

# Boy In the Tree

[Milli Vanilli](#)

An old cowpoke went ridin' out one dark and windy day

Upon a ridge he rested as he rode along his way

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

Plowing through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw

Yipie I ay, yipie I oh

Ghost turned in the sky

Their horns were black and shiny and their hooks are made of steel

Their brands were still on fire and their hot breath he could feel

A bolt of fear shot through him as they thundered through the sky

He saw the riders coming hard and he heard their mournful cry

Yipie I ay, yipie I oh

Ghost riders in the sky

Their face is gaunt their eyes were blurred their shirts all soaked with sweat

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

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

On horses snorting fire as they ride on hear them cry

Yipie I ay, yipie I oh

Ghost riders in the sky

As the riders looked on by him he heard one call his name

If you want to save your soul from hell a riding on our range

Then cow-boy change your ways today or with us you will ride

Tryin' to catch the Devils herd, across these endless skies

Yipie I ay, yipie I oh

Ghost riders in the sky

Yipie I ay, yipie I oh

Ghost riders in the sky

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