

Sarah Masen

"75 Grains Of Sand"

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Penny's got a new outlook this year
At least that's what she'd like to hear
Though I'd beg to differ
Cause all is still the same back home

Started with the world on fire last fall
Seems it was the spark of something small
That grew with conviction
A personal mission

And what she wouldn't give
To hold them in her hands
Those 75 little grains of sand

April was a night of nothing new
But holding what she though was true
Dawn only backwards
A sunset to start her day

And everything she used to choke at school
Swallowing the whole of untold rules
Filled with desire
all set on fire

And what she wouldn't give
To hold them in her hands
Those 75 little grains of sand
A glimpse of the now
That would change the then
Those 75 little grains of sand

And all is falling
Quite undone
She's letting go
Letting go for what's to come

Hope sometimes can blind the heart
Calling light what breathes like dark
Mistaken provisions
Can lengthen the distance
And shatter our own visions

What we wouldn't give
To hold them in our hands
Those 75 little grains of sand
A glimpse of the now
That would change the then
Those 75 little grains of sand

Mercy sure thing
The tension is evidence that I'm alive and able to
respond
To the movement of Spirit the good the terrible
Mercy I cannot see without closing my eyes
Must be a plot
75

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