

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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Every beer joint in town has played the fool for you  
Backslidin' barrel ridin' Rita Ballou  
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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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