

Angels Working Overtime

[Deana Carter](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

1, 2

1, 2, 3She was born at a rest stop on the Kansas state line
In the back of a Dodge in the summer time
Her momma named her Indiana like their license plate
And with the hum of the tires on the interstate
She was cryin'They left her at a Denny's up in Colorado
In a blanket with her name written on a note
They said, "Forgive us Lord for not takin' her
But this child has a better chance of makin' it
In someone else's arms" And it's a crazy thing

Fate has perfect wings
All the way down the line
Angels working overtime

Angels working overtimeShe was raised in a place called Cheyenne Wells
But she never fit in and everyone could tell
That she didn't belong in some prairie town
And when she turned eighteen she bought a ticket out
On a GreyhoundThey stopped a few minutes out of Santa Fe
She got out for a smoke and they drove away
She hitched a ride with a boy right out of school
He said "I'm headed out west" and she said
"Me to if that's alright" And it's a crazy thing

Fate has perfect wings
All the way down the line
Angels working overtime

Angels working overtimeIt took a couple hundred miles till they fell in love
They knew forever was the only thing good enough
And in a moment of passion in a motel room
They held on tight and their aim was true
Now they're countin' down the days
And dreamin' all night in an apartment in LAIt's a crazy thing
Fate has perfect wings

All the way down the line
Angels working overtimeIt's a crazy thing
Fate has perfect wings
All the way down the line
Angels working overtime
Angels working overtimeShe was born at a rest stop
On the Kansas state line
Angels working overtimeShe was cryin'
She was cryin'
She was cryin'

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