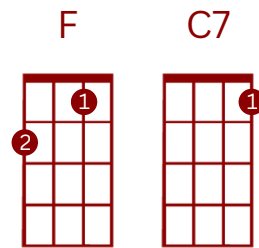


ACHY BREAKY HEART

Billy Ray Cyrus. Arranged by Lloyd Crowley



Intro: [F] /// [F] /// [F] /// [C7] ///

[F] You can tell the world you never was my girl
 You can burn my clothes up when I'm [C7] gone
 Or you can tell your friends just what a fool I've been
 And laugh and joke about me on the [F] phone
 You can tell my arms go back to the farm
 You can tell my feet to hit the [C7] floor
 Or you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips
 They won't be reaching out for you no [F] more

Chorus:

But [F] don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
 I just don't think he'd under-[C7]-stand
 And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
 He might blow up and kill this [F] man

[F] You can tell your ma I moved to Arkansas
 Or you can tell your dog to bite my [C7] leg
 Or tell your brother Cliff who's fist can tell my lips
 He never really liked me any-[F]-way
 Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please
 Myself already knows I'm not o-[C7]-kay
 Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind
 It might be walking out on me to-[F]-day

Chorus

[F] /// [F] /// [F] /// [C7] ///
 [C7] /// [C7] /// [C7] /// [F!]