

Every Grain Of Sand

Bob Dylan

D **Gmaj7**
In the time of my confession,
D **Gmaj7**
in the hour of my deepest need
D **Gmaj7**
When the pool of tears beneath
A **Asus4** **A**
my feet flood every newborn seed
D **Gmaj7**
There's a dyin' voice within
D **Gmaj7**
me reaching out somewhere,
D **Gmaj7**
Toiling in the danger
A **Asus4** **A**
and in the morals of despair.

A7 **D** **A**
Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake,
A7 **D** **A** **G**
Like Cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must break.
D **Gmaj7** **D** **Gmaj7**
In the fury of the moment I can see the Master's hand
D **Gmaj7** **A** **A9sus4** **D**
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 times it's only me.
I am hanging in the balance of the reality of man
Like every sparrow falling, like every grain of sand.