

Shadows, The "Riders In The Sky"

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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

Yi-pi-yi-ay, yi-pi-yi-o

Ghost riders in ghost riders in the sky

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