

## Send In The Clowns

Peter Criss

Isn't it rich? Aren't 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  
But 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 was 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, oh oh oh

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  
Well, maybe next year