

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