

## D-i-v-o-r-c-e

Kitty Wells

Our little boy is four years old  
And 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 we're hiding from him, now  
Tear 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 turn my head when I speak  
Cause I can't spell away  
This hurt, that's dripping down my cheeks  
Our D-I-V-O-R-C-E