

Wanda Jackson, D-I-V-O-R-C-E

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
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
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
Cause he thinks C-U-S-T-O-D-Y spells fun or play
I spell out all the hurting words and turn my head when I speak
But I can't spell away this hurt that's dripping down my cheeks
Our D-I-V-O-R-C-E becomes final today...
I wish that we could stop this D-I-V-O-R-C-E