

Every Grain of Sand

Words and Music Bob Dylan

Album: Shot of Love (1981), Biograph (1985)

and in an early version on The Bootleg Series 1-3 (1991)

F Dm/f(x3)
 C Csus4 C(x2)
 C C7
 F C

[Repeat from beginning]

F Dm/f F Dm/f
 In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest need
 F Dm/f C Csus4 C
 When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every newborn seed
 F Dm/f F Dm/f
 There's a dyin' voice within me reaching out somewhere,
 F Dm/f C Csus4 C
 Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair.
 C C7 F C
 Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake,
 C C7 F C C11
 Like Cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must break.
 F Dm/f F Dm/f
 In the fury of the moment I can see the Master's hand
 F Dm/f C F
 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.

Shot of Love version

Capo 8th fret

G C D Dsus4 D

G C G C
 In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest need
 G C D Dsus4 D
 When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every newborn seed
 G C G C
 There's a dyin' voice within me reaching out somewhere,
 G C D Dsus4 D
 Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair.
 D D7 G D
 Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake,

D D7 G D C
 Like Cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must break.
 G C G C
 In the fury of the moment I can see the Master's hand
 G C D G
 In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.

Finally the version that is the most playable on a single guitar, as some kind of common denominator (capo anywhere that fits in with the music; the F could/should be replaced by Fmaj7 (133210 or xx3210) except at "break"):

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