

Frankie Laine

"Ghost Riders In The Sky"

Visit "[Ghost Riders In The Sky](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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.
Yippee-yi-ay, yippee-yi-o; the 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,
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 riding hard to catch that herd, but they ain't caught 'em 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-o, yippee-yi-o, ghost riders in the sky.
They're ridding hard forever on that range up in the sky,
For they've got to catch the devil's herd as they ride on hill and cry.
Yippee-yi-yo, yippee-yi, 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 a range,
Then cowboy change your ways today, or with us you will ride,
A-trying to catch the devil's herd across these endless skies.
Yippee-yi-ay, yippee-yi-o, the ghost riders in the sky

Visit [Frankie Laine](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.
