

Maureen McGovern, The Windmills Of Your Mind

Like a circle in a spiral,
like a wheel within a wheel,
Never ending or beginning in an ever spinning reel,
Like a snowball down a mountain,
or a carnival balloon,
Like a carousel that's spinning running rings around the moon,

like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the minutes of its face,
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 you discover has a tunnel of its own,
From 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...

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 and leave their footprints in the sand,
is the sound of distant drumming just the fingers of your hand?
Pictures hanging in the hallway and the fragment of this 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!

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!