

# Nana Mouskouri, Every Grain Of Sand

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 can see the Master's hand  
in every leaf that trembles and in every grain of sand

Ooh, 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