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 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 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 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
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 belong?
When you knew that it was over you were suddenly aware
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
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