

# Send In The Clowns

[Olivia Newton-john](#)

Isn't it rich, are we a pair  
Me here at last on the ground, you in midair  
Where are the clowns?  
Isn't it bliss, don't you approve  
One who keeps taring around, one who can't move  
Where are the clowns  
There ought to be 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 feel  
I thought that you'd want what I want, sorry my dear  
Where are the clowns  
Send in the clowns, don't bother there  
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  
Where are the clowns  
There ought to be clowns, well, maybe next year

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