

## Ghost Riders In The Sky

Concrete Blonde

An old cowboy went riding out one dark and windy day  
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way  
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw  
Plowin' through the raging sky and up a cloudy draw

Their brands were still on fire and their hoofs were  
made of steel  
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath  
they could feel  
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered  
through the sky  
He saw the riders comin' hard and he heard their  
mournful cry

Yi-pi-yi-ay, yi-pi-yi-o  
Ghost riders in the sky

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their  
shirts were soaked with sweat  
He's ridin' hard to catch that herd but he ain't caught  
them yet  
'Cause they've got to ride forever in that range up in  
the sky  
On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on, hear their  
cry

Yi-pi-yi-ay, yi-pi-yi-o  
Ghost riders in the sky  
Yi-pi-yi-ay, yi-pi-yi-o  
Ghost riders in the sky

The riders rode on by him and he heard one call his  
name.  
"If you want to save your soul from hell a-riding on  
our range,  
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will  
ride  
Tryin' to catch this devil's herd  
Across these endless skies."

Yippee-yi-ay, yippee-yi-o,  
Ghost riders in the sky.  
Yippee-yi-ay, yippee-yi-o,  
Ghost riders in the sky.