

Dusty Springfield - The Windmills of Your Mind

tom:

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 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 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 in a half-forgotten dream
 Or the ripples from a 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 I said?
 Lovers walk along a 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 fragments 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

Acordes