

# Rita Ballou

## Jack Ingram

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  
    Hill country holky tonkin' Rita Ballou  
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