

Eddie Reader, The Exception

In a paparazzi photograph she was stepping from a car
The tired eyes betrayed the smile of the faded singing star
At the publishers reception on the launching of her book
She told the grimy details and the toll the details took
The tours, applause, awards of course
But as the years went by, those fundamental things still applied
Oh but she thought she'd be the exception
Oh yes she thought she'd be the exception
But don't we all think we're the exception
Sometimes, sometimes
The workaholic millionaire and his pretty younger wife
Had everything there was out there in the ad mans perfect life
But she left him for the milkman and then moved into his flat
Everyone said silly girl to do a thing like that
The house, the cars, the credit cards but he didn't ask her why
He knows that there's some things even cash can't buy
Oh yes he thought he'd be the exception
Oh yes he thought he'd be the exception
But don't we all think we're the exception
Sometimes, sometimes
If a handout to the hungry and the homeless
Is a fiver in the fickle hand of fate
Does it mean we'll be there on the guest list
When we get to heaven's gate
No pain, no gain, that's what they're saying and it's hard to disagree
But I thought somehow they weren't including me
Oh but I thought I'd be the exception
Oh yes I thought I'd be the exception
But don't we all think we're the exception
Sometimes, sometimes