

## Send In The Clowns

Renato Russo

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  
There ought to be clowns  
Quick send in the clowns

What a surprise!  
Who could foresee  
I'd come to feel about you  
What you felt about me?  
Why only now 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  
And where are the clowns  
Quick send in the clowns  
Don't bother, they're here