Send In The Clowns

Words & Music:
Stephen Sondheim

Eb
Isn't it rich? Are we a pair?
EbM9   Eb           AbM9
Me here at last on the ground, you in mid-air.
Ab6   Bb/Eb   Ab/Eb   Bb/Eb   Ab
Where are the clowns?

Isn't it bliss? Don't you approve?
One who keeps tearing around, one who can't move...
Ab6   Bb/Eb   Fm/Eb   Eb
Where are the clowns? Send in the clowns.

Gm       Dm7       Gm
Just when I'd stopped opening doors,
Dm9   Gm       Cm7
Finally knowing the one that I wanted was yours.
G   Eb6/Bb   F7/A   Ab6   Gsus4
Making my entrance again with my usual flair
Fm7-5   Gm/Bb   Ab6/Bb   Bb/Eb   Ab   Bb/Eb   Ab
Sure of my lines------, no-one is there.

Ab       Eb
Don't you love farce? My fault, I fear.
EbM9   Eb               AbM9
I thought that you'd want what I want. Sorry, my dear.
Ab6   Bb/Eb
And where are the clowns?
Bb9/Eb
Eb Ebsus4 Eb Ebsus4
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.
Ab6       Bb/Eb
And where are the clowns?
Bb9/Eb
Eb Ebsus4 Eb
There ought to be clowns...well, maybe next year.