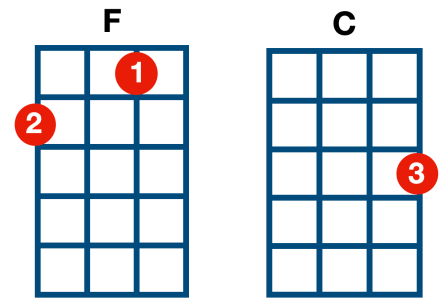


Achy Breaky Heart Don Von Tress

1

Verse 1

[F] You can tell the world
You never was my girl
You can burn my clothes up when I am **[C]** gone
Or you can tell your friends
Just what a fool I've been
And laugh and joke about me on the **[F]** phone



Verse 2

[F] You can tell my arms
Go back to the farm
You can tell my feet to hit the **[C]** floor
Or you can tell my lips
To tell my fingertips
They won't be reaching out for you no **[F]** more

Chorus

[F] But don't tell my heart
My achy breaky heart
I just don't think it'd under **[C]** stand
And if you tell my heart
My achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this **[F]** man

[F] You can tell your maw
I moved to Arkansas
You can tell your dog that bit my **[C]** leg
Or tell your brother Cliff
Whose fist can tell my lip
He never really liked me any **[F]** way

Repeat Chorus x 2 (singing: 'Wooooo,oooo')