

## Aeche Breaky Heart

You can tell the world you never was my girl.  
You can burn my clothes up when I'm gone.  
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.

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.

You can tell your Ma I moved to Arkansas.  
You can tell your dog to bite my leg.  
Or tell your brother Cliff, whose fist can tell my lip,  
He never really liked me anyway.  
Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please.  
Myself already knows I'm not O.K.  
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.

Ooh.

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