

Every Grain Of Sand

Jesse Welles

If I lived way up on a high, tall mountain
Up in the sky like a monk
Listenin' to the stream
Just the critters and me
Huggin' on a big tree trunk
If I lived way down in a great rift valley
Watching the lilacs blow in the wind
Watching alluvial sands in the cradle of man
Slip through our fingers again

Every grain of sand
Through the hourglass, every grain of sand
I'm gonna squeeze everything I can
Out of every last grain of sand

If I lived way out on a boat in the ocean
Just my astronomy to get by
On my last voyage with all of the gods
On the deck of the starboard side
In the flower born under a bad sign
And all of the meteors fell like a rain
And all the snakes among us were speaking in tongues
And just rattlin' window panes

Every grain of sand
Through the hourglass, every grain of sand
I'm gonna squeeze every thing I can
Out of every last grain of sand

Mark my name off the log of the captain
Take my name off of the list
Many darts'll be thrown and stick sad and alone
Fall from the targets that they missed

Every grain of sand
Through the hourglass, every grain of sand
I'm gonna squeeze every thing I can
Out of every last grain of sand