

SEND IN THE CLOWNS
(From "A Little Night Music")

Is n't it rich? Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground, you in mid-air . . .
Send in the clowns.
Is n't it bliss? Don't you approve?
One who keeps tearing a-round, one who can't move . . .
Where are the clowns? Send in the 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? Quick, send in the clowns.
Don't bother, they're here.

Is n't it rich, Is n't it queer,
Losing my timing this late in my career?
And where are the clowns? There ought to be clowns.
Well, may-be next year.