

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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