

Riders In the Sky

Bobby Vinton

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
A-ploughin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw

Yippy-I-ay, yippy-I-oh!
A ghost herd 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 he could feel
O bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
For he saw the riders comin' hard, and he heard their mournful cry!

Yippy-I-ay, yippy-I-oh!
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!
'Cause they've got to ride for ever on that range up in the sky
On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on hear them cry;

Yippy-I-ay, yippy-I-oh!
Ghost riders in the sky!

As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name
"If you wanna save your soul from hell a-ridin' on this range
Then cowboy, change your ways today or with us you will ride
A-tryin' to catch the devil, sir, across these endless skies!"

Yippy-I-ay, yippy-I-oh!
Ghost riders in the sky!
Yippy-I-ay, yippy-I-oh!