

# Ghost Riders in the Sky

Don Edwards & Waddie Mitchell

Yippee-I-aye, yippee-I-o

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 bunch of red eyed cows he saw

Plowin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw

Yippee-I-aye, yippee-I-o

Ghost riders in the sky

Brands were still on fire and their hoofs 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

He saw the riders commin' hard and he heard their mournful cry

Yippee-I-aye, yippee-I-o

Ghost riders in the 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 'em yet'

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

On horses snorting fire as they ride on hear their cry

Yippee-I-aye, yippee-I-o

Ghost riders in the sky

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

If you wanna save your soul from ever ridin' on our range

Then cowboy change your way today or with us you will ride

Tryin' to catch the Devil's herd across the endless skies

Yippee-I-aye, yippee-I-o

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