

Achy Breaky Heart – Billy Ray Cyrus

Intro: C ///

^C
You can tell the world you never was my girl. ^{G7}
^{G7} You can burn my clothes up when I'm gone ^C
^C Or you can tell your friends just what a fool I've been, and laugh and joke about me on the phone

^C
You can tell my arms go back to the farm. ^{G7}
^{G7} You can tell my feet to hit the floor ^C
^C Or you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips, they won't be reaching out for you no more

^C
But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart, I just don't think he'd under-stand ^{G7}
^{G7} And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart, He might blow up and kill this man... ^C

^C
You can tell your ma I moved to Arkansas. Or you can tell your dog to bite my leg ^{G7}
^{G7} Or tell your brother Cliff who's fist can tell my lips, he never really liked me any-way ^C
^C
Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please. Myself already knows I'm not o-kay ^{G7}
^{G7} Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind. It might be walking out on me one day ^C

^C
But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart, I just don't think he'd under-stand ^{G7}
^{G7} And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart, He might blow up and kill this man... ^C
^C
don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart, I just don't think he'd under-stand ^{G7}
^{G7} And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart, He might blow up and kill this man ^C ^C

