

Boy In the Tree

Milli Vanilli

An old cowpoke went ridin' out one dark and windy day
Upon a ridge he rested as he rode along 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
Yipie I ay, yipie I oh
Ghost turned in the sky

Their horns were black and shiny
and their hooks are made of steel
Their brands were still on fire
and their hot breath he could feel
A bolt of fear shot through him
as they thundered through the sky
He saw the riders coming hard
and he heard their mournful cry
Yipie I ay, yipie I oh
Ghost riders in the sky
Their face is gaunt their eyes
were blurred their shirts all soaked with sweat
They're ridin' hard to catch
that herd but they ain't caught 'em yet
'Cause they've got to ride forever on the range up in the sky

On horses snorting fire as they ride on hear them cry
Yipie I ay, yipie I oh
Ghost riders in the sky
As the riders looked on by him he heard one call his name
If you want to save your soul from hell a riding on our range
Then cow-boy change your ways today or with us you will ride
Tryin' to catch the Devils herd, across these endless skies
Yipie I ay, yipie I oh
Ghost riders in the sky
Yipie I ay, yipie I oh
Ghost riders in the sky