

Ghost Riders In The Sky

Concrete Blonde

An old cowboy 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
Plowin' through the raging sky and up a cloudy draw

Their brands were still on fire and their hoofs were
made of steel
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath
they 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 the sky

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their
shirts were soaked with sweat
He's ridin' hard to catch that herd but he ain't caught
them yet
'Cause they've got to ride forever in that range up in
the sky
On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on, hear their
cry

Yi-pi-yi-ay, yi-pi-yi-o
Ghost riders in the sky
Yi-pi-yi-ay, yi-pi-yi-o
Ghost riders in the sky

The riders rode on by him and 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's herd
Across these endless skies."

Yippee-yi-ay, yippee-yi-o,
Ghost riders in the sky.
Yippee-yi-ay, yippee-yi-o,
Ghost riders in the sky.