

Brooks & Dunn

""Deny, Deny, Deny""

Visit [""Deny, Deny, Deny""](http://MotoLyrics.com) on MotoLyrics.com

That wasn't me at a quarter to three
Back in our backyard
Tearin' 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 lyin' eyes of yours
That lipstick on my collar, that you found this mornin'
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 bein' 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 nothin'
I do ever pleases you

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

Oh, deny, deny, deny

