

## Send In The Clowns

Judy Collins

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!  
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