

Fame (Stryx, 1978)

Grace Jones

Isn't it rich? Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground,
You in mid-air,
Send in the clowns, 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 thar you'd want what I want,
Sorry my dear,
And where are the clowns?
Quick send in the clowns,
Don't bother, they're here,

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