

(Ghost) Riders In The Sky

Chris LeDoux

An old cowpoke went ridin' out one cold and windy day
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way
When all at once a might heard of red-eyed cows he saw
Went plowin' 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 shinny 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 he heard their mournful cry
Yippy yi ya yippy yi yo ghost riders in the sky

Their faces got red their eyes were blurred their shirts all soaked with sweat
Their ridin' hard to catch that herd but they ain't caught 'em yet
Cause they gotta ride forever on that range up in the sky
On horses snortin' fire as they ride on hear their cry
Yippy yi ya yippy yi yo ghost riders in the sky

The riders lopped on by him and he heard one call his name
If you wanna save your soul from hell for ridin' on our range
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride
Tryin to catch the devils herd across these endless skies
Yippy yi ya yippy yi yo ghost riders in the sky
Ghost riders in the sky ghost riders in the sky