

Send In the Clowns

Susan Boyle

Isn't it rich?
Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground
You in mid-air.
Where are 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?
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?
There ought to be clowns
Well, maybe next year.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>