

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

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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

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