

# Send in the Clowns

Barbra Streisand

Isn't it rich,  
Aren't 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 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'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 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.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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