

Send in the Clowns

Matthew Morrison

Isn't it rich, are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground
You in mid-air
Send in 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 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?
Quick send in the clowns, don't bother their here

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
And where are the clowns?
There ought to be clowns
Well maybe next year