

# GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY

Am C  
An old cowpoke went riding out one hot and windy day,  
Am  
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way,

When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,  
F Am  
A plowin through the ragged skies, and up the cloudy draw.

## CHORUS:

Am C Am F Am  
Yip-i-ya-a, Yip-i-ya-o, Ghost riders in the sky.

Am C  
Their brands were still on fire and their hoofs were made of steel.  
Am  
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.  
F Am  
For as he saw the riders comin hard, he could hear their mournful cry.

Am C  
And as the riders loped on by he heard one call his name,  
Am  
If you want to save your soul from hell a ridin on the range,

Then cowboy better change your ways or with us you will ride,  
F Am  
Trying to catch the devil's herd across the endless skies.

