

# Send In the Clowns

Dianne Reeves

Isn't it rich?  
Are we a pair?  
Me here at last on the ground,  
    you in mid-air.  
Where are the clowns?Isn't it bliss?  
    Don't you approve?  
One who keeps tearing around,  
    one who can't move.  
Where are the clowns?  
There ought to be 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.  
And where are the clowns?  
    Quick, send in the clowns.  
    Don't bother, they're here.

Songwriters  
STEPHEN SONDHEIMPublished by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>