



ACHY BREAKY HEART^(BAR)-Don Von Tress

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | F | ~~/~~ | F C7 | F C7 |

F

You can tell the world you never was my girl

C7

You can burn my clothes when I'm gone

Or you can tell your friends just what a fool I've been

F

And laugh and joke about me on the phone

F

You can tell my arms, go back onto the farm

C7

You can tell my feet to hit the floor

Or you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips

F

They won't be reachin' out for you no more

F

But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart

C7

I just don't think he'd under-stand

And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart

F

He might blow up and kill this man, ooo

Instrumental verse

F

You can tell your ma I moved to Arkansas

C7

You can tell your dog to bite my leg

Or tell your brother Cliff, whose fist can tell my lips

F

He never really liked me any-way

F

Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please

C7

Myself already knows I'm not o-kay

Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind

F

It might be walkin' out on me to-day

F

But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart

C7

I just don't think he'd under-stand

And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart

F

He might blow up and kill this man, ooo (repeat chorus)