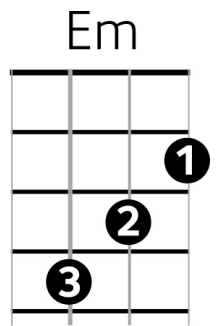
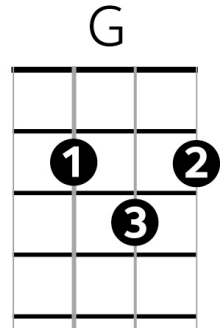


Ghost riders in the sky 1948 by Stan Jones

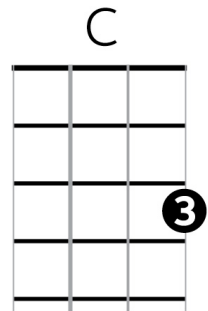
Em
An old cowpoke went ridin' out one dark and windy day,
Em
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way
When all at once a mighty herd of red eyed cows he saw
C **Em**
Come rushin' through the ragged skies and up the cloudy gorge



chorus
G **Em**
Yippee i aye, Yippee i oh
C **Em**
Ghost riders in the sky.



Em **G**
Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel
Em
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath you could feel
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
C **Em**
He saw the riders coming hard... and he heard their mournful cry



chorus

Em **G**
Their faces scared their eyes were blurred and shirts all soaked with sweat
Em
They're ridin' hard to catch that herd but they 'aint caught 'em yet
'cause they've got to ride forever in the range up in the sky
C **Em**
On horses snorting fire as they rode on they reply

chorus

Em **G**
The riders looked on by him as he heard one call his name
Em
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
C **Em**
Tryin' to catch this devil herd... across these endless Skies.

chorus x 2