

Rita Ballou
Guy Clark

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C
She could dance that slow Uvalde
F
Shuffle to some cowboy hustle
C
How she made them trophy buckles
G
Shine, shine, shine
C
Wild-eyed and mexican silvered
F
Trickin dumb old cousin Willard
C **G** **C**
Into thinkin that he s got her this time

F **C**
Hill country, honky-tonkin Rita Ballou
G
Every beer joint in town has played a fool for you
F **C**
Backsliding barrel riding Rita Ballou
G **C**
Ain t a cowboy in Texas would not ride a bull for you

She s a rawhide rope and velvet mixture
Walking, talking Texas texture
High timing, 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

F
So good luck Willard and here s to you

Am

And here s to Rita and I hope she ll do ya

G

Right all night

C

Lord I wish I was the fool in your shoes

Chorus