

# Ghost Riders In The Sky

Words & Music:  
Stan Jones

Em G  
An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day.  
Em  
Upon a ridge he rested as he went upon his way.  
Em (C/E) (A/E) (C/E)  
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw  
C (Am) Em  
Coming through the ragged sky, and up a cloudy draw.

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 went through him as they rumbled through the sky.  
Then he saw the riders coming hard, and he heard their mournful cry.

CHORUS:

G Em (D)  
Yippe-ai-ay, yippee-ai-oh!  
C (Am) Em  
Ghost riders in the sky.

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