

GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY (STAN JONES, 1948)

Em G
An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day,
Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel,
Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat,
The cowpokes loped on past him and he heard one call his name,

Em G
Up - on a ridge he rested as he went along his way,
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel,
They're riding hard to catch that herd, but they ain't caught 'em yet,
If you want to save your soul from hell a-riding on our range,

Em G Em
When all at once a mighty herd of red eyed cows he saw,
A bolt of fear shot through him as he looked up in the sky,
'cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky,
Then, cowboy, change your ways today, or with us you will ride,

C Em
A - plowin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw.
For he saw the riders comin' hard and he heard their mournful cry:
On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on hear their cry:
A - trying to catch the devil's herd a-cross these endless skies.

Chorus:

Em G Em C Em
Yippee-yi-yay, yippee-yi-yo, Ghost riders in the sky.

Last Time:

Em G Em C Em
Yippee-yi-yay, yippee-yi-yo, Ghost riders in the sky.