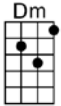
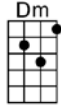


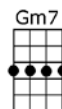
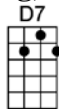
WINDMILLS OF YOUR MIND_(BAR)



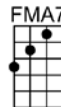
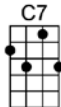
Round, like a circle in a spiral, like a wheel within a wheel



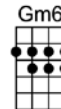
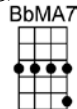
Never ending or beginning, on an ever spinning reel



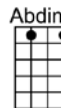
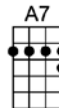
Like a snowball down a mountain, or a carnival bal-loon



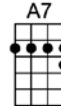
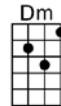
Like a carousel that's turning, running rings around the moon



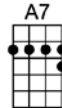
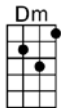
Like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the minutes of its face



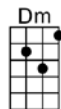
And the world is like an apple, whirling silently in space



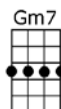
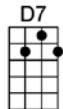
Like the circles that you find in the windmills of your mind.



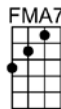
Like a tunnel that you follow to a tunnel of its own



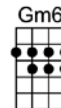
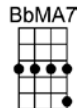
Down a hollow to a cavern where the sun has never shown



Like a door that keeps re-volving in a half-forgotten dream,

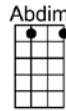
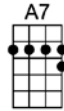


Or the ripples from a pebble someone tosses in a stream

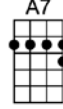
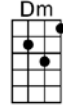
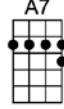


Like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the minutes of its face

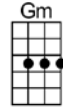
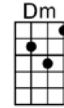
p. 2 Windmills of Your Mind



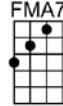
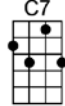
And the world is like an apple, whirling silently in space,



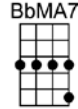
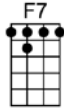
Like the circles that you find in the windmills of your mind



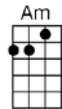
Keys that jingle in your pocket, words that jangle in your head



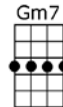
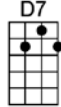
Why did summer go so quickly, was it something that you said?



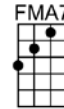
Lovers walk along the shore, leave their footprints in the sand



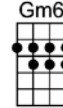
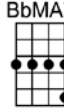
Is the sound of distant drumming just the fingers of your hand?



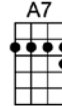
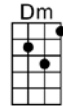
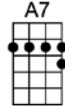
Pictures hanging in a hallway and the fragment of a song



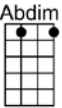
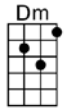
Half-remembered names and faces, but to whom do they be-long?



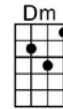
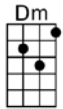
When you knew that it was over you were suddenly a-ware



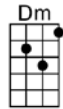
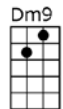
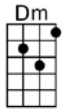
That the autumn leaves were turning to the color of her hair



A circle in a spiral, a wheel within a wheel, never ending or beginning, on an ever spinning reel



As the images un-wind, like the circles that you find in the windmills of your mind



As the images un-wind, like the circles that you find in the windmills of your mind

WINDMILLS OF YOUR MIND

Dm A7
Round, like a circle in a spiral, like a wheel within a wheel
Dm
Never ending or beginning, on an ever spinning reel
D7 Gm7
Like a snowball down a mountain, or a carnival bal-loon
C7 FMA7i
Like a carousel that's turning, running rings around the moon
BbMA7 Gm6
Like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the minutes of its face
A7 Abdim
And the world is like an apple, whirling silently in space
A7 Dm A7
Like the circles that you find in the windmills of your mind.
Dm A7
Like a tunnel that you follow to a tunnel of its own
Dm
Down a hollow to a cavern where the sun has never shown
D7 Gm7
Like a door that keeps re-volving in a half-forgotten dream,
C7 FMA7
Or the ripples from a pebble someone tosses in a stream
BbMA7 Gm6
Like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the minutes of its face
A7 Abdim
And the world is like an apple, whirling silently in space,
A7 Dm A7
Like the circles that you find in the windmills of your mind
Dm Gm
Keys that jingle in your pocket, words that jangle in your head
C7 FMA7
Why did summer go so quickly, was it something that you said?
F7 BbMA7
Lovers walk along the shore, leave their footprints in the sand
E7 Am
Is the sound of distant drumming just the fingers of your hand?
D7 Gm7
Pictures hanging in a hallway and the fragment of a song
C7 FMA7
Half-remembered names and faces, but to whom do they be-long?
BbMA7 Gm6
When you knew that it was over you were suddenly a-ware
A7 Dm A7
That the autumn leaves were turning to the color of her hair
Dm A7 Abdim
A circle in a spiral, a wheel within a wheel, never ending or beginning, on an ever spinning reel
Dm A7 Dm
As the images un-wind, like the circles that you find in the windmills of your mind
Dm A7 Dm9 Dm
As the images un-wind, like the circles that you find in the windmills of your mind