

Windmills Of Your Mind

Henry Mancini

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 that's t
urning 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 ho
llow to a cavern Where the sun has never shone, Like a door tha
t keeps revolving In a half forgotten dream, Or the ripples fro
m 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 sa
nd

Is the sound of distant drumming Just the fingers of your hand
? Pictures hanging in a hallway And the fragment of this song H
alf 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 F
or a moment You could not recall the color Of his eyes !

Like a circle in a spiral Like a wheel within a wheel Never end
ing or beginning On an ever spinning reel

As the images unwind Like the circles That you find In the wind
mills of your mind !