

Dm

F

1. An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day,
2. Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel,

Dm

F

1. Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way,
2. Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel,

Dm

1. When all at once a mighty herd of red eyed cows he saw,
2. A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky,

Bb

Dm

1. A-plowing through the ragged sky, and up the cloudy draw. (Verse 2)
2. For he saw the Riders coming hard, and he heard their mournful cry:



CHORUS:

Dm F
Yippie yi Ohhhhh!

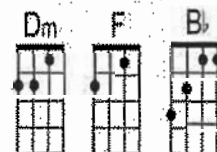
Dm

Yippie yi Yaaaaay!

Bb

Dm

Ghost Riders in ... the sky.



Dm

F

3. Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat,
4. As the riders loped on by him he heard one call his name,

Dm

F

3. They're riding hard to catch that herd, but they ain't caught 'em yet,
4. If you want to save your soul from Hell a-riding on our range,

Dm

3. 'Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky,
4. Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride,

Bb

Dm

3. On horses snorting fire, as they ride on hear their cry. (Verse 4)
4. Trying to catch the Devil's herd, across these endless skies (Chorus)