Zdzisława Sośnicka, 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.