

# Achy Breaky Heart

Billy Ray Cyrus

You can tell the world you never was my girl  
You can burn my clothes up when I'm gone  
Or you can tell your friends just what a fool I've been  
And laugh and joke about me on the phone. You can tell my arms go back to the farm  
You can tell my feet to hit the floor  
Or you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips  
They won't be reaching out for you no more But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
I just don't think he'd understand  
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
He might blow up and kill this man  
Oooh  
You can tell your ma I moved to Arkansas  
Or you can tell your dog to bite my leg  
Or tell your brother Cliff who's fist can tell my lips  
He never really liked me anyway Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please  
Myself already knows I'm not okay  
Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind  
It might be walking out on me today But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
I just don't think he'd understand  
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
He might blow up and kill this man  
Oooh  
But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
I just don't think he'd understand  
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
He might blow up and kill this man  
Don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
I just don't think he'd understand  
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
He might blow up and kill this man  
Oooh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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