## **Achy Breaky Heart**

## Auteur: Billy Ray Cyrus

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{c: Intro}
{c: Verse 1}
[A]You can tell the world, you never was my girl
You can burn my clothes when I am [E]gone
Or [E]you can tell your friends, just what a fool I've been
And laugh and joke about me on the [A]phone
{c: Verse 2}
[A]You can tell my arms, go back into the farm
You can tell my feet to hit the [E]floor
Or [E]you can tell my lips, to tell my fingertips
They won't be reaching out for you no [A]more
{c: Chorus}
But [A]don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
I just don't think he'd under[E]stand
And [E]if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this [A]man
Uuu[A]uuuuu..
{c: Instrumental}
          [A |]
[E |]
[A |]
                         [ A
     |]
{c: Verse 3}
[A]You can tell your maw, I moved to Arkansas
You can tell your dog to bite my [E]leg
Or [E]tell your brother Cliff, whose fist can tell my lip
He never really liked me any[A]way
{c: Verse 4}
Go [A]tell your aunt Louise, tell anything you please
Myself already knows I'm not o[E]kay
Or [E]you can tell my eye, watch out for my mind
It might be walkin' out on me one [A]day
{c: Chorus}
But [A]don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
I just don't think he'd under[E]stand
And [E]if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this [A]man
Uuu[A]uuuuu..
{c: Instrumental}
          [A |]
[E |]
[A |]
                         [A |]
                                      [E |]
                          [E
     |]
{c: Chorus}
[A]Don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
I just don't think he'd under[E]stand
And [E]if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this [A]man
N.C.
Don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
I just don't think he'd understand
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this man
Uuu[A]uuuuu..
{c: Outro}
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[ A	]	[ A	]	[ A	]	[ E	]
[ E	]	[ E	]	[ E	]	[ A	]
[ A [ E	]	[ A [ E	]	[ A [ E	]	[E [A]	]