

The Windmills of Your Mind

Dusty Springfield

Round

Like a circle in a spiral
Like a wheel within a wheel
Never ending or beginning
On an ever spinning reel
Like a snowball down a mountain
Or a carnival balloon
Like a carousel thatâ€™s turning
Running rings around the moon

Like a clock whose hands are sweeping
Past the minutes of it's face
And the world is like an apple
Whirling silently in space
Like the circles that you find
In the windmills of your mind !

Like a tunnel that you follow
To a tunnel of it's own
Down a hollow to a cavern
Where the sun has never shone,
Like a door that keeps revolving
In a half forgotten dream,
Or the ripples from a pebble
Someone tosses in a stream

Like a clock whose hands are sweeping

Keys that jingle in your pocket
Words that jangle in your head
Why did summer go so quickly ?
Was it something that you said ?
Lovers walk along a shore
And leave their footprints in the sand

Is the sound of distant drumming
Just the fingers of your hand ?
Pictures hanging in a hallway
And the fragment of this song
Half remembered names and faces
But to whom do they belong ?

He: when you knew
That it was over
You were suddenly aware
That the autumn leaves were turning
To the color
Of her hair !

She: when you knew
That it was over
In the autumn of goodbyes
For a moment
You could not recall the color
Of his eyes !

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 !