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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!