

**INTRO:** Bm % % %

**CHORUS :**

D % % %	Bm % % %	G...	G...	Bm % % %
Yippee-yi-ay,	yippee-yi-o,	The ghost riders in the sky.		

Bm	%	D	%	
An old cowboy went riding out one dark and windy day,				
Bm	%	D	%	
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way,				
Bm	%	D	%	
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,				
G	%	% %	Bm	% % %
A ploughin' thru the ragged skies				and up a cloudy draw.

**CHORUS**

Bm	%	D	%	
Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel,				
Bm	%	D	%	
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel,				
Bm	%	D	%	
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered thru the sky,				
G	%	% %	Bm	% % %
For he saw the riders comin' hard				and he heard their mournful cry.

**CHORUS**

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

**CHORUS**

Bm	%	D	%	
As the riders loped on by him he heard one call his name,				
Bm	%	D	%	
"If you want to save your soul from hell a riding on our range,				
Bm	%	D	%	
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride				
G	% % %	Bm	% % %	
Tryin' to catch the devil's herd				across these endless skies."

**CHORUS**

G...	G...	Bm	Bm...
Ghost riders in the sky.			