

Bing Crosby

"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 ploughin' through the ragged skies
And up a cloudy draw.
Yippee-yi-ay, yippee-yi-o,
The ghost herd in the sky.

Their brands were still on fire and their hooves was
made of steel,
Their horns wuz black and shiny and their hot breath he
could feel,
A 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.
Yippee-yi-ay, yippee-yi-o,
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 forever on that range up in
the sky,
On horses snortin' fire
As they ride on, hear their cry.
Yippee-yi-ay, yippee-yi-o,
Ghost riders in the sky.

As the riders loped on by him 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
A-try'ng to catch the devil's herd
Across these endless skies."

Yippee-yi-ay, yippee-yi-o,
The ghost herd in the sky.

Ghost riders in the sky.

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