Ghosts Riders In The Sky

Tom Jones

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
Come rushin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw
Yipie ay ay, yipie ay, oh
Ghost riders in the sky
Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath you could feel
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
He saw the riders coming hard and he heard their mournful cry
Yipie ay ay, yipie ay, 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 'aint caught 'em yet
'Cause they've got to ride forever in the range up in the sky
On horses snorting fire as they ride hard hear them cry
Yipie ay ay, yipie ay, oh
Ghost riders in the sky
The riders leaned 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 this devil herd a-cross these endless skies
Yipie ay ay, yipie ay, oh
Ghost riders in the sky
Ghost riders in the sky
Ghost riders in the sky

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