

# 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

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