

Rita Ballou

Guy Clark

She could dance that slow Uvalde
Shuffle to some cowboy hustle
How she made them 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 honky-tonkin' Rita Ballou
Every beer joint in town has played a 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 old Willard grinnin' now, boys
You'd of thought there's less fools in this world

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So good luck Willard and here's to you
And here's to Rita and I hope she'll do ya right all night
Lord I wish I was the fool in your shoes

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