

GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY

SIX DEADLY GUNS ON BLACKENED WINGS
THEY STALK THE COLD NIGHT SKIES.
IN AGING SHIPS OF AWESOME POWER
FOURTEEN MEN RIDE HIGH.
LIKE EAGLES SOARING IN THE NIGHT
THEY SEARCH THE GROUND BELOW.
NOTHING CAN ESCAPE THEIR SIGHTS,
AND THEY KILL THEIR FRIGHTENED FOE!

YIPPIE YI YAAAAY, YIPPIE YI OHHHH,
GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY.

BABIES CRY AND WOMEN SCREAM
AND MEN RUN EVERY WHERE.
FIRE AND BOMBS AND BLASTS OF DEATH
FILL THE MIDNIGHT AIR.
WHERE DID THE BULLETS COME FROM?
THEY CAN NOT SEE THE PLANES,
BUT THE BLACKBIRD OF DESTRUCTION
WATCHES THEIR PAIN.

YIPPIE YI YAAAAY, YIPPIE YI OHHHH,
GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY.

THEN FROM THE GROUND THERE COMES A FLASH,
A SAM IS ON ITS WAY.
THE MIGHTY SHIP BREAKS DOWN AND OUT
AND FOURTEEN SOLDIERS PRAY.
A LUCKY SAM COULD KILL THE BIRD,
IN A BALL OF FIRE THEY'D DIE.
IMMORTAL FOREVER,
GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY!

YIPPIE YI YAAAAY, YIPPIE YI OOOOH
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