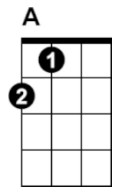


Achy Breaky Heart in A

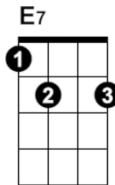
1991. Don Von Tress. Billy Ray Cyrus. 1992.

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Count 1, 2, 1 2 3 4 [E7] [A/] [A]



[A] You can tell the world you [A] never was my girl
[A] You can burn my clothes when I am [E7] gone
Or [E7] you can tell your friends, just [E7] what a fool I've been
And [E7] laugh and joke about me on the [A] phone



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

Chorus But [A] don't tell my heart, my [A] achy breaky heart
I [A] just don't think he'd under-[E7]-stand
And [E7] if you tell my heart, my [E7] achy breaky heart
He [E7] might blow up and kill this [A] man

[A] [A] [A] [E7] [E7] [E7] [E7] [A]

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

Go [A] tell your aunt Louise, tell her [A] anything you please
My-[A]-self already knows I'm not o-[E7]-kay
Or [E7] you can tell my eye to [E7] watch out for my mind
It [E7] might be walkin' out on me one [A] day

Chorus But [A] don't tell my heart, my [A] achy breaky heart
I [A] just don't think he'd under-[E7]-stand
And [E7] if you tell my heart, my [E7] achy breaky heart
He [E7] might blow up and kill this [A] man

Chorus Sing - A Capella

Chorus But [A] don't tell my heart, my [A] achy breaky heart
I [A] just don't think he'd under-[E7]-stand
And [E7] if you tell my heart, my [E7] achy breaky heart
He [E7] might blow up and kill this [A/] man [A]