Send In The Clowns

USAF Falconaires

Isn't it rich, are we a pair
Me here at last on the ground, you in midair
Where are the clowns?
Isn't it bliss, don't you approve
One who keeps taring around, one who can't move
Where are the clowns
There ought to be 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 feel
I thought that you'd want what I want, sorry my dear
Where are the clowns
Send in the clowns, don't bother there
What a surprise, who could foresee
I've 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 cliche
Isn't it rich, isn't it queer
Losing my timing this late in my career
Where are the clowns
There ought to be clowns, well, maybe next year

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