

Dean Martin

"Ghost riders in the sky"

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An old cowpoke went riding out one hot 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 the cloudy
draw.

Yip-i-ya-a, Yip-i-ya-o, Ghost riders in the sky.

Their brands were still on fire and their hoofs 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 as he saw the riders comin hard, he could hear
their mournful cry.

Yip-i-ya-a, Yip-i-ya-o, Ghost riders in the sky.

Their faces were gaunt, their eyes were blurred,
Their shirts all soaked with sweat,
They're riding hard to catch that herd, but they ain't
caught 'em yet.
They've got to ride forevermore on the range up in the
sky,
On horses snorting fire and as they ride, I hear them
cry.

Yip-i-ya-a, Yip-i-ya-o, Ghost riders in the sky.

(More Lyrics)

And as the riders loped on by he heard one call his
name,
If you want to save your soul from hell a ridin on the
range,
Then cowboy better change your ways or with us you
will ride,
Trying to catch the devil's herd across the endless
skies.

Yip-i-ya-a, Yip-i-ya-o, Ghost riders in the sky.

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