

# Billy Vaughn, The Shifting Whispering Sands

I discovered the valley of the shifting, whispering sands  
While prospecting for gold in one of our western States  
I saw the silent windmills, the crumbling water tanks  
The bones of cattle and burros, picked clean by buzzards  
Bleached by the desert suns  
I stumbled over a crumbling buckboard nearly covered by the sands  
And stopping to rest, I heard a tinkling, whispering sound  
Then suddenly realized that even though the wind was quiet  
The sand did not lie still  
I seemed to be surround by a mystery  
So heavy and oppressive I could scarcely breath  
For days and weeks I wandered aimlessly in this valley  
Seeking answers to the many questions  
That raced through my fevered mind  
Where was everyone  
Why the white bones  
The dry wells  
The barren valley where people must have lived and died  
Finally I could go no farther  
My food and water gone  
I sat down and buried my face in my hands  
And resting thus, I learned the secret  
Of the Shifting, whispering sands  
How I managed to escape from the valley I do not know  
But now to pay my final debt for being spared  
I must tell you what I learned out on the desert  
So many years ago

When the day is awfully quiet  
And the breeze seems not to blow  
One would think the sand was 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  
Of the thorny chaparral  
Endless sunny days and moonlit nights  
The coyotes lonely yell  
Of the stars seem you could touch them  
As you lay and gaze on high  
At the heavens where we're hoping  
We'll be going when we die

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 burro's 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  
On 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