

ACHY BREAKY HEART

Donald Von Tress

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 reaching out for you no more

CHORUS:

F

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

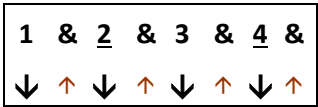
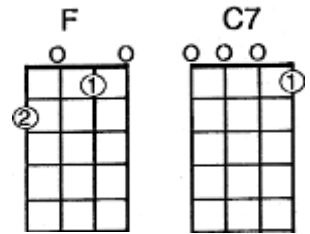
C7

I just don't think he'd understand

And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart

F

He might blow up and kill this man (Ooooooh)



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 who's fist can tear my lip

F

He never really liked me anyway

F

Oh tell your aunt Louise, tell anything you please

C7

Myself already knows I'm not okay

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

F

It might be walking out on me today

CHORUS



CHORUS X 2 (SECOND TIME A CAPELLA)