

Peter Criss

"Send in the Clowns"

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Isn't it rich? Aren't 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
But 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 was 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, oh, oh, oh

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

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