

Sarah Masen, 75 Grains Of Sand

Penny's got a new outlook this year
At least that's what she'd like to hear
Though I'd beg to differ
Because all is still the same back home
Started with the world on fire last fall
Seems it was the spark of something small
That grew with conviction
A personal mission
And what she wouldn't give
To hold them in her hands
Those seventy-five little grains of sand
April was a night of nothing new
But holding what she thought was true
Dawn only backwards
A sunset to start her day
And everything she used to choke at school
Swallowing the whole of untold rules
Filled with desire all set on fire
And what she wouldn't give
To hold them in her hands
Those seventy-five little grains of sand
A glimpse of the now
That would change the then
Those seventy-five little grains of sand
And all is falling quite undone
She's letting go letting go for what's to come
Hope sometimes can blind the heart
Calling light what breathes like dark
Mistaken provisions
Can lengthen the distance
And shatter our own visions
What we wouldn't give
To hold them in our hands
Those seventy-five little grains of sand
A glimpse of the now
That would change the then
Those seventy-five little grains of sand
Mercy sure thing
The tension is evidence that I'm alive and able to respond To the movement of
Spirit the good the terrible
Mercy I cannot see without closing my eyes
Must be a plot 75