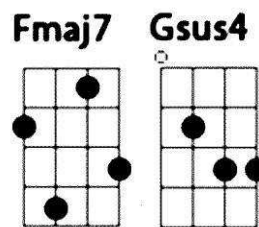


# Every Grain Of Sand

Bob Dylan I-32

C Fmaj7 C Fmaj7  
 In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest need  
 C Fmaj7 G Gsus4 G  
 when the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every newborn seed  
 C Fmaj7 C Fmaj7  
 There's a dyin' voice within me reaching out somewhere,  
 C Fmaj7 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 Fmaj7 C Fmaj7  
 In the fury of the moment I can see the Master's hand  
 C Fmaj7 G C  
 In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.



Oh, the flowers of indulgence and the weeds of yesteryear, C Fmaj7 C Fmaj7  
 Like criminals, they have choked the breath of conscience and good cheer. C Fmaj7 G Gsus4 G  
 The sun beat down upon the steps of time to light the way C Fmaj7 C Fmaj7  
 To ease the pain of idleness and the memory of decay. C Fmaj7 G Gsus4 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. G G7 C G (F)  
 Then onward in my journey I come to understand C Fmaj7 C Fmaj7  
 That every hair is numbered like every grain of sand. C Fmaj7 G C

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 tum, 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.