

Shifting Whispering Sands

Sheb Wooley

(Oh the sand is softly whispering as it slowly moves along
And for those who stop and listen it will sing this mournful song)

Yes it always whispers to me of the days of long ago
When the settlers and the miners fought the crafty Navajo
How the cattle roamed the valley happy people worked the land
And now everything is covered by the shifting whispering sand

(How the miner left his buckboard went to work his claim that day)
And the burros broke their halters when they thought he'd gone to stay
How they found the aged miner lying dead upon the sand
And after months they could but wonder if he'd died by human hand

(So they dug his grave and laid him on his back and crossed his hands
And his secret still is hidden by the shifting whispering sands)

This is what they always whisper to me way out on that quiet desert air
Of the people and the cattle and that miner lying there
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
(Shifting whispering sands)