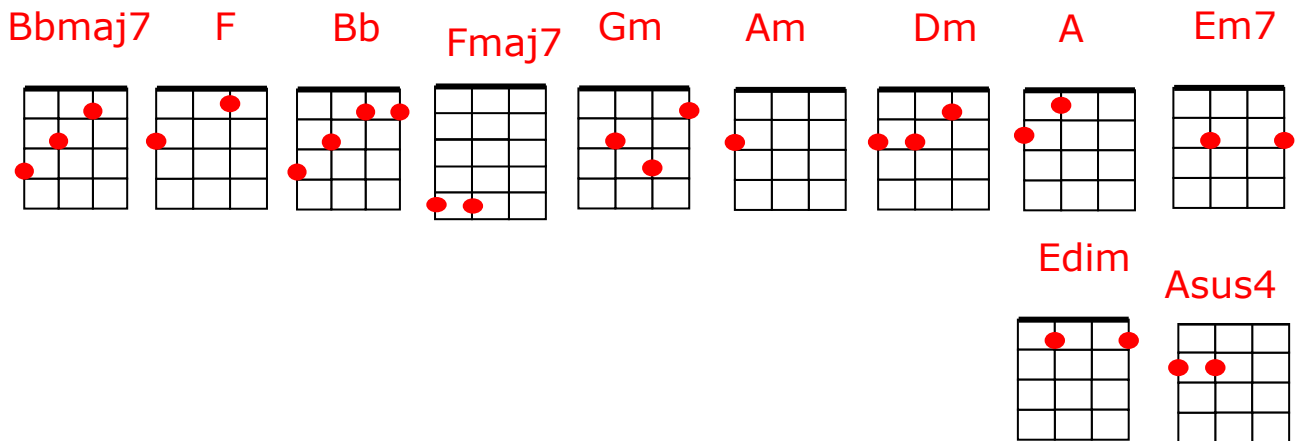


Send in the Clowns

Stephen Sondheim via various interpretations, mostly Frank Sinatra



Intro: [F] // [Bbmaj7] [F] //

[Bbmaj7] Isn't it [F] rich? [Bb] Are we a [F] pair?
Me here at [Fmaj7] last on the ground; you in mid- [Bbmaj7] air
Send in the [Fmaj7] clowns [Bbmaj7] [F]

[Bbmaj7] Isn't it [F] bliss? [Bb] Don't you ap- [F] prove?
One who keeps [Fmaj7] tearing around; one who can't [Bbmaj7] move
[Gm] Where are the [Fmaj7] clowns?
[Bb] Send in the [F] clowns

[Am] Just when I'd stopped, [Em7] opening [Am] doors,
[Em7] Finally [Am] knowing the one that I wanted was [Dm] yours;
[A] Making my [Dm] entrance a- [G7] gain,
With my [Bb] usual [Asus4] flair,
[Edim] Sure of my [Am] lines,
[Bb] No one is [F] there [Bbmaj7] [F]

[Bbmaj7] Don't you love [F] farce? [Bb] My fault, I [F] fear;
I thought that [Fmaj7] you'd want what I want: sorry my [Bbmaj7] dear
But [Gm] where are the [Fmaj7] clowns?
Quick, [Gm] send in the [Fmaj7] clowns.
Don't [Bb] bother, they're [F] here [Bbmaj7] [F]

[Bbmaj7] Isn't it [F] rich? [Bb] Isn't it [F] queer,
Losing my [Fmaj7] timing this late, in my car- [Bbmaj7] eer?
And [Gm] where are the [Am] clowns?
There [Gm] ought to be [Am] clowns
Well, [Bb] maybe next [F] year [Bbmaj7] [F]