

D-I-V-O-R-C-E

Dottie West

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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 goin' away  
I love you both and this will be pure H-E double L for me  
Oh, I wish that I 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 rollin' down my cheek.

Our D-I-V-O-R-C-E becomes final today  
Me and little J-O-E will be goin' 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.