

Send In the Clowns

Judy Collins

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?
There ought to be 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!
But 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.
But where are the clowns?
There ought to be clowns...
Well, maybe next year.

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

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