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