

The Shifting, Whispering Sands Part II

Johnny Cash

Listen to the angel's story of the Shifting, Whispering Sands

Yes they always whisper to me
Of the days of long ago
When the settler and the miner
Fought the crafty Navajo

How the cattle roamed the valley
Happy people worked the land
Now everything is covered
By The Shifting, Whispering Sands

A miner left his buck board
Went to work his claim that day

And the burrows broke their halters
When they thought he'd gone to stay

How they found that ancient miner
Lying dead upon the sands
And for months they could but wonder
Did he die by human hands?

So they dug his grave and laid him
On his back and crossed his hands
And his secret still is covered
By the Shifting, Whispering Sands

And his secret is still hidden
By the Shifting, Whispering Sands

This is what they always whisper to me
Out on the quiet desert air
Of the people and the cattle
And that miner lying there

So if you want to learn the secret
Wander through this quiet land
And I'm sure you'll hear the story
Of the Shifting, Whispering Sands

And I'm sure you'll hear the story
Of the Shifting, Whispering Sands