

Bob Dylan

"Every Grain Of Sand"

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In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest
need

When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every
newborn seed

There's a dying voice within me reaching out
somewhere

Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair.

Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake
Like Cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must
break

In the fury of the moment I can see the master's hand
In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.

Oh, the flowers of indulgence and the weeds of
yesteryear

Like criminals, they have choked the breath of
conscience and good cheer

The sun beat down upon the steps of time to light the
way

To ease the pain of idleness and the memory of decay.

I gaze into the doorway of temptation's angry flame

And every time I pass that way I always hear my name

Then onward in my journey I come to understand

That every hair is numbered like every grain of sand.

I have gone from rags to riches in the sorrow of the
night

In the violence of a summer's dream, in the chill of a
wintry light

In the bitter dance of loneliness fading into space

In the broken mirror of innocence on each forgotten
face.

I hear the ancient footsteps like the motion of the sea
Sometimes I turn, there's someone there, other time
it's only me

I am hanging in the balance of the reality of man

Like every sparrow falling, like every grain of sand.

