

Ghostriders In The Sky

Die Apokalyptischen Reiter

An old cowpoke went riding out one hot 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 plowing through the ragged skies, and up the cloudy draw.

Yip-i-ya-a, Yip-i-ya-o, Ghost riders in the sky.

Their 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.

For as he saw the riders coming hard, he could hear their mournful cry.

Yip-i-ya-a, Yip-i-ya-o, Ghost riders in the sky.

Their face were gaunt, their eyes were blurred,

Their shirts all soaked with sweat,

They're riding hard to catch that herd, but they ain't caught him yet.

They've got to ride forevermore on the range up in the sky,
On horses snorting fire and as they ride, I hear them cry.

Yip-i-ya-a, Yip-i-ya-o, Ghost riders in the sky.

And as the riders loped on by he heard one call his name,
If you want to save your soul from hell a riding on the range,
Then cowboy better change your ways or with us you will ride,
Trying to catch the devil's herd across the endless skies.

Yip-i-ya-a, Yip-i-ya-o, Ghost riders in the sky.