

Johnny Burnette

"Ghost Riders 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 his way
When all at once a mighty herd of red eyed cows he
saw
A-plowing through the ragged sky and up the cloudy
draw

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 coming hard and he heard their
mournful cry

Yippie yi yaaaay
Yippie yi ohhhhh

Ghost Riders in the sky

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts
all soaked with sweat
He's riding hard to catch that herd, but he ain't caught
'em yet
'Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in
the sky
On horses snorting fire
As they ride on hear their cry

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
Trying to catch the Devil's herd, across these endless
skies

Yippie yi yaaaay
Yippie yi ohhhhh

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