

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
Oh 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 on to the farms
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

Don't tell my heart
My achy breaky heart
I just don't think it'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've moved to arkansa'
You can tell your dog to bite my leg
Or tell your brother cliff
Who's fist can tell my lip
He never really liked me anyway

Or tell your aunt Louise

Composição: Don Von Tress

Tell anything you please
Myself I'm ready
No I'm not okay
Or you can tell my eye
To watch out for my mind
It might be walking out on me one day

Don't tell my heart
My achy breaky heart
I just don't think it'd understand
And if you tell my heart
My achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this man

Oooh

Don't tell my heart
My achy breaky heart
I just don't think it'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 it'd understand
And if you tell my heart
My achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this man

Oooh

Oh