

# VINCE GILL, Rita Ballou

(Guy Clark)

How could she dance that slow bandera  
Shuffle to some cowboy hustle  
How she makes those trophy buckles shine, shine, shine  
Wild-eyed and Mexican silvered  
Trickin' dumb ol' Cousin Willard  
Into thinkin' that he's got her this time

Hill country holky tonkin' Rita Ballou  
Every beer joint in town has played the 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 ol' Willard grinnin' now boys You'd a thought there's less fools in this world

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

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