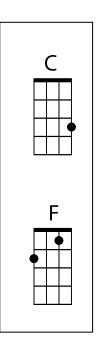
## **Achy Breaky Heart**

Timing - Each box a count of 4 (using a metronome of 122 Beats per minute)

F	F	
F	С	
С	С	
С	F	F

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

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



## **Chorus:**

But [F] don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart I just don't think he'll 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 ma I moved to Arkansas
Or you can tell your dog to bite my [C] leg
Or tell your brother Cliff whose fist can tell my lip
He never really liked me any [F] way

**[F]** Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell her anything you please Myself already knows I'm not **[C]** ok Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind It might be walkin' out on me to**[F]**day

## Chorus x2

## End on

F (DOWN Up, Down Up, DOWN)