

## Every Grain of Sand Bob Dylan

In the [C]time of my con[Am]fession, in the [C]hour of my  
deepest [Am]need  
When the [C]pool of tears be[Am]neath my feet floods  
[G]every[G7] newborn [G]seed  
There's a [C]dying voice with[Am]in me [C]reaching out  
some[Am]where  
[C]Toiling in the [Am]danger and the [G]morals [G7] of  
des[G]pair  
Don't have the incli[G7] nation to look [C]back on any  
mis[G]take  
Like Cain, I now be[G7] hold this chain of e[C]vents that I  
must [G]break  
In the [C]fury of the [Am]moment I can [C]see the master's  
[Am]hand  
In [C]every leaf that[Am] trembles, in [G]every [G7] grain  
of[C] sand

Oh, the [C]flowers of in[Am]dulgence and the [C]weeds of  
yester[Am]year  
Like [C]criminals, they have [Am]choked the breath of [G7]  
conscience [G7] and good [G7] cheer  
The [C]sun beams down [Am]upon the steps of [C]time to light  
the [Am]way  
To [C]ease the pain of [Am]idleness and the [G]memory[G7]  
of de[G]cay  
I gaze into the [G7] doorway of temp[C]tation's angry  
[G]flame  
And every time I [G7] pass that way I'll [C]always hear my  
[G]name  
Then [C]onward in my [Am]journey I [C]come to  
under[Am]stand  
That [C]every hair is [Am]numbered like [G]every [G7] grain  
of [C]sand

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