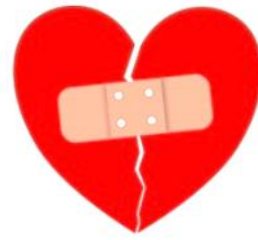


# Achy Breaky Heart by Billy Ray Cyrus



**(C)** You can tell the world you never was my girl  
You can burn my clothes up when I'm **(G)** gone  
Or you can tell your friends just what a fool I've been  
And laugh and joke about me on the **(C)** phone

**(C)** You can tell my arms go back to the farm  
You can tell my feet to hit the **(G)** floor  
Or you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips  
They won't be reaching out for you no **(C)** more

**(C)** But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
I just don't think he'd under**(G)**stand  
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
He might blow up and kill this **(C)** man  
Ooh [instrumental bridge]

**(C)** You can tell your Ma I moved to Arkansas  
Or you can tell your dog to bite my **(G)** leg  
Or tell your brother Cliff who's fist can tell my lips  
He never really liked me any**(C)**way

**(C)** Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please  
Myself already knows I'm not o**(G)**kay  
Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind  
It might be walking out on me one-**(C)**day

**(C)** But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
I just don't think he'd under**(G)**stand  
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
He might blow up and kill this **(C)** man  
Ooh  
(x3)

**(F)** You can tell the world you never was my girl  
You can burn my clothes up when I'm **(C)** gone  
Or you can tell your friends just what a fool I've been  
And laugh and joke about me on the **(F)** phone

**(F)** You can tell my arms go back to the farm  
You can tell my feet to hit the **(C)** floor  
Or you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips  
They won't be reaching out for you no **(F)** more

**(F)** But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
I just don't think he'd under**(C)**stand  
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
He might blow up and kill this **(F)** man  
Ooh [instrumental bridge]

**(F)** You can tell your Ma I moved to Arkansas  
Or you can tell your dog to bite my **(C)** leg  
Or tell your brother Cliff who's fist can tell my lips  
He never really liked me any**(F)**way

**(F)** Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please  
Myself already knows I'm not o**(C)**kay  
Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind  
It might be walking out on me one-**(F)**day

**(F)** But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
I just don't think he'd under**(C)**stand  
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
He might blow up and kill this **(F)** man  
Ooh  
(x3)