

Achy Breaky Heart

[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

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

But 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

You can tell your maw, I moved to Arkansas
You can tell your dog to bite my **[E7]** leg
Or tell your brother Cliff, Who's fist can tell my lip
He never really liked me any **[A]** way

Go tell your aunt Louise, Tell anything you please
Myself already knows I'm not **[E7]** okay
Or you can tell my eye, Watch out for my mind
It might be walkin' out on me one **[A]** day

Recorded by Billy Ray Cyrus
Written by Don Von Tress
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