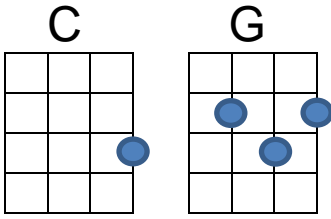


Achy Breaky Heart

Written by: Don Von Tress - 1991 :: Recorded by: Billy Ray Cyrus - 1992



(C) Well you can tell the world, you never was my girl,
You can burn my clothes when I am (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.

You can tell my arms, go back to the farm,
Or 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.

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.

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 lip,
He never really liked me any(C)way.

Or tell your aunt Louise, tell anything you please,
Myself already knows I'm not o(G)k,
Or you can tell my eye, to watch out for my mind,
It might be walkin' out on me to(C)day.

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.

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,
(G) He might blow up and kill this (C) man.