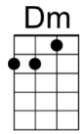
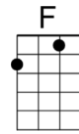
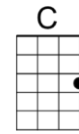
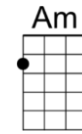


# Ghost Riders in the Sky



Am C  
An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day

Am C  
Upon a ridge he rested as he went a long his way

Am C Am  
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw

F Dm Am  
A ploughin' through the ragged skies And up a cloudy draw

C Am  
Yi-pi-yi-ay Yi-pi-yi-o  
F Dm Am  
The ghost herd in the sky

Am C  
Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel

Am C  
Their horns wuz black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel

Am C Am  
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky

F Dm Am  
For he saw the riders comin' hard And he heard their mournful cry

C Am  
Yi-pi-yi-ay Yi-pi-yi-o  
F Dm Am  
The ghost riders in the sky

Am C  
Their faces gaunt their eyes were blurred and shirts all soaked with sweat

Am C  
They're riding hard to catch that herd but they ain't caught them yet

Am C Am  
'Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky

F Dm Am  
On horses snortin' fire Across these endless skies

C Am  
Yi-pi-yi-ay Yi-pi-yi-o  
F Dm Am  
The ghost riders in the sky

Am C  
As the riders loped on by him he heard one call his name  
Am C  
“If you want to save your soul from hell a ridin’ on our range  
Am C Am  
Then, Cowboy, change your ways today or with us you will ride  
F Dm Am  
A try’n to catch the devil’s herd Across these endless skies.”  
C Am  
Yi-pi-yi-ay Yi-pi-yi-o  
F Dm Am  
Ghost riders in the sky  
  
F Dm Am  
Ghost riders in the sky.  
[Slowly with fade]