

Send In the Clowns

Mark Kozelek

Isn't it rich? Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground
And you in mid air
But where are 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'd stopped opening doors
Finally knowing the one who 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?
Send in the clowns

Songwriters

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