

## Send In The Clowns

Olivia Newton-John

Isn't it rich, are we a pair  
Me here atlast on the ground, you in midair  
Where are the clowns

Isn't it bliss, don't you approve  
One who keeps taring around, one who can't move  
Where are the clowns, there aught to be 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, no one is there

Don't you love farce, my fault I feel  
I thought that you'd want what I want....sorry my dear  
Where are the clowns, send in the clowns... don't bother there

What a surprise, who could foresee  
I've come to feel about you what you felt about me  
Why only now when I see that you've drifted away  
What a surprise, what a cliché'-

Isn't it rich, isn't it queer  
Losing my timing this late in my career  
Where are the clowns, there aught to be clowns- well maybe next  
year