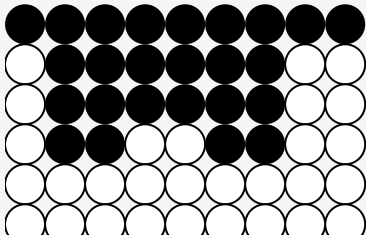


# Tin whistle tabs for: The Windmills Of Your Mind

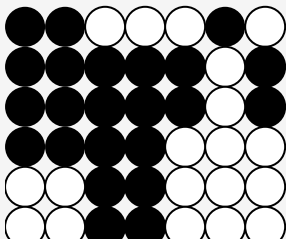
Genre: folk

Author/Performer: Michel Legrand



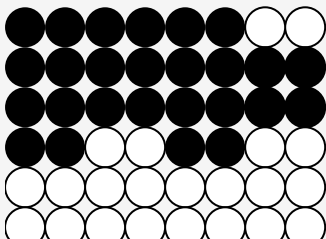
b f # # g g f # # b b

Round like a circle in a spiral



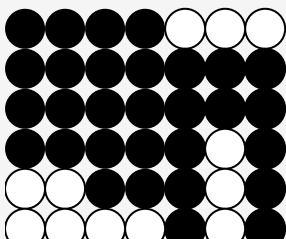
f # # ) + c b c

Like a wheel with-in a wheel



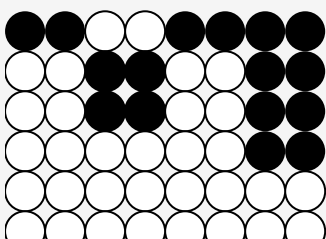
f # # g g f # # c c

Never ending or beginning



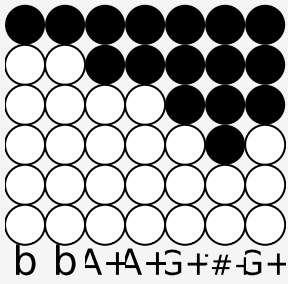
f # # E + E + ) + C ) +

On an ever spinning reel

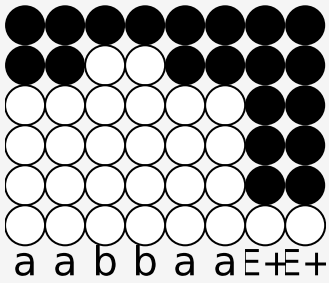


b b c c b b : # + # +

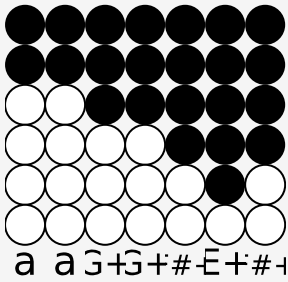
Like a snowball down a mountain



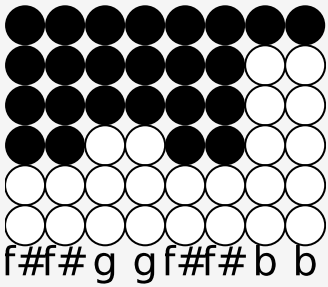
Or a carn-i-val bal-loon



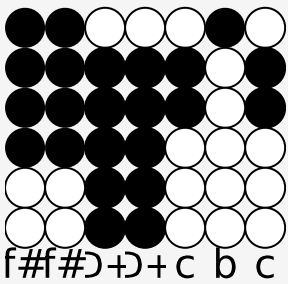
Like a car-ou-sel that's turning



