

# 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 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  
But where are the clowns, send in the clowns  
Don't bother, they're here Isn'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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