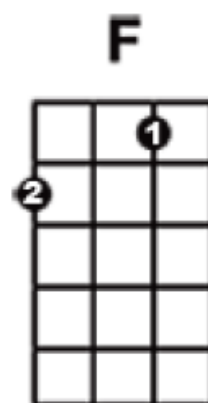


ACHY BREAKY HEART
BILLY RAY CYRUS

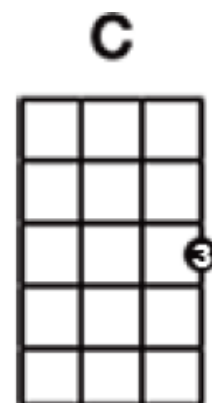
[F] Well you can tell the world you never was my girl
You can burn my clothes up when I'm [C] gone
You can tell your friends just what a fool I've been
And laugh and joke about me on the [F] phone



[F] You can tell my arms go back to the farm
Or you can tell my feet to hit the [C] floor
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'll under [C] 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 Arcansas
Or you can tell your dog to bite my [C] leg
Or tell your brother Cliff whose fist can tell my lip
He never really liked me any [F] way

[F] Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell her anything you please
Myself already knows I'm not [C] ok
Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind
It might be walkin' out on me to [F] day

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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