

# Skeeter Davis, Windmills Of Your Mind

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 those 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 in a half forgotten dream  
Or the ripples from a pebble someone tosses in a stream  
Like a clock those hands...

Keys that jingle in your pocket words that jingle 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 a hallway and the fragment of a song  
Half remembered names and faces but to whom do they belong  
When you knew what it was over you were suddenly aware  
That the autumn leaves were turning to the color of his hair  
Like a circle in a spiral...  
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