

Billy Vaughn Orchestra

"The Shifting Whispering Sands"

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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 sands

How the miner left his buckboards
Went to work his claims that day
And the burros broke their halters
When they thought he'd gone to stay

Wandered far in search of water
On to old sidewinder's well
And there, their bones picked clean
By buzzards that were circling
When they fell

How they found the ancient miner
Lying dead upon the sand
After months they could but wonder
If he 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 whispered to me
Way out in the quiet desert air
Of the people and the cattle
And the miner lying there

If you want to learn their secret
Wander through this quiet land
And I'm sure you'll hear the story
Of the shifting, whispering sands

Shifting, whispering sands

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