

Achy Breaky Heart

Written by Donald L. Von Tress



G

Well you can tell the world you
never was my girl
You can burn my clothes when I am
D7

gone
Or you can tell your friends just
what a fool I've been
And laugh and joke about me on

G
the phone

You can tell my arms go back to the
farm
Or you can tell my feet to hit the
D7

floor
Or you can tell my lips to tell my
fingertips
They won't be reaching out for you

G
no more

[CHORUS]

Don't tell my heart my achy breaky
heart

D7

I just don't think he'd understand
And if you tell my heart my achy
breaky heart

G

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
D7

leg
Or tell your brother Cliff whose fist
can tell my lip

G

He never really liked me anyway

Or tell your aunt Louise tell
anything you please

D7

Myself already knows I'm not ok
Or you can tell my eye to watch out
for my mind

G

It might be walkin' out on me today

[REPEAT CHORUS 3X]