All Angels "Windmills Of Your Mind"

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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 carousell 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 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 on 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 did summer go so quickly
Was it something that you said
Lovers walking along the shore,
Leave their footprints in the sand
Is the sound of distant drumming
Just the fingers of your hand

Pictures hanging in a hall
And a fragment of a song
Half remembered names and faces
But to whom do they belong
When you knew that it was over
you was suddenly aware
that the autumn leaves was 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 wheel
As the images unwind
Like the circle that you find
In the windmills of your mind

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