

Send In the Clowns

Grace Jones

Isn't it rich? Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground
You in mid-air
Send in the clowns
Send in the clownsIsn't it bliss? Don't you approve?
One who keeps tearing around
One who can't move
Where are the clowns?
Send in the clownsJust 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 thereDon't you love farce? My fault I fear
I thought that you'd want what I want
Sorry my dear and where are the clowns?
Quick send in the clowns
Don't bother, they're hereIsn'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 [Incomprehensible]Send in the clowns
Send in the clowns
Send in the clowns
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