

# The Windmills of Your Mind

Johnny Mathis

Round

Like a circle in a spiral  
Like a wheel within a wheel  
Never ending or beginning  
On ever-spinning wheel

Like a snowball down the mountain  
Or a carnival balloon  
Like a carousel that's turning  
Running rings around the moon

Like a clock whose hands are sweeping  
Past the minutes of its 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 the tunnel that you follow  
To a tunnel of its own  
Down a hollow to a cavern  
Where the sun has never shown

Like a door that keeps revolving  
And a half-forgotten dream  
Or the ripples from the pebble  
Someone tosses in a stream

Like a clock whose hands are sweeping  
Past the minutes of its face  
And the world is like an apple  
Whirling silently in space

Like the circles that you find  
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Keys that jingle in your pocket  
Words that dangle in your head  
Why the summer goes so quickly  
Was it something that you said

Lovers walk along the 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 fragments of a song  
Half-remembered and faces  
But to whom do they belong?

When you knew that it was over  
You were certainly aware  
That the autumn leaves were turning  
To the color of her hair

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