

Intro - Am / / /

(24)

An^{Am}/old cowpoke went/ridin' out one^C/dark and windy/day /Upon a ridge he^{Am}/rested as he/went along his^F/way /When/all at once a/mighty herd of/red-eyed cows he^{Am}/saw

A/ploughin' through the/ragged skies/ /...and/up a cloudy/draw / / /

.. Yippi yi / ay . . . / / / . . Yippy yi / O . . . / / / /
 Ghost /riders /in / . . the/sky / / /

Their^{Am}/horns were black and/shiny and their^C/hooves were made of/steel /Their^{Am}/brands were still on/fire and their/hot breath he could/feel /A/bolt of fear shot^F/through him as they/thundered through the/skyFor he/saw the riders/comin' hard / /...and he^{Am}/heard their mournful/cry / / /ChorusTheir^{Am}/faces gaunt, their/eyes were blurred and/shirts all soaked with/sweatThey're^{Am}/ridin' hard to/catch that herd but/they ain't caught 'em/yet'Cause they've/got to ride forever on that^F/range up in the/skyOn/horses snortin'/fire, / /...as they^{Am}/ride on hear their/cry / / /ChorusAs the^{Am}/riders loped on/by him, he/heard one call his/name /If you^{Am}/want to save your/soul from hell a/ridin' on our/range /Then/cowboy change your^F/ways today or/with us you will/ride

A/tryin' to catch the/devil's herd, / /...across these endless/skies / / /

Chorus - (repeat last line)