

Dolly Parton, D.I.V.O.R.C.E.

(B. Braddock & Curly Putnam)

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 we're hiding from him now
Tears the heart right out of me
Chorus:

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

Repeat Chorus