

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.

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