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**Riders in the Sky**

Riders in the Sky  
(Stan Jones)

An old cow poke went riding 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  
A-ploughin' through the ragged skies, and up a cloudy draw.  
Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o, The ghost herd in the sky.

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.  
Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o, The ghost Riders in the Sky.

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, and 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 snortin' fire, as they ride on hear their cry.  
Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o, The ghost Riders in the Sky.

As the riders loped on by him he heard one call his name.  
"If you want to save your soul from hell a-ridin'on our range,  
Then, cowboy, change your ways today or with us you will ride  
A-tryin' to catch the devil's herd across these endless skies."  
Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o, The ghost Riders in the Sky.

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By Stan Jones

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