

The Brothers Four

"Riders In The Sky"

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An old cowpoke went ridin' 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 sky,
And up a cloudy draw

Yippie-I-O, yippie-I-Ay
We're ghost riders in the sky

Their hoofs were made of fire
And their horns were made of steel
And as they thundered by him
Their hot breath he could feel
A bolt of fear swept through him
As he looked up in the sky
He saw the riders commin' hard,
And heard their mournful cry

Yippie-I-O, yippie-I-Ay
Ghost riders in the sky

As the riders loped on by him,
He heard one call his name
If you wanta to save your soul from
Hell a-ridin' on our range,
Then cowboy change your ways today,
Or with us you will ride,
Tryin' to catch the devil's herd,
Across these endless skies

Yippie-I-O, yippie-I-Ay
The ghost riders in the sky
The ghost riders in the sky...

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