

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
Ooh**

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