

# The Windmills Of Your Mind

Shank, Bud

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 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  
Like 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 you 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 fragment of a 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 his 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

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