

Billy Ray Cyrus

"Achy Breacky Heart"

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You can tell the World
you never was my girl.
You can burn my clothes before I'm gone.
Oh
you can tell your friends just what a fool I've bin
and laugh and joke about me on the phone.
Go you can tell my arms go back into the farm.
You can tell my feet to hit the floor.
Oh
you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips.
They won't be reachin' out for you no more.
Don't tell my heart
my achy breacky heart.
I just don't think he'd understand.
And if you tell my heart
my achy breacky heart
he might blow up and kill this man.
Solo

You can tell your ma I moved to Arkansao.
You can tell your dog to bite ma leg.
Go tell your brother Cliff whose fist can tell my lip.
He never really liked me anyway.
Go tell your aunt Louise
tell anything you please.
The self already knows I'm not okay.
Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind.
It might be walkin' out on me today.
Don't tell my heart ...
Solo
Don't tell my heart ...
Don't tell my heart ...
Solo

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