

# Every Grain of Sand

Nana Mouskouri

In the time of my confession  
In the hour of my deepest need  
When the pool of tears beneath my feet  
Flood every newborn seed  
There's a dyin' voice within me  
Reaching out somewhere  
Toiling in the danger  
And in the morals of despair Don't have the inclination  
To look back on any mistake  
Like Cain, I now behold this chain  
Of events that I must break  
In the fury of the moment  
I see the Master's hand  
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 a perfect finished plan  
Like every sparrow falling  
Like every grain of sand

Songwriters

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