

# Angels Working Overtime

Deana Carter

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  
That 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

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 too  
If that's all right"

And it's a crazy thing  
Fate has perfect wings  
All the way down the line  
Angels working overtime

It took a couple hundred miles 'til 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 L.A.

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