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