

Dwight Yoakam, An Exception To The Rule

Soft clouds all drift away
Bright sunshine never stays
Warm afternoons turn rainy,
Dark and cruel.

A candle's glowing light will die
The purest voices often lie
And with love I've found
That all the same is true.

Even though I should know better
I guess we could maybe try
There is the risk
Of looking like a fool
Ah, But I've got a lucky feeling
Just a hunch, don't ask me why
You might be an exception
To the rule.

Sweet dreams can't be recalled
High hopes can collapse and fall
As the sky keeps turning
Sadder shades of blue.

The strongest promise
Finally breaks
And only leads to bigger aches
Are lessons that I learned
At sorrow's school.

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