

The Junior Varsity

"Divorce At High Noon"

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Iâ€™m sorry, my dear.
I know it may hurt, my dear.
Oh, but I must, my dear
Divorce this dead love, my dear.

I feel quite cold
Now that I know
All your features, all your charms
Just as if they were my own.

I feel quite bored
Now that weâ€™ve shared
Every secret, every thought,
Every fear and every fault.

Iâ€™m divorcing my dear
Only for you, my dear
So you can become my dear
Just like my old dear, dear.

I feel quite cold
Now that I know
All your features, all your charms
Just as if they were my own.

I feel quite bored
Now that weâ€™ve shared
Every secret, every thought,
Every fear and every fault.

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