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The Windmills Of Your Mind

Reference number PT0317

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 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
past the minutes on 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.

Keys that jingle in your pocket,
words that jangle 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 a fragment of this song.
Half remembered names and faces,
but to whom do they belong?

(Male words)

When you knew that it was over
You were suddenly aware
That the autumn leaves were turning
to the color of her 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!

(Female words)

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!