

Send In the Clowns

Susan Boyle

Isn't it rich?
Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground
You in mid-air
Where are 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 that you'd want what I want
Sorry, my dear!
But where are the clowns
There ought to be clowns
Send in the clowns What a surprise, one could foresee
I've come to feel about you
What you felt about me
Why only now, when I see
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?
Send in the clowns
Don't bother there here

Songwriters

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