

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 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 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>