

Tequila Sheila

David Allan Coe

Pour me another Tequila Sheila,
Take off that red satin dress
I cross the border and I beat the dealer
For all the damn gold in Juarez.

I feel like old Pancho Villa, Sheila
And sure could use a friend (I got Pessó to spend)
So pour me another Tequilla Sheila
And lay down n'love me again.

Though I can tell you about it
But don't mind my gun by the bed
I feel kind of naked without it
And it eases the fear in my head.

Just pass me the salt n'the lemon
Bend down n'blow out the light
I never had trusted the woman
But Sheila I'll trust you tonight.

Pour me another Tequila Sheila
Take off that red satin dress
I cross the border and I beat the dealer
For all the damn gold in Juarez.

I feel like old Pancho Villa, Sheila
And sure could use a friend (I got Pessó to spend)
So pour me another Tequilla Sheila,
And lay down n'love me again

Sheila I'm hearing your heart beat
But I'm hearing footsteps outside
The courtyard is crawling with damn federalists
And Sheila there's no place to hide.

I don't know who could have tipped them
nobody knew but you
But I can't make love to a squealer, Sheila
So I guess there's just one thing to do.

Pour me another Tequila Sheila.
I'm gonna put on your red dress, you put on my cloths
You go out and face the dealer
And Sheila, I wish you the best.

I feel like old Pancho Villa, Sheila
I need a fast horse and a friend
So pour me another Tequila Sheila
And I'll ride towards the border again

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by Davis, Mac
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, T.R.O. INC.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>