

Rita Ballou

John Denver

She could dance and slow you 'bout, shuffle to some cowboy hustle.

How she made those 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.

But 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.