

Achy Breaky Heart GP-410 November 2013



Jerry Jestin 2109 Talamore Road Pflugerville, Texas 78660 USA jerry@gramophoneproductions.de

INTRO

4 MEASURES

OPENER - MIDDLE BREAK - CLOSER

SIDES FACE GRAND SQUARE * YