

# The Shifting, Whispering Sands Part I

Johnny Cash

I discovered the Valley of the Shifting, Whispering Sands  
While prospecting in a western state  
I saw the silent windmills, the crumbling water tanks  
The bones of the cattle picked clean by buzzards  
Bleached by the desert sun  
I stumbled over a crumbling buck board  
Nearly covered by the sand  
And stopping to rest I heard a tinkling, whispering sound  
And suddenly realized that even though the wind was quiet  
The sand did not lie still  
I seemed to be surrounded by a mystery  
So heavy and apperceive I could scarcely breath  
For weeks I wondered aimlessly in the valley  
Seeking answers to the many questions that raced through my mind  
Where was everyone? Why the white bones? The dry wells?  
The barren valley where people must have lived and died  
I sat down and buried my face in my hands  
And resting I learned the secret of the Shifting, Whispering Sands  
How I managed to escape from the valley I don't know  
But now to pay my debt for being saved  
I must tell you what I learned out on the desert  
So many years ago

When the day is oddly quiet  
And the breeze seems not to blow  
One would think the sun is resting  
But you'll find this is not so

It is whispering softly whispering  
As it slowly moves along  
And for those who stop and listen  
It will sing this mournful song

Of sidewinders and the horn toads  
On the thorny chaparral  
In the sunny days and moonlight lights  
The lonely coyotes yell

How the stars seem they can touch you  
As you lay and gaze on high  
At the heavens where your hoping  
You'll be going when you die