

# Brooks & Dunn, Deny, Deny, Deny

That wasn't me at a quarter to three back in our backyard  
Tearing up the roses and the home grown tomatoes in my new car  
Those bottles in the driveway and the bottles in the hall  
Well I don't know where they came from  
It must be burglars in the neighborhood  
I sure hope they catch those bums

I know you've got your own version of the truth  
There's only three things left now I can do  
Deny, Deny, Deny

Well I was allegedly dropped  
By a truck stop waitress at our front door  
Now who you gonna believe  
Your sweet lovin' daddy or those lying eyes of yours  
That lipstick on my collar  
That you found this morning well that's not lipstick at all  
I was just in a hurry to get back to you honey  
Had myself a little fall

Oh yeah you've got your own version of the truth  
There's only three things left now I can do  
Deny, Deny, Deny

Oh please don't answer the phone  
Hey ain't it great being home and alone like this  
That cigarette voice asking for her big boy  
Why should I know who that is  
Yeah I know it looks bad but  
You're lookin' at a victim of a circumstance or two  
Oh what is it now seems like nothing I do ever pleases you

[1st CHORUS]

Deny, deny, deny