

## Dottie West

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

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(Bobby Braddock - Curly Putman)

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  
How 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 rolling down  
my cheeks.

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  
How I wish that we could stop this d-i-v-o-r-c-e...

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