

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