

Send In the Clowns

Barbra Streisand

Isn't it rich,
Aren't 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
There ought to be clowns
Quick send in the clowns 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
Quick send in the clowns
Don't bother they're here.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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