

## **Lane Frankie**

### **"Ghost Riders In The Sky"**

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A lone 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-yo, yippee-yi, 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 hots 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-yo, yippee-yi, ghost riders in the sky.

Their faces were 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,

They're ridding hard forever on that range up in the  
sky,

for they've got to catch the devil's herd as they ride on  
hill and cry.

Yippee-yi-yo, yippee-yi, ghost riders in the sky.

The cowpokes rode on past him and he heard one call  
his name,

If you want to save your soul from hell a-riding on a  
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-yo, yippee-yi, the ghost riders in the sky

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