

# Guy Clark, Rita Ballou

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus