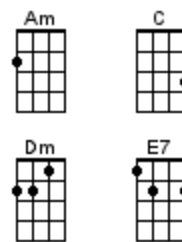


Ghost Riders in the Sky

Stan Jones

An **[Am]** old cowpoke went riding out one **[C]** hot and windy day,
 U-**[Am]**-pon a ridge he rested as he **[C]** went along his **[E7]** way,
 When **[Am]** all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,
 A-**[Dm]**-plowin' through the ragged skies
 And **[Am]** up the cloudy draw



[Am] Yip-i-yay-**[C]**-ay, Yip-i-yay-**[Am]**-oh,
[Dm] Ghost riders in the **[Am]** sky.

Their **[Am]** brands were still on fire and their **[C]** hoofs were made of steel.
 Their **[Am]** horns were black and shiny and their **[C]** hot breath he could **[E7]** feel.
 A **[Am]** bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky.
 For **[Dm]** as he saw the riders comin' hard
 He could **[Am]** hear their mournful cry.

[Am] Yip-i-yay-**[C]**-ay, Yip-i-yay-**[Am]**-oh,
[Dm] Ghost riders in the **[Am]** sky.

Their **[Am]** faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their **[C]** shirts all soaked with sweat,
 They're **[Am]** riding hard to catch that herd, but **[C]** they ain't caught 'em **[E7]** yet.
 They've **[Am]** got to ride forever more on the range up in the sky,
 On **[Dm]** horses snorting fire
 And as they **[Am]** ride, I hear them cry.

[Am] Yip-i-yay-**[C]**-ay, Yip-i-yay-**[Am]**-oh,
[Dm] Ghost riders in the **[Am]** sky.

And **[Am]** as the riders loped on by he **[C]** heard one call his name,
 If **[Am]** you want to save your soul from hell a-**[C]**-ridin' on the **[E7]** range,
 Then **[Am]** cowboy, better change your ways or with us you will ride,
 Try-**[Dm]**-ing to catch the devil's herd
 A-**[Am]**-cross the endless skies.

[Am] Yip-i-yay-**[C]**-ay, Yip-i-yay-**[Am]**-oh,
[Dm] Ghost riders in the **[Am]** sky.

[Am] Yip-i-yay-**[C]**-ay, Yip-i-yay-**[Am]**-oh,
[Dm] Ghost riders in the **[Am]** sky.

