

Martin Nievera, Send In The Clowns

Isn't it rich?
Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground
And 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?

Quick, send in the clowns
Don't bother, they're there
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