Dianne Reeves, Send In The Clowns

Isn't it rich, aren't we a pair5
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