

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