

Johnny Mathis, Windmills Of Your Mind

Round

Like a circle in a spiral
Like a wheel within a wheel
Never ending nor beginning
On an ever-spinning wheel

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 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 a tunnel that you follow
To a tunnel of its own
Down a hollow to a cavern
Where the sun has never shone
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
In the windmills of your mind

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 the shore
Leaving 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 names and faces
But to whom do they belong ?

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