

Rita Ballou

Vince Gill

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
 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
 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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