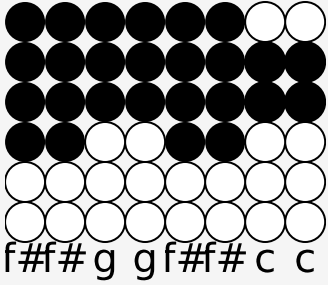
Run-ning rings around the moon



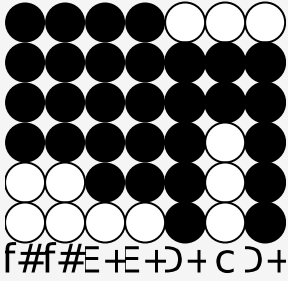
Like a tunnel that you follow



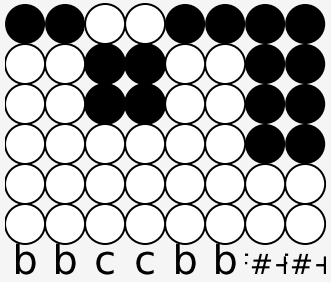
To a tunnel of its own



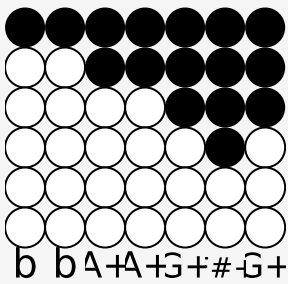
Down a hollow to a cav-ern



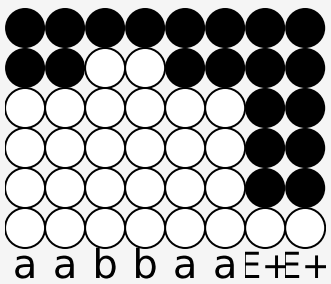
Where the sun has never shone



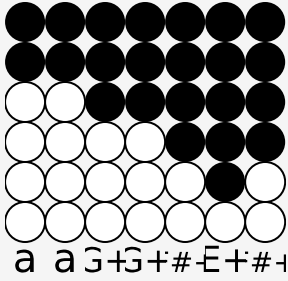
Like a door that keeps revolving



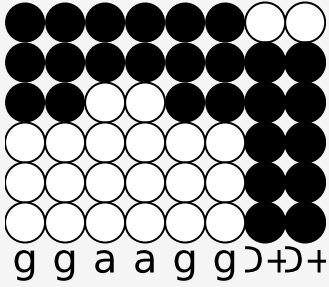
In a half forgotten dream



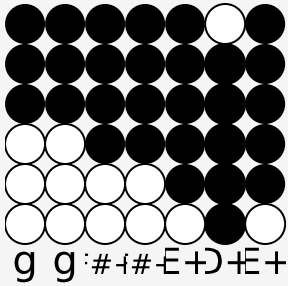
or the ripples from a peb-ble



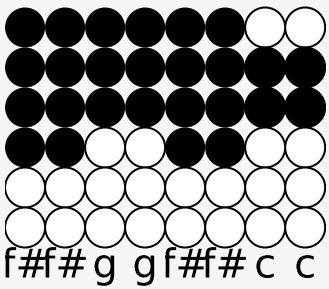
Someone tosses in a stream



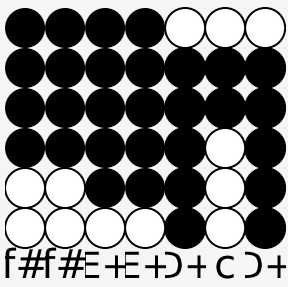
Like a clock who's hands are sweeping



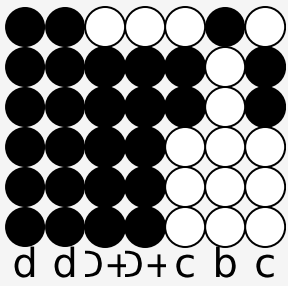
Past the minutes of it's face



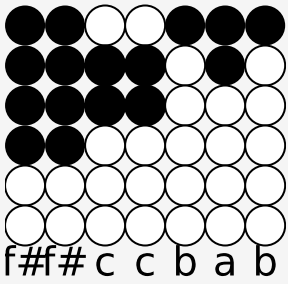
And the world is like an ap-ple



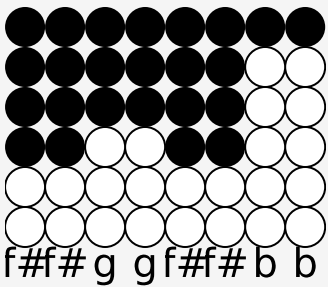
Whirling silently in space



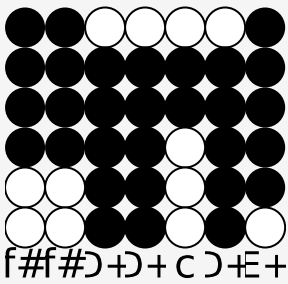
Like the circles that you find



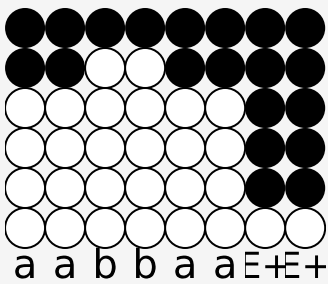
In the windmills of your mind



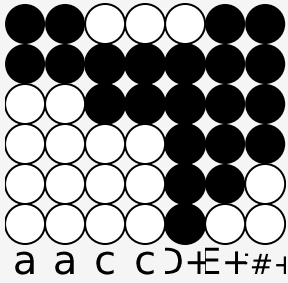
Keys that jingle in your pocket



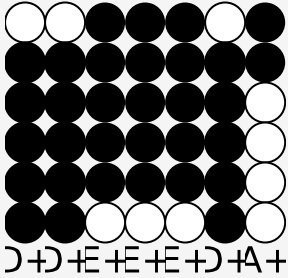
Words that jangle in your head



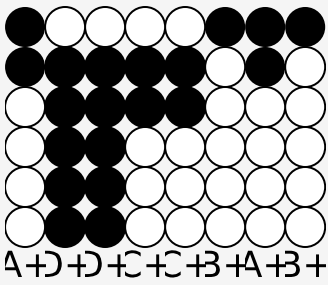
Why did summer go so quickly ?



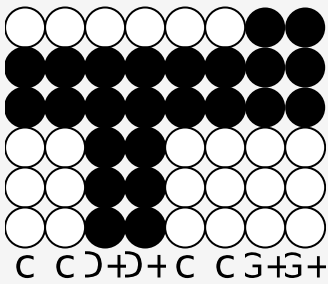
Was it something that you said ?



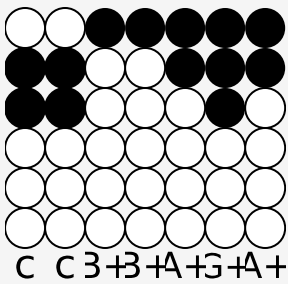
Lovers walk a-long a shore



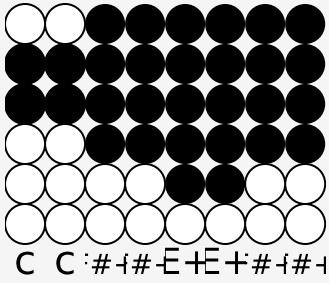
And leave their foot prints in the sand



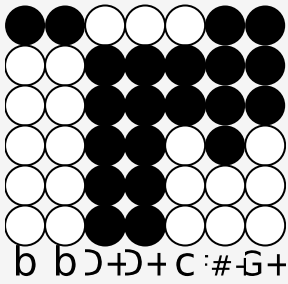
Is the sound of distant drumming



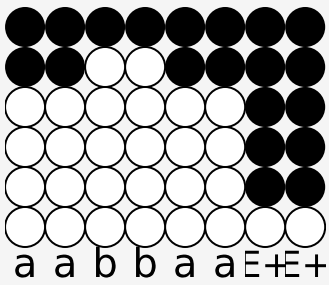
Just the fingers of your hand ?



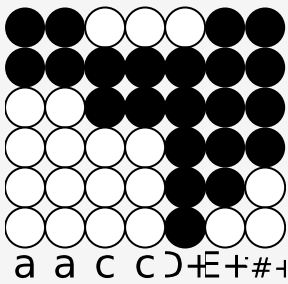
C C :# i# -E +E +# i# +



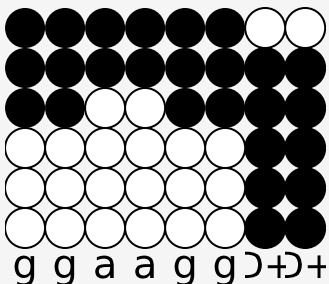
b b )+)+ c :# -G +



a a b b a a E+E+

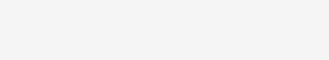


Half remembered names and fac-es



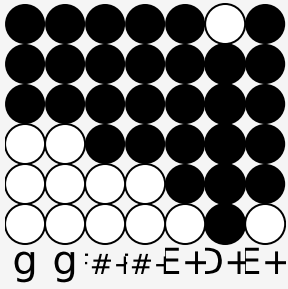
a a c c )+E+# +

But to whom do they belong ?



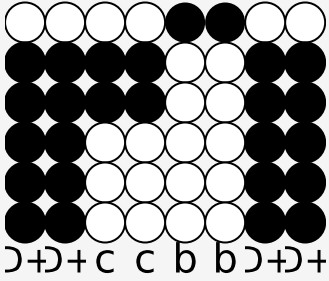
g g a a g g )+)+

When you knew that it was ov-er



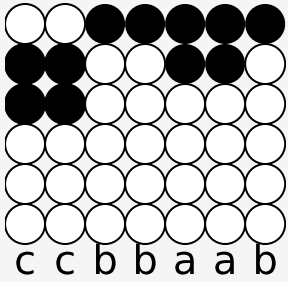
g g :# +# -E +D +E +

you were suddenly a-ware



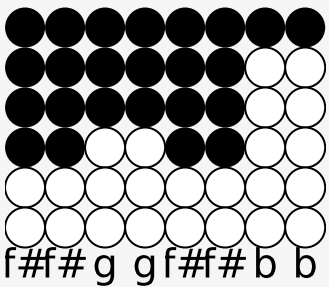
D+D+c c b bD+D+

That the autumn leaves were turning



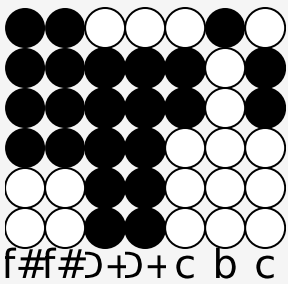
c c b b a a b

To the colour of her hair!



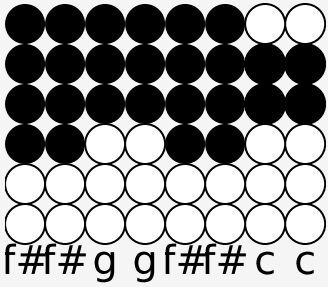
f##g g f## b b

Like a cir-cle in a spi-ral

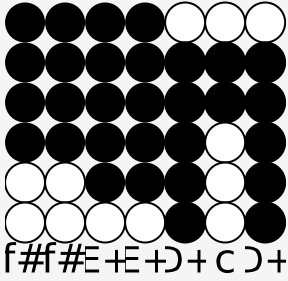


f##D+D+c b c

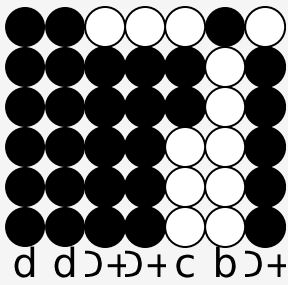
Like a wheel with-in a wheel



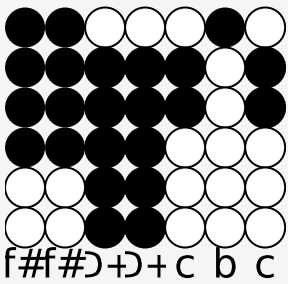
Nev-er end-ing or be-gin-ing



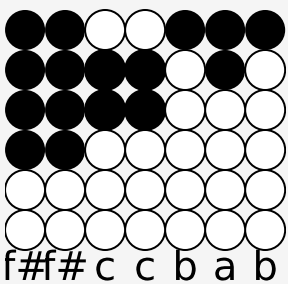
On an ev-er spin-ning reel



As the im-a-ges unwind



Like the circles that you find



In the windmills of your mind.....