

Send In The Clowns

Judy Collins

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!
And 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
And where are the clowns?
There ought to be clowns
Well, maybe next year