Ghost Riders In The Sky
Stan Jones 1948


An [Am] old cowpoke went riding out one [C] dark and windy day [C]
Up-[Am] on a ridge he rested as he [C] went along his [E7] way [E7]
When [Am] all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw
A-[F] plowin' through the ragged skies [Dm]
[Dm] And [Am] up a cloudy draw [Am]


Their [Am] brands were still on fire and their [C] hooves were made of steel [C]
Their [Am] horns were black and shiny and their [C] hot breath he could [E7] feel [E7]
A [Am] bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
For he [F] saw the riders comin' hard [Dm]
[Dm] And he [Am] heard their mournful cry [Am]


Their [Am] faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, and [C] shirts all soaked with sweat [C]
They're [Am] ridin' hard to catch that herd but [C] they ain't caught them [E7] yet [E7]
They've [Am] got to ride forever in that range up in the sky
On [F] horses snortin' fire [Dm]
[Dm] As they [Am] ride on, hear their cry [Am]


As the [Am] riders loped on by him, he [C] heard one call his name [C]
"If you [Am] want to save your soul from hell a-[C]ridin' on our [E7] range [E7]
Then [Am] cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride
A-[F] tryin' to catch the Devil's herd [Dm]
[Dm] A-[Am] cross these endless skies." [Am]


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