

# Rita Ballou

## John Denver

She could dance and slow you 'bout, shuffle to some cowboy hustle  
How she made them trophy buckles shine, shine, shine  
Wild-eyed in Mexican silver, tricking dumb old cousin Willard  
Into thinking that he got her this time Hill country, honky-tonkin' Rita Ballou  
Every beer joint in town has played a fool for you  
Back sliding, barrel riding Rita Ballou  
Ain't a cowboy in Texas would not ride a bull for you She's a rawhide roping velvet mixture, walking, talking  
Texas texture  
High-timing, barroom fixture kind of a girl  
She's a queen of the cowboys, look at old Willard grinning now, boys  
You'd have thought there's less fools in this world Hill country, honky-tonkin' Rita Ballou  
Every beer joint in town has played a fool for you  
Back sliding, barrel riding Rita Ballou  
Ain't a cowboy in Texas would not ride a bull for you Good luck Willard and here's to ya, and here's to Rita  
I hope she'll do ya right all night  
Lord, I wish I was a fool in your shoes Hill country, honky-tonkin' Rita Ballou  
Every beer joint in town has played a fool for you  
Back sliding, barrel riding Rita Ballou  
Ain't a cowboy in Texas would not ride a bull for you  
Lord, I wish I was in Texas, I would ride a bull for you

Songwriters

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