

# Send in the Clowns

**Martin Nievera**

Isn't it rich?  
Are we a pair?  
Me here at last on the ground  
And 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 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  
But, where are the clowns? Quick, send in the clowns  
Don't bother, they're there  
Isn'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, maybe next year

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