

[Send in the Clowns by Judy Collins](#)

[Send in the Clowns by Marrina Waks](#) -

A Piano Solo

Send in the Clowns by Stephen Sondheim

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 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

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

(Alternate verse below)
What a surprise.
Who could foresee
I'd come to feel about you
What you'd felt about me?
Why only now when i see
That you'd drifted away?
What a surprise.
What a cliché.

Song Parody of Send in the Clowns - by Hal Mitchell

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We Sent in the Clowns

(The Obama Voters' Lament)

We once were rich
With money to spare
Thought it would last, oh how profound
But in mid-air
We sent in the clowns!

This isn't bliss
We don't approve
Of you tearing us down
Soon you will move.
Where are the clowns?
We sent in the clowns!

We thought you'd stopped
Closing the doors
Finally knowing
What once was mine is now yours
Making your entrance again
With your usual flair
So sure of your lines,
But no one is there.

You are a farce
Our fault, we fear.
We thought that you'd want what we want -
Sorry, my dears.
But where are the clowns?
Quick, send in the clowns
Don't bother, they're here

No longer rich
Isn't it queer?
Losing our money this late
In our careers?
'Cause there are the clowns
There ought not be clowns
Well, maybe next year.

