

Angels Working Overtime

Deana Carter

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 Greyhound They 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 LA It'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'

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