

Rustic Overtones

"The Shifting, Whispering Sands"

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Listen to the age old story of
The shifting, whispering sands

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

Oh, 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

How they found the ancient miner
Lying dead upon the sand
After months, they could but wonder
If he died by human hands

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 on that quiet desert air
Of the people and the cattle
And that miner lying there

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

The shifting, whispering sands

