

Skeeter Davis, Windmills Of Your Mind

Round like a circle in a spiral like a wheel within a wheel
Never ending or 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 those hands are sweeping past the minutes of 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 those hands...

Keys that jingle in your pocket words that jingle in your head
Why did summer go so quickly was it something that you said
Lovers walk along the shore and leave their footprints in the sand
Is the sound of distant drumming just the fingers of your hand
Pictures hanging in a hallway and the fragment of a song
Half remembered names and faces but to whom do they belong
When you knew what it was over you were suddenly aware
That the autumn leaves were turning to the color of his hair
Like a circle in a spiral...
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