

# Windmills Of Your Mind

Noel Harrison

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  
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  
When did summer go so quickly? Was it something that you said?  
Lovers walking 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 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!

Keys that jingle in your pocket, words that jangle in your head  
When did summer go so quickly? Was it something that you said?  
Lovers walking 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 in the autumn of good-byes  
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 reel

As the images unwind, like the circles that you find in  
The windmills of your mind!

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