

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**

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 one-day

**But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart... 3x**