

Ghost Riders in the Sky

Stan Jones

^{Am} An old cowboy went ridin' out one ^C dark and ^G windy day

^{Am} Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way

When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw...

^F Plowin' through the ragged skies... And up a cloudy ^{Am} 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,

'e saw them riders comin' hard, and 'e heard their mournful cry...

Refrain

^C Yippie i-oh...

^{Am} Yippie i-ay....

^F Ghost riders in..... .. .

^{Dm (mute)} Ghost riders in the ^{Am} sky.

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred their shirts all soaked with sweat

They're ridin' hard to catch that herd, but they ain't caught it yet

'cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky

On horses snorting fire... As they ride on, hear their cry.

Refrain

As the riders loped on by him, 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 the devil's herd, across these endless skies”

Refrain (x2)