

Zdzisława Sońnicka, Send in the clowns

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 force ?
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 this late in my career.
And where are the clowns ?
There ought to be clowns
Well maybe next year.