

Springfield Dusty

"The Windmills Of Your Mind"

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(from "The Thomas Crown Affair")

Music by Michel Legrand

Lyrics by Alan Bergman and Marilyn Bergman

Round,

Like a circle in a spiral

Like a wheel within a wheel,

Never ending on 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 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!

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