

Perry Como, Send In The Clowns

Isn't it rich, are 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 knowin' the one that I wanted was yours,
Making my entrance again, with my usual flair
Sure of my lines, but no one is there!

Don't you love farce?
My fault I fear!
I thought that you'd want what I want
I'm sorry my dear!
Quick, 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!
Where are the clowns? there's gotta be clowns!
Maybe next year.

. . . maybe next year!