

Marty Robbins, Ghost Riders In The Sky

An old cowpoke went ridin' 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
Plowin' through the ragged skies, and up a cloudy draw

Yippie-I-ay, yippie-I-o
Ghost herd in the sky

Their horns were black and shiny and their hoofs were made of steel
Their brands were still on fire
A bolt of fear shot through him as they thundered through the sky
for He saw the riders commin' hard, and he heard their mournful cry

Yippie-I-ay, yippie-I-o
Ghost riders in the sky

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred,
Their shirts all soaked with sweat.
They're ridin' hard to catch that herd, but they aint caught 'em yet'
'Cause they got ride forever on that range up in the sky,
On horses snorting fire, as they ride on, hear their cry.

Yippie-I-ay, yippie-I-o
Ghost riders in the sky

As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name
If you wanta to save your soul from hell aridin' on our range,
Then cowboy change your ways today, or with us you will ride,
Tryin' to catch the devil's herd, across these endless skies

Yippie-I-ay, yippie-I-o
Ghost riders in the sky
Ghost riders in the sky