

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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