

Send In The Clowns

Frankie Laine

Isn't it rich?
Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground
You in mid-air
Send in the clowns
I love to see clowns

Isn't it bliss?
Don't you approve?
One who keeps tearing around
One who can't move
So 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
And where are the clowns?
Send in the clowns
Don't bother, they're here

Isn't it rich?
Isn't it queer?
Losing my timing this late
In my career?
And where are the clowns?
There ought to be clowns
Well, maybe next year