

Rodeo

Sheryl Crow

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

Carry on, carry the world
You must get worn with all the weight
Well I'd take it in but you won't know where
And nowhere's where we're heading fast

Oh, oh, rodeo
Slow turning to and fro
Oh, oh, rodeo
Where we land no one knows

We're not blind to what it is
We never were the ignorant kind
Well life is short, but oh it's wide
It's wide enough to change your mind

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

Oh, oh, rodeo
Slow turning to and fro
Oh, oh, rodeo
Where we land no one knows

Well, strangers now we are becoming
And stranger now we have become
Than any fiction ever written
Written by the cruelest ones

Oh, oh, rodeo
Slow turning to and fro
Oh, oh, rodeo
Where we land no one knows