

# Sheryl Crow, Rodeo

There comes a son, a son of angels  
Carrying an empty glass  
Trying to fill it to the surface  
Well tell your thirst love has passed

You carry on, carry the world  
You must get worn with all the weight  
I take it in but you won't no where  
And no where's where we're headed fast

Oh, oh, Rodeo  
Slow turning to and fro  
Oh, oh, Rodeo  
Where we land no one knows (no one knows..)

We're not blind to what it is  
In other words, the ignorant kind  
Well life is short, but oh it's wide  
It's wide enough to blow my mind

Well I believe in ever-after  
Just in case what's after that  
Don't I love you like the angels  
And could you ever love me back?

Chorus

Strangers now we are becoming  
Stranger now we have become  
If any fiction every returns  
Returned by the coolest one

Chorus