

## 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