

Die Apokalyptischen Reiter "Ghostriders in the Sky"

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An old cowboy went riding out one dark and windy day.
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along this way.
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw
All plowing through the ragged skies.

And up a cloudy draw.

Yippee-I-Yay... Yippee-I-Yo...

Ghostriders in the sky...

Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel.
Their horns were black and shiney and their hot breath he could feel.
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky.

He saw the riders coming hard.

He heard their mournful cry...

Yippee-I-Yay... Yippee-I-Yo...

Ghostriders in the sky...

Their faces were gone, their eyes were blur, their shirts were soaked with sweat.

They're rinding hard to catch that herd but they're ain't caught 'em yet.

They've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky

On horses snortin' fire

And as they ride on hear them cry

Yippee-I-Yay... Yippee-I-Yo...

Ghostriders in the sky...

And as the riders loped him by, he heard one call his name

"If you want to save your soul from hell, or ridin' on our range

Then cowboy, better change your ways, or with us you will ride

Trying to catch the devil's herds

Across the endless skies..."

Yippee-I-Yay... Yippee-I-Yo...

Ghostriders in the sky...

And as the riders loped him by, he heard one call his name

"If you want to save your soul from hell, or ridin' on our range

Then cowboy, better change your ways, or with us you will ride

Trying to catch the devil's herds

Across the endless skies..."

Yippee-I-Yay... Yippee-I-Yo...

Ghostriders in the sky...

Submitter's comments:Â

Originally by Stan Jones.

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