

GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY

An old cowpoke went riding out

one dark and windy day,
Up on a ridge he rested
as he went along his way,
When all at once a mighty herd
of red-eyed cows he saw,
plowing through the ragged skies
and up a cloudy draw

Their brands were still on fire

and their hooves were made of steel,
Their horns were black and shiny
and their hot breath he could feel,
A bolt of fear went through him
as they thundered through the sky,
For he saw the riders coming hard
and heard their mournful cry
Yi-pee-yi-ay, Yi-pee-yi-oh,
Ghost Riders in the sky.

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were red

their shirts were soaked with sweat
They're riding hard to catch that herd
but they ain't got 'em yet
They have to ride forever on that
range up in the sky,
On horses breathing fire
As they ride I hear them cry
Yi-pee-yi-ay, Yi-pee-yi-oh,
Ghost Riders in the sky.

The riders loped on by him

And he heard one call his name,
"If you want to save your hide
and soul from ridin on this range,
Then cowboy change your ways today
or with us you will ride,
Trying to catch the devil's herd
across these endless skies."
Yi-pee-yi-ay, Yi-pee-yi-oh,
Ghost Riders in the sky.

Em G
An old cowpoke went riding out one dark windy day
Em G
Up on a ridge he rested as he went along his way
Em
All at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,
C
Plowing through the ragged skies
Em
and up a cloudy draw

G Em
Yi-pee-yi-ay, Yi-pee-yi-oh,
C Em
Ghost Riders in the sky

Am C
An old cowpoke went riding out one dark windy day
Am C
Up on a ridge he rested as he went along his way
Am
All at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,
F
Plowing through the ragged skies
Am
and up a cloudy draw.

C Am
Yi-pee-yi-ay, Yi-pee-yi-oh,
F Am
Ghost Riders in the sky