Michel Legrand, The Windmills Of Your Mind (Fro

Round like a circle in a spiral like a wheel within a wheel
Never ending on 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 on its face
And the world is like an apple spinning 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 in a half-forgotten dream
Like the ripples from a pebble someone tosses in a stream
Like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the minutes on its face
And the world is like an apple spinning 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 I said? Lovers walk along a shore And leave their footprints in the sand Was the sound of distant drumming Just the fingers of your hand? Pictures hanging in a hallway Or the fragment of a song Half-remembered names and faces But to whom do they belong? When you knew that it was over Were you 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