

87 EVERY GRAIN OF SAND, BOB DYLAN

C F C F
In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest need
C F G Gsus4 G
When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every newborn seed
C F C F
There's a dyin' voice within me reaching out somewhere,
C F G Gsus4 G
Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair.
G G7 C G
Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake,
G G7 C G F
Like Cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must break.
C F C F
In the fury of the moment I can see the Master's hand
C F G C
In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.

C F C F
Oh, the flowers of indulgence and the weeds of yesteryear
C F G Gsus4 G
Like criminals they've choked the breath of conscience & good cheer
C F C F
The sun beat down upon the steps of time to light the way
C F G Gsus4 G
To ease the pain of idleness and the memory of decay

G G7 C G
I gaze into the doorway of temptation's angry flame
G G7 C G
And every time I pass that way I always hear my name
C F C F
Then onward in my journey I come to understand
C F G C
That every hair is numbered like every grain of sand

C F C F
I have gone from rags to riches in the sorrow of the night
C F G Gsus4 G
In the violence of a summer's dream, in the chill of a wintry light
C F C F
In the bitter dance of loneliness fading into space
C F G Gsus4 G
In the broken mirror of innocence on each forgotten face
G G7 C G
I hear the ancient footsteps like the motion of the sea
G G7 C G
Sometimes I turn there's someone there, other times it's only me
C F C F
I am hanging in the balance of the reality of man
C F G C
Like every sparrow falling, like every grain of sand