

Send In the Clowns (From "A Little Night Music")

Barbra Streisand

Isn't it rich?
Are we a pair?
Me here, at last, on the ground
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'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?
There ought to be clowns
Quick, send in the clowns What a surprise!
Who could foresee?
I'd 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 cliché Isn't it rich?
Isn't it queer?
Losing my timing this late in my career
And where are the clowns?
Quick, send in the clowns Don't bother
They're here

Songwriters

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