

Mouskouri Nana

"The 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 a never spinning wheel

Like a snowball down the mountain
Or a carnival balloon
Like a carrousel that's turning
Running rings around the moon

Like a clock whose hands are swinging
As 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 the highway to a cavern
Where the sun has never shone
Like a door that keeps revolving
In a half forgotten dream
Of the ripples from a pebble
Someone tosses in the stream

Like a clock whose hands are swinging
As 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 jingls in your pocket
Words that jungle in your head
Why did summer go so quickly
Was it something that you said
Lovers walk along the shore
And leave their foot-prints in the sand
Is the sound of distant drowning
Just the fingers of your hand

Pictures standing in the hallway
And the fragment of a song
Half remembered things and faces
But to whom do they belong
When you knew that it was over
In the autumn of goodbyes
For a moment you could not recall
The color of his eyes

Like a circle in a spiral
Like a wheel within a wheel
Never ending or beginning
On a never spinning wheel
As the images so wide
Like the circles that you find
In the windmills of you mind

(Michel Legrand Marlyn

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