

Send In The Clowns

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Isn't it rich, are we a pair
Me here atlast 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 aught 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 aught to be clowns- well maybe next
year