

The Windmills of Your Mind  
Dusty Springfield

**Em** **B7**  
Like a circle in a spiral, like a wheel within a wheel,  
**Em**  
Never ending or beginning on an ever spinning reel,  
**E7** **Am7**  
Like a snowball down a mountain or a carnival balloon  
**D7** **Gm7**  
Like a carousel that s turning running rings around the moon,  
**Cm7** **F#7/5-**  
Like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the minutes of its face,  
**B7** **Gdim**  
And the world is like an apple whirling silently in space,  
**B7** **Em**  
Like the circles that you find in the windmills of your mind.

**Em** **B7**  
Like a tunnel that you follow to a tunnel of its own,  
**Em**  
Down a hollow to a cavern where the sun has never shone,  
**E7** **Am7**  
Like a door that keeps revolving in a half-forgotten dream,  
**D7** **Gm7**  
Or the ripples from a pebble someone tosses in a stream,  
**Cm7** **F#m7/5-**  
Like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the minutes of its face,  
**B7** **Gdim**  
And the world is like an apple whirling silently in space,  
**B7** **Em**  
Like the circles that you find in the windmills of your mind.

**Em** **Am7**  
Keys that jingle in your pocket, words that jangle in your head;  
**D7** **Gm7**  
Why did summer go so quickly? Was it something that I said?  
**G7** **Cm7**  
Lovers walk along a shore and leave their footprints in the sand;  
**F#7** **Bm**  
Is the sound of distant drumming just the fingers of your hand?  
**E7** **Am**  
Pictures hanging in a hallway and the fragments of a song,  
**D7** **Gm7**  
Half-remembered names and faces, but to whom do they belong?  
**Cm7** **F#m7/5-**  
When you knew that it was over, were you suddenly aware  
**B7** **Em**  
That the autumn leaves were turning to the color of her hair?  
**B7**

Like a circle in a spiral, like a wheel within a wheel,  
Gdim  
Never ending or beginning on an ever spinning reel,  
Em B7  
As the images unwind, like the circles that you find  
Em Am Em B7 Em  
In the windmills of your mind.