

GHOST RIDERS

By Stan Jones

^{Em} An old cow poke went ridin' out one dark & windy day. ^G

^{Em} Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way. ^G ^{B7}

^{Em} When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,

^C Ploughin' thru the ragged skies ---- and up a cloudy draw. ^{Am} ^{Em}

^{Em} ^G ^{Em} ^C ^{Am} ^{Em}
Yip-pi-yi-ay! Yip-pi-yi-o! - - - The ghost herd in the sky!

^{Em} Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel. ^G

^{Em} Their horns were black & shiny and their hot breath he could feel. ^G ^{B7}

^{Em} A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered thru the sky,

^C And he saw the riders comin' hard ---- and he heard their mournful cry. ^{Am} ^{Em}

Yip-pi-yi-ay! Yip-pi-yi-o! - - - Ghost riders in the sky!

^{Em} Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat. ^G

^{Em} They're ridin' hard to catch that herd but they ain't caught 'em yet, ^G ^{B7}

^{Em} Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky.

^C On horses snortin' fire, ---- as they ride on, hear their cry! ^{Am} ^{Em}

Yip-pi-yi-ay! Yip-pi-yi-o! - - - Ghost riders in the sky!

^{Em} As the riders loped on by him he heard one call his name, ^G

^{Em} "If you wanna' save your soul from Hell a-ridin' on our range, ^G ^{B7}

^{Em} Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride

^C Tryin' to catch the devil's herd ---- across these endless skies!" ^{Am} ^{Em}

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