

Dennis . . .

Innocence is easy enough to claim.
Anyone can say that it's all someone else's fault.
But arrogance won't spring you from the web this time.
And now life's rubbing your open wounds with salt.

You'd like to think when you're at the brink all will work out in the end.
So you let things grow then before you know you're going under,
Sinking in the quicksand.

Dennis, Dennis, Dennis, you got to get out of this mess.
Everyone's noticing the changes coming over you.
Yeah, Dennis, Dennis, Dennis, you got to get out of this mess.
No one else is gonna straighten this out for you.

There's gonna be blame.
There's gonna be pain.
If getting out were easy to do you wouldn't need a lecture.
But take a step back.
Just look where you're at.
The stakes keep creeping up higher and higher,
and every passing day just sucks you deeper in the quagmire.

Dennis, Dennis, Dennis, you got to get out of this mess.
Or bad luck's gonna be pointing its finger at you.

It's got to be said:
You're in over your head.
You think you're still calling the shots but that's just an illusion.
And the longer you wait
The meaner your fate.
Are you waiting for a sign to show you when to break clear?
What do you think that all obstacles will suddenly disappear?

Come on, Dennis, Dennis, Dennis, wake up and get out of this mess
Before your world comes crashing all down on you.

A little mistake shouldn't burden you the rest of your days.
Admit you messed up, make it right and get on back with your life.
But slamming that gate just traps you inside your own cage.
And the darkness grows longer every night.

I remember when all your friends admired and looked up to you.
Now instead they just shake their heads and they wonder:
"What can he be thinking?"

Dennis, Dennis, Dennis, you got to get out of this mess.
Everybody's talking 'bout the changes coming over you.
Yeah, Dennis, Dennis, Dennis, you got to get out of this mess.
Or all your friends are gonna turn their backs on you.

It's hard to let go.
You wanted it so.
But sometimes the shiniest lures are the fires that burn you.
So take a deep breath,
And take that first step.
You can get back to the place where you were,
Or you can act like nothing's wrong and wind up in the gutter.

Dennis, Dennis, Dennis, you got to get out of this mess.
You know, some are saying someday someone's gonna come gunning for you.
Yeah, you.
Buddy it's true.

Yeah, someday someone might gonna come gunning for you