

The Exception

Olivia Rodrigo

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