

Perry Blake

"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 stopped, opening
doorsFinally knowin' the one that I wanted was
yours,Making my entrance again, with my usual
flairSure 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!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!

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