

Nana Mouskouri, The Windmills Of Your Mind

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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 the mountain
Or a carnival balloon
Like a carrousel that's turning
Running rings around the moon

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Like a clock whose hands are sweeping (?)
Past the minutes on 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 the highway to a cavern
Where the sun has never shone
Like a door that keeps revolving
In a half forgotten dream
Of the ripples from a pebble
Someone tosses in the stream

(** repeat)

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 foot-prints in the sand
Is the sound of distant drumming
Just the fingers of your hand
Pictures hanging in the hallway
And the fragment of a song
Half remembered names and faces
But to whom do they belong
When you knew that it was over
In the autumn of goodbyes
For a moment you could not recall !
The color of his eyes

(*repeat)

As the images unwind
Like the circles that you find
In the windmills of you mind