

Finale

Stephen Sondheim

What a surprise
Who could foresee?
I'd 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?

Are we a pair?
You here at last on the ground

You in mid-air
Was that a farce?

My fault, I fear

Me as a merry-go-round

Me as King Lear
Make way for the clowns

Applause for the clowns

They're finally here