Send In the Clowns

Peter Criss

Isn't it rich? Aren't we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground
You in mid air
Send in the clownsIsn't it bliss? Don't you approve?
One who keeps tearing around
One who can't move
But where are the clowns?
Send in the 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 was 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, quick send in the clowns
Don't bother, they're here, oh, oh, oh

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