An old cow-boy went riding out one dark and windy day
U-pon a ridge he rested as he went a-long his way
When all at once a mighty 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 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 coming hard and he heard their mournful cry-y-y-y

Gho-ost ri--ders i-i-i-in the sky-y-y-y-y

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat
He’s riding hard to catch that herd but he ain’t caught 'em yet
Cause they’ve got to ride for-ev-er on that range up in the sky
On horses snorting fire as they ride on hear their cry-y-y-y

As the riders loped on by him he heard one call his name
If you want to save your soul from hell a riding on our range
Then cowboy change your ways to-day or with us you will ride
Trying to catch the devil’s herd a-cross these endless skies

Gho-ost ri--ders i-i-i-in the sky-y-y-y-y