GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY

An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day;
Am      C      E7
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      Dm      Am
A'plowin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw.

C      Am      F      Dm      Am
Yippie-ya-aye, yippie-yi-o  ghost riders  in the sky

Am      C
Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel,
Am      C      E7
Their horns wuz 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      Dm      Am
For he saw the riders comin' hard and heard their mournful cry.

C      Am      F      Dm      Am
Yippie-ya-aye, yippie-yi-o  ghost riders  in the sky

Am      C
Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked in sweat
Am      C      E7
He's riding hard to catch that herd, but he ain't caught 'em yet
Am
'Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky
F      Dm      Am
On horses snorting fire, as they ride on hear their cry

C      Am      F      Dm      Am
Yippie-ya-aye, yippie-yi-o  ghost riders  in the sky

Am      C
As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name
Am      C      E7
If you want to save your soul from Hell, ariding on our range
Am
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride
F      Dm      Am
Trying to catch the Devil's herd, across these endless skies
C      Am      F      Dm      Am
Yippie-ya-aye, yippie-yi-o  ghost riders  in the sky