

# Angels Working Overtime

Deana Carter

1, 2

1, 2, 3

She 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

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She 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

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It 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  
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