

Legrand Michel

"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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