

An **old** cowboy went ridin' out one **dark** and windy day
Upon a ridge he rested as he **went** along his way
When **all** at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw
Plowin' through the ragged skies, and **up** a cloudy draw
/ Am - C - / / Am - - - / F - - - Am - - - /

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 thundered through the sky
For he saw the riders comin' hard, and he heard their mournful cry

Yipie i-oh, yipie i-ay! Ghost herd in the sky
/ C - - - Am - - - F - Dm - Am - - - /

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred their shirts all soaked with sweat
They're ridin' hard to catch that herd, but they ain't caught 'em yet'
'Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky
On horses snorting fire, as they ride on, hear their cry ...

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 our range
Then cowboy change your ways today, or with us you will ride
Tryin' to catch the devil's herd, across these endless skies" ...

Ghost riders in the sky
Ghost riders in the sky
/ F - - - Am - - - / /