

Children Of Bodom, Ghostriders In The Sky

[Stan Jones cover]

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.

[Solo]

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.