

# Achy Breaky Heart

Words & Music:  
Billy Ray Cyrus

A

Well, you can tell the world you never was my girl.

E

You can burn my clothes when I am gone.

E

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

A

And laugh and joke about me on the phone,

You can tell my arms go back to the farm.

Or 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.

CHORUS:

A

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

E

I just don't think he'd understand.

E

And if you tell my heart; my achy, breaky heart,

A

He might blow up and kill this man.

You can tell your ma I moved to Arkansas

Or 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.

Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please.

Myself already knows I'm not okay.

Or you can tell my eye to watch out for my mind.

It might be walkin' out on me today.

CHORUS: *[then, A E A E A transition]*

CHORUS:

CHORUS: *[a capella]*

OUTRO: *[improv lyrics over A E vamp and out]*