

1

An old \_\_\_\_\_ went riding out one dark and windy day

Upon a \_\_\_\_\_ he rested as he went along his way

When all at once a \_\_\_\_\_ herd of red eyed cows he saw

Plowing through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw

Their brands were still on fire and their \_\_\_\_\_ were made of steel

Their \_\_\_\_\_ were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel

A bolt of fear went through him as they \_\_\_\_\_ through the sky

For he saw the Riders coming hard and he heard their \_\_\_\_\_ cry

Yippie yi Ohhhhh

Yippie yi yaaaaay

Ghost Riders in the sky

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all \_\_\_\_\_ with sweat  
He's riding hard to catch that \_\_\_\_\_, but he ain't caught 'em yet  
'Cause they've got to ride \_\_\_\_\_ on that range up in the sky  
On horses snorting fire  
As they ride on hear their cry

As the riders loped on by him he \_\_\_\_\_ one call his name  
If you want to save your \_\_\_\_\_ from Hell a-riding on our range  
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride  
Trying to catch the Devil's herd, across these \_\_\_\_\_ skies

Yippie yi Ohhhhh

Yippie yi Yaaaaay

Gost Riders in the sky