

Jones Tom

"Ghost 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
Come rushin' through the ragged skies and up a
cloudy draw.
Yipie i ay Yipie i oh
Ghost riders in the sky
Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were
made of steel
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath
you could feel
A bolt of fear went 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 'aint
caught 'em yet'
cause they've got to ride forever in the range up in the
sky
On horses snorting fire as they ride hard hear them cry
Yipie i ay Yipie i oh Ghost riders in the sky.
The riders leaned 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 this devil herd.... a-cross these endless
skies.
Yipie i ay Yipie i oh Ghost riders in the sky.
Ghost riders in the sky.
Ghost riders in the sky.

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