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Shirley Bassey
"Send In The Clowns"

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Isn't it rich?
Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground
And 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 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 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 this late

In my career?
And where are the clowns?
There ought to be clowns
Well maybe
Next year
(transcribed by Roman)

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