

Windmills of Your Mind

Written by: Songwriters: Alan Bergman / Marilyn Bergman / Michel Legrand



Round, like a circle in a spiral,
Like a wheel within a [B7]wheel
Never ending or beginning
On an ever spinning [Em]reel
Like a snowball down a [E7]mountain
Or a carnival bal[Am7]loon
Like a carousel that's [D7]turning,
Running rings around the
[Gm7]moon
Like a clock whose hands are
[Cm7]sweeping
Past the minutes of its [Am6]face
And the world is like an [B7]apple
Whirling silently in [Bbdim]space
Like the circles that you [B7]find
In the windmills of your [Em]mind

Like a tunnel that you follow
To a tunnel of its [B7]own
Down a hollow to a cavern
Where the sun has never [Em]shone
Like a door that keeps revol[E7]ving
In a half-forgotten [Am7]dream
Or the ripples from a [D7]pebble
Someone tosses in a [Gm7]stream
Like a clock whose hands are
[Cm7]sweeping
Past the minutes of its [Am6]face
And the world is like an [B7]apple
Whirling silently in [Bbdim]space
Like the circles that you [B7]find
In the windmills of your [Em]mind

Keys that jingle in your pocket,
Words that jangle in your [Am7]head
Why did summer go so [D7]quickly?
Was it something that you
[Gm7]said?
Lovers walk along the [G7]shore
And leave their footprints in the
[Cm7]sand
Is the sound of distant
[F#7]drumming
Just the fingers of your [Bm]hand?
Pictures hanging in a [E7]hallway
And the fragment of a [Am]song
Half-remembered names and
[D7]faces,
But to whom do they be[Gm7]long?

When you knew that it was
[Cm7]over,
You were suddenly [Am6]aware
That the autumn leaves were
[B7]turning
To the colour of her [Em]hair
A circle in a spiral,
A wheel within a [B7]wheel
Never ending or beginning
On an ever spinning [Bbdim]reel
As the images un[Em]wind,
Like the circles that you [B7]find
In the windmills of your [Em]mind