

# Dianne Reeves, Send In The Clowns

Isn't it rich, aren't we a pair  
Send in the clowns  
Isn't it bliss, don't you approve  
One who keeps tearing around - and one who can't move  
But where are the clowns - send in the clowns  
Just when I stopped opening doors  
Finally finding the one that I wanted - was yours  
Making my entrance again with my usual flair  
Sure of my lines - nobody there  
Don't you love a 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 - send in the clowns  
Well maybe next year