

# Eddi 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