

# The Windmills Of Your Mind

Alison Moyet

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 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  
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 hallway  
And a fragment of a song  
Half remembered names 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 an ever spinning wheel  
As the images unwind  
Like the circle that you find  
In the windmills of your mind