

The Windmills Of Your Mind

Alison Moyet

Round, like a circle in a spiral
Like a wheel within a wheel
Never ending or beginning
On an ever spinning wheel 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 it's 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 it's 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 on it's 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 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 a 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 Like a circle in a spiral
Like a wheel within a wheel
Never ending or beginning
On an ever spinning wheel
As the images unwind

Like the circles that you find
In the windmills of your mind

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