

# The Exception

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Your hand on my leg under the oil painted sky  
Wind blowin' through our hair on the 405  
And traffic's at a standstill, it's LA, what'd you expect?  
We're listenin' to Zeppelin, you're kissin' my neck  
You cradle me in your arms in the dark in the back  
We're lookin' at the stars, the moon's lit Cheshire cat  
And your parents can probably see from the window  
They'll say, "They're just kids", oh, what the hell do they know?

Scared, I love you so much I'm scared  
'Cause they say young love's a loss or it's a lesson  
Here, I always wanna be here  
My heart is tellin' me we're gonna be the exception