

Blues Brothers, The

"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
A-plowin' through the ragged skies, and up a cloudy
draw

Yippie-I-a, yippie-I-o
The ghost herd in the sky

Their brands were still on fire and their hoofs were
made of steel
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath
he could feel
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered
through the sky
For he saw the riders commin' hard, and he heard their
mournful cry

Yippie-I-a, yippie-I-o
Ghost riders in the sky

Their faces 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 ya gotta ride forever on that range up in the
sky,
On horses snorting fire, as they ride on, hear their cry.

Yippie-I-a (yippie-I-a), yippie-I-o (yippie-I-o)
Ghost riders in the sky

As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his
name
If you wanna to save your soul from hell or 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-a (yippie-I-a), yippie-I-o (yippie-I-o)
Ghost riders in the sky

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