

Emmylou Harris "Every Grain Of Salad"

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(Bob Dylan)

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 dyin' 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 and, 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 times
it's only me.

I am hanging in the balance of a perfect finished plan
Like every sparrow falling, like every grain of sand

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