

## Send In The Clowns

Barbra Streisand

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'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 a farce,  
My fault I fear,  
I thought that you'd want what I want  
Sorry my dear!  
But where are the clowns  
There ought to be clowns  
Quick send in the clowns  
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, isn't it queer  
Losing my timing this late in my career  
And where are the clowns  
Quick send in the clowns  
Don't bother, they're here