

Children Of Bodom, Ghost Riders In The Sky

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 riders 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
As 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