

D.I.V.O.R.C.E.

Dolly Parton

Our little boy is four years old
And he's quite a little man
So we spell out the words
We don't want him to understand
Like t-o-y, or maybe s-u-r-p-r-i-s-e
But the words were hiding from him now
Tears the heart right out of me

Our d-i-v-o-r-c-e becomes final today
Me and little j-o-e will be going away
I love you both and this will be
Pure h-e-double-l for me
Oh, I wish that we could stop this d-i-v-o-r-c-e

Watch him smile
He thinks it's christmas
Or his fifth birthday
And he thinks c-u-s-t-o-d-y
Spells fun, or play
I spell out all the hurtin words
And I turn my head when I speak
Cause I can't spell away this hurt
That's dripping down my cheek

Our d-i-v-o-r-c-e becomes final today
Me and little j-o-e will be going away
I love you both and this will be
Pure h-e-double-l for me
Oh, I wish that we could stop this d-i-v-o-r-c-e