

# 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