

Karen Akers

"Send In The Clowns"

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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'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

Isn't it rich? Isn't it queer?
Losing my timing in this late in my career?
And where are the clowns?
There ought to be clowns, well, maybe next year

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