

Send In The Clowns

Barbra Streisand

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 a 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 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
And where are the clowns
Quick send in the clowns
Don't bother, they're here