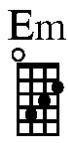


Ghost Riders In The Sky



x 2

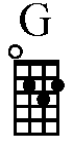


x 3

An old cowpoke went riding out one hot and windy day,



x 2

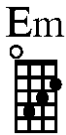


x 1



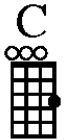
x 2

Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way,



x 4

When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,



x 4



x 4

A plowin through the ragged skies, and up the cloudy draw.

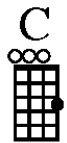
CHORUS:



x 4



x 4



x 4



x 4

Yip-i-ya-a, Yip-i-ya-o,

Ghost riders in the sky.

Em x2

G x3

Their brands were still on fire and their hoofs were made of steel.

Em x2

G x1

B7 x2

Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel.

Em x4

A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky.

C x4

Em

x 4

as he saw the riders comin hard, he could hear their mournful cry.

Em x2

G x3

And as the riders loped on by he heard one call his name,

Em x2

G x1

B7 x2

If you want to save your soul from hell a ridin on the range,

Em x4

Then cowboy better change your ways or with us you will ride,

C x4

Em x4

Trying to catch the devil's herd across the endless skies