sorry my dear
But where are the clowns - 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 - send in the clowns
Well maybe next year