

Send In The Clowns

Sarah Vaughan

Isn't it rich?
Aren't we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground
You in midair
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 stopped, I stopped openin' doors
Finally knowin' the one that I really wanted was yours
Making my entrance again and 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?
Quick, 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?
They are all to be clowns
Well, maybe next year, isn't it rich?
I'll repair; isn't it rich?