

# Send In The Clowns

Words & Music:  
Stephen Sondheim

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.

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.