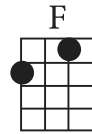
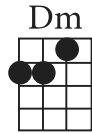
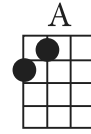
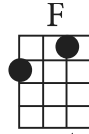
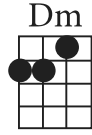


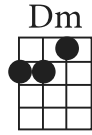
# Ghost Riders In The Sky



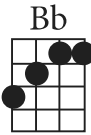
An old cowpoke went riding out one hot and windy day ~



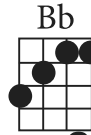
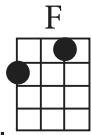
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way ~



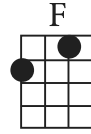
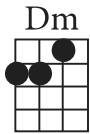
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw



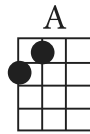
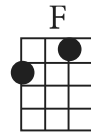
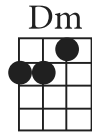
A plowin through the ragged skies, ~ and up the cloudy draw ~



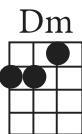
\* Yip-i-ya-a, ~ yip-i-ya-o, ~ Ghost riders in the sky



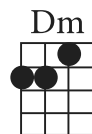
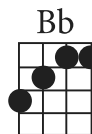
Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred their shirts all soaked with sweat ~



They're riding hard to catch that herd, but they ain't caught him yet ~



They've got to ride forevermore on the range up in the sky



On horses snorting flaming fire as they ride I hear them cry \*