

Riders in the Sky

The Shadows

An old cowpoke went riding 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 wuz black and shiny and their hot breaths he could feel
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
He saw the riders comin' hard and he heard their mournful cry
Yi-pi-yi-ay, yi-pi-yi-o
Ghost riders in ghost riders in the sky
Yi-pi-yi-ay, yi-pi-yi-o
Ghost riders in ghost riders in the sky
Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, and shirts all soaked with sweat
They're ridin' hard to catch that herd but they ain't caught them yet
They've got to ride forever in that range up in the sky
On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on, hear their cry

Songwriters

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