The Windmills Of Your Mind

Round like a circle in a spiral, like a wheel within a mind!
Like a tunnel that you follow to a tunnel of its own, Down a hollow to a cavern where the sun has never shine.

wheel, Never ending or beginning on an ever spinning reel, Like a snowball down a mountain, or a carnival balloon, Like a door that keeps revolving in a half forgotten dream, Or the ripples from a pebble someone tosses in a stream.

Like a carousel that's turning running rings around the face, And the world is like an apple whirling silently in space, Like the circles that you find in the windmills of your own, Down a hollow to a cavern where the sun has never shine.
Em

mind! Keys that jingle in your pocket, words that jingle in your

Am7

head, Why did summer go so quickly? Was it something that you

GMaj7

said? Lovers walk along a shore and leave their footprints on the

CMaj7

sand. Is the sound of distant drumming just the fingers of your

Bm

hand? Pictures hanging in a hallway and the fragment of a

Am

song, Half remembered names and faces, but to whom do they be-

GMaj7

long? When you knew that it was over you were suddenly a-

F#m7b5

ware that the autumn leaves were turning to the color of her

B7

hair! Like a circle in a spiral, like a wheel within a
wheel, Never ending or beginning on an ever spinning reel.

As the images unwind, Like the circles that you find, in the windmills of your mind!