

Achy Breaky Heart

Auteur : Billy Ray Cyrus — (sans accords)

You can tell the world, you never was my girl
You can burn my clothes when I am gone
Or you can tell your friends, just what a fool I've been
And laugh and joke about me on the phone

You can tell my arms, go back into the farm
You can tell my feet to hit the floor
Or you can tell my lips, to tell my fingertips
They won't be reaching out for you no more

But 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
Uuuuuuu..

You can tell your maw, I moved to Arkansas
You can tell your dog to bite my leg
Or tell your brother Cliff, whose fist can tell my lip
He never really liked me anyway

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

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N.C.
Don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart

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