The Windmills of Your Mind

Neil Diamond

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 on its face And the world is like an apple Spinning 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 on its face

And the world is like an apple Spinning 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 Was the sound of distant drumming Just the fingers of your hand?

Pictures hanging in a hallway Or the fragment 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 colour 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