

Dean Martin "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'plowin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy
draw

Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were
made of steel
Their horns wuz black and shiny and their hot breaths
he could feel
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered
through the sky
He saw the riders comin' hard and he heard their
mournful cry

Yi-pi-yi-ay, yi-pi-yi-o
Ghost riders in ghost riders in the sky
Yi-pi-yi-ay, yi-pi-yi-o
Ghost riders in 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
They've got to ride forever in that range up in the sky
On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on, hear their cry

Yi-pi-yi-ay, yi-pi-yi-o
Ghost riders in ghost riders in the sky
Ghost riders in ghost riders in the sky

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