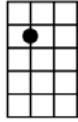
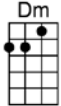


SING D



# WINDMILLS OF YOUR MIND



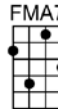
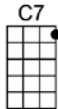
Round, like a circle in a spiral, like a wheel within a wheel



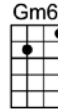
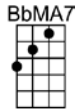
Never ending or beginning, on an ever spinning reel



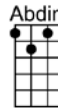
Like a snowball down a mountain, or a carnival balloon



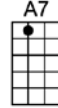
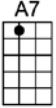
Like a carousel that's turning, running rings around the moon



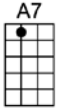
Like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the minutes of its face



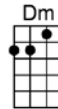
And the world is like an apple, whirling silently in space



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



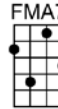
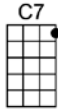
Like a tunnel that you follow to a tunnel of its own



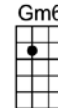
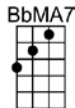
Down a hollow to a cavern where the sun has never shown



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

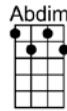
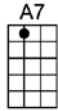


Or the ripples from a pebble someone tosses in a stream

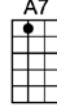
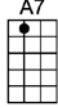


Like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the minutes of its face

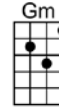
p. 2 Windmills of Your Mind



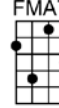
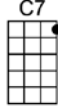
And the world is like an apple, whirling silently in space,



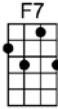
Like the circles that you find in the windmills of your mind



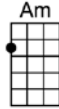
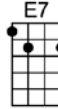
Keys that jingle in your pocket, words that jangle in your head



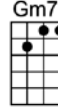
Why did summer go so quickly, was it something that you said?



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



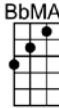
Is the sound of distant drumming just the fingers of your hand?



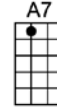
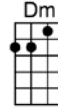
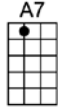
Pictures hanging in a hallway and the fragment of a song



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



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



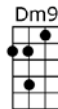
That the autumn leaves were turning to the color of her hair



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