

# 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/>