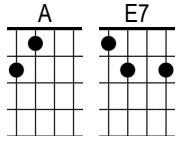


Achy Breaky Heart

Billy Ray Cyrus



A | | E7

A You can tell the world
You | know there was no girl
| You can burn my clothes when I am E7 gone
Or | you can tell your friends
Just | what a fool I've been
And | laugh and joke about me on the A phone

A You can tell my arms
Go | back into the farm
| You can tell my feet to hit the E7 floor
Or | you can tell my lips
To | tell my fingertips
They | won't be reaching out for you no A more

Chorus

But A don't tell my heart
My | achy breaky heart
I | just don't think it'd under E7 stand
And | if you tell my heart
My | achy breaky heart
He | might blow up and kill this A man

A | | E7 | | | A

A You can tell your maw
I | moved to Arkansas
| You can tell your dog that bit my E7 leg
Or | tell your brother Cliff
Who's | fist can tell my lip
He | never really liked me any A way

Go A tell your aunt Louise
Tell | anything you please
That | sell already knows I'm not o E7 kay
Or | you can tell my eye
| Watch out for my mind
It | might be walkin' out on me one A day

Repeat Chorus

A | | E7 | | | A

Repeat Chorus

Acapella Chorus

But A↓ don't tell my heart
My | achy breaky heart
I | just don't think it'd under E7↓ stand
And | if you tell my heart
My | achy breaky heart
He | might blow up and kill this A↓ man

A | | E7 | | | A↓
A | | E7 | | | A↓