Windmills of Your Mind
from Thomas Crown Affair

Round like a circle in a mind. Like a tunnel that you follow to a tunnel of its own. Down a hole low to a

ginning on an ever spinning ca vern where the sun has never shone. Like a door that keeps reverting in a half for gotten

oon Like a car ou sel that's turn in' Running rings a round the moon Like a clock whose hands are

sweep in' Past the minutes of its face and the world is like an apple Whirling silently in

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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 a 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 frames 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 his hair. Like a circle in a spiral like a wheel with in a wheel. Never ending or be

ginning on an ever spinning reel, as the images in a wind like the circles that you
find in the windmills of your mind.