

Send In The Clowns

Frank Sinatra

This is a song about a couple of adult people
Who have spent, oh, quite a long time together
Till one day one of 'em gets restless and decides to leave
Whether it's the man or woman who left is unimportant
It's a lovely marriage of words and music
Written by Stephen Sondheim
Isn't it rich? Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground and you in mid-air
Send in the clowns
Isn't it bliss? Don't you approve?
One who keeps tearing around and one who can't move
But where are the clowns? Send in the clowns
Just when I stopped opening doors
Finally finding the one that I wanted was yours
Making my entrance again with my usual flair
Sure of my lines, nobody's there
Don't you love a 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? Send in the clowns
Well, maybe next year

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