

# 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 Pesso 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.

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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 Pesso 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

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