

## Walter Brennan "Ghost Riders In The Sky"

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Ghost riders!  
Ghost riders!

An old cowpoke went ridin'Â'  
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  
Oh, plowing through the ragged skies  
And up a cloudy draw.

Chorus:  
Yippie-I-Yay, Yippie-I-Yo  
The ghost herd in the sky.

Their brands were still on fire  
And their hooves was made of steel  
Their horns was black and shiney  
And their hot breath he could feel.

A bolt of fear went through him  
As they thundered through the sky  
Oh, he saw the riders coming hard  
And he heard their mournful cry.

Chorus:  
Yippie-I-Yay, Yippie-I-Yo  
The ghost riders in the sky.

Their faces dark, their eyes were blue,  
And their shirts all soaked with sweat  
TheyÂ're ridin' hard to catch that herd  
But they ain't caught 'em yet.

For they've got to ride forever  
In that range up in the sky  
On horses snortin' fire  
As they ride hear their cry.

Chorus:

Yippie-I-Yay, Yippie-I-Yo  
The ghost riders in the sky.

The riders loped on by him,  
He heard one call his name  
"If you want to save your soul from hell,  
YouÂ're riding on our range.

Then cowboy, change your ways today  
Or with us you will ride.  
And tryinÂ' to catch the DevilÂ's herd  
Across these endless skies."

Chorus:  
Yippie-I-Yay, Yippie-I-Yo  
The ghost herd in the sky.

The ghost riders in the sky...

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