

Ghost Riders In The Sky

Stan Jones (1949)

An [Dm] old cowpoke went riding out one [F] hot and windy day,
U-[Dm]-pon a ridge he rested as he [F] went along his [A7] way,
When [Dm] all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,
A-[Gm] plowin' through the ragged skies, and [Dm] up the cloudy draw.

Chorus: [Dm] Yip-i-[F]-a, Yip-i-[Dm] o,
 [Bb] ghost riders in the [Dm] sky.

Their [Dm] brands were still on fire and their [F] hoofs were made of steel.
Their [Dm] horns were black and shiny and their [F] hot breath he could [A7] feel.
A [Dm] bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky.
For [Gm] as he saw the riders comin' hard, he could [Dm] hear their mournful cry.

Chorus

Their [Dm] face was gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their [F] shirts all soaked with sweat,
They're [Dm] riding hard to catch that herd, but [F] they ain't caught it [A7] yet.
They've [Dm] got to ride forevermore on the range up in the sky,
On [Gm] horses snorting fire and as they [Dm] ride, I hear them cry.

Chorus

And [Dm] as the riders loped on by he [F] heard one call his name,
If [Dm] you want to save your soul from hell a [F] ridin' on the [A7] range,
Then [Dm] cowboy better change your ways or with us you will ride,
Try-[Gm]-ing to catch the devil's herd a-[Dm]-cross the endless skies.

Chorus

