

Conway Twitty "D-I-V-O-R-C-E"

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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 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 turn my head when I speak
Cause I can't spell away
This hurt, that's dripping down my cheeks
Our D-I-V-O-R-C-E

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