Send In The Clowns

Judy Collins

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 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
But where are the clowns, 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
But where are the clowns? There ought to be clowns
Well, maybe next year

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