

## Brothers Four

### "Riders in the Sky"

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An old cowpoke went ridin' 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 sky,  
And up a cloudy draw

Yippie-I-O, yippie-I-Ay  
We're ghost riders in the sky

Their hoofs were made of fire  
And their horns were made of steel  
And as they thundered by him  
Their hot breath he could feel  
A bolt of fear swept through him  
As he looked up in the sky  
He saw the riders commin' hard,  
And heard their mournful cry

Yippie-I-O, yippie-I-Ay  
Ghost riders in the sky

As the riders loped on by him,  
He heard one call his name  
If you wanta to save your soul from  
Hell a-ridin' on our range,  
Then cowboy change your ways today,  
Or with us you will ride,  
Tryin' to catch the devil's herd,  
Across these endless skies

Yippie-I-O, yippie-I-Ay  
The ghost riders in the sky  
The ghost riders in the sky...

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