

# **The Love Has Hit The Fan** © BMI by Dennis J. Barela

Whenever I remember you I can't forget September 2  
Cause I think too much  
When I drink too much  
Cause you were out with who knows who

Well every now and then I cry  
To this day I don't know why  
You were no big deal  
I've had time to heal  
And those wasted days seem so surreal  
I'm tired of reliving those goodbyes

(chorus)

So we're love out of luck, it's not hard to believe  
I wanna miss you girl but your memory won't leave  
I should get out with my sanity while I still give a damn  
And hopefully before the love has hit the fan

And even after all this time  
It's hard to shake the memories  
But from now on I'll just be fine  
Even though I feel so empty  
Is that such a crime?

So now it's time to say goodbye  
Cause all my whiskey has run dry  
I will make the best  
A cathartic mess  
I've got nothing left that I need confess  
I think that it's time that I realized