

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