

# Injun Fighters Up in the Sky

By Stan Jones, 1948

Adapted by Lew Toulmin, 2013

An Injun fighter went riding out  
One dark and windy day,  
Upon a ridge he rested as  
He rode along his way,  
When all at once a mighty band  
Of red eyed braves he saw,  
A-racin' cross the ragged skies  
And up a cloudy draw.

Yippee-yi-ya, yippee-yi-yo,  
Injun fighters up in the sky.

Their eyes were all on fire and  
Their scalpin' knives were steel,  
Their braids were black and shiny and  
Their hot breath he could feel.  
A bolt of fear shot through him as  
He looked up in the sky,  
Then he saw the soldiers comin' hard  
And he heard their warlike cry:

Yippee-yi-ya, yippee-yi-yo,  
Injun fighters up in the sky.

Their faces pale, their swords in hand,  
Their shirts all soaked with sweat,  
They're riding hard to catch that band,  
But they ain't caught 'em yet,  
'cause they've got to ride forever in  
That chase up in the sky,  
On horses snortin' fire;  
Now hear their ghostly cry:

Yippee-yi-ya, yippee-yi-yo,  
Injun fighters up in the sky.

The soldiers raced on past him and  
He heard one call his name,  
“If you want to save your soul from hell  
A-chasin' on our range,  
Then, soldier, change your ways today,  
Or with us you will ride,  
A-trying to catch that devil's band  
Across these endless skies.”

Yippee-yi-ya, yippee-yi-yo,  
Injun fighters up in the sky.  
Yippee-yi-ya, yippee-yi-yo,  
Ghost riders in the sky.