

## Ghost Riders In The Sky

Slim Whitman

Yi-pi-yi-yo (yi-pi-yi-yo), Yi-pi-yi-ay (yi-pi-yi-ay)  
Ghost riders in the sky

An old cowpoke went ridin' 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  
A-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 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 comin' hard and he heard their  
mournful cry

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Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, and shirts  
all soaked with sweat  
They're ridin' hard to catch that herd but they haven't  
caught 'em yet  
They've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky  
On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on, hear them cry

The riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name  
If you want to save your soul from hell a-ridin' on the  
range  
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will  
ride  
A-tryin' to catch the Devil's herd across these endless  
skies

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