

Sons Of The Pioneers

"Riders in the Sky"

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An old cowpoke went riding 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

Yippee-yi-ya, yippee-yi-yo
Ghost herd 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
he could feel
A bolt of fear shot through him as he looked up in the
sky
For he saw the riders comin' hard and he heard their
mournful cry

Yippee-yi-ya, yippee-yi-yo
Ghost riders in the sky

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts
all soaked with sweat
They're riding hard to catch that herd, but they ain't
caught 'em yet
'Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in
the sky
On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on hear their cry

Yippee-yi-ya, yippee-yi-yo
Ghost riders in the sky

The cowpokes loped on past him and he heard one call
his name
If you want to save your soul from hell a-riding on our
range
Then cowboy, change your ways today or with us you
will ride
A-trying to catch the devil's herd across these endless
skies

Yippee-yi-ya, yippee-yi-yo
Ghost riders in the sky

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