

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

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