

Windmills of Your Mind

Sting

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 burning
Running rings around the room 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 does 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
In the fragment of this 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 Pictures hanging in a hallway
In the fragment of this song

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In the windmills of your mind

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