

## Send in the Clowns

Susan Boyle

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.