

Guy Clark, Rita Ballou

She could dance that slow Uvalde
Shuffle to some cowboy hustle
How she made them trophy buckles shine, shine, shine
Wild-eyed and Mexican silvered,
Trickin' dumb ol' cousin Willard
into thinkin that he's got her this time

Chorus

Hill country honky-tonkin Rita Ballou
Every beer joint in town has played a fool for you
Backslidin' barrel ridin' Rita Ballou
Ain't a cowboy in Texas would not ride a bull for you

She's a rawhide rope and velvet mixture
Walkin' talkin Texas texture
High-timin' barroom fixture kind of a girl
She's the queen of the cowboys
Look at old Willard grinnin' now boys
You'd of thought there's less fools in this world

Chorus

So good luck Willard and here's to you
And here's to Rita and I hope she'll do ya right all night
Lord I wish I was the fool in your shoes

Chorus