

Milli Vanilli

"Boy in the Tree"

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An old cowpoke went ridin' out one dark and windy day
Upon a ridge he rested as he rode along his way
When all at once a mighty herd of red eyed cows he
saw
Plowing through the ragged skies and up a cloudy
draw
Yipie I ay, yipie I oh
Ghost turned in the sky
Their horns were black and shiny and their hooks are
made of steel
Their brands were still on fire and their hot breath he
could feel
A bolt of fear shot through him as they thundered
through the sky
He saw the riders coming hard and he heard their
mournful cry
Yipie I ay, yipie I oh
Ghost riders in the sky
Their face is gaunt their eyes were blurred their shirts
all soaked with sweat
They're ridin' hard to catch that herd but they ain't
caught 'em yet
'Cause they've got to ride forever on the range up in
the sky
On horses snorting fire as they ride on hear them cry
Yipie I ay, yipie I oh
Ghost riders in the sky
As the riders looked on by him he heard one call his
name
If you want to save your soul from hell a riding on our
range
Then cow-boy change your ways today or with us you
will ride
Tryin' to catch the Devils herd, across these endless
skies
Yipie I ay, yipie I oh
Ghost riders in the sky
Yipie I ay, yipie I oh
Ghost riders in the sky

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