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