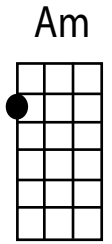
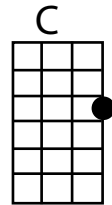


Ghost Riders in the Sky

^{Am} An old cowpoke went ridin' out one dark and windy dy
^{Am} Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way
^{Am} When all at once a mighty herd of red eyed cows he saw
^F A-Plowin' through the ragged skies.... and up the cloudy draw

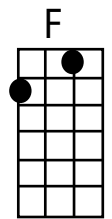


^{Am} Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel
^{Am} Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel
^{Am} A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
^F For he saw the riders comin' hard.... and he heard their mournful cry

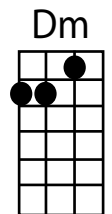


Chorus

^C Yip - i - ya - a, ^{Am} Yip - i - yi - o
^F Ghost riders ^{Dm} in the ^{Am} sky



^{Am} Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat
^{Am} They're riden' hard to catch that herd, but they ain't caught them yet
^{Am} 'Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky
^F On horses snorting fire,... and as they rode he heard them cry



Chorus

^{Am} As those riders rode on by him he heard one call his name
^{Am} If you wan't to save your soul from hell a'ridin' on our range
^{Am} Then cowboy change your ways today, or with us you will ride
^F Trying to catch the devil's herd...., across these evil skies



Chorus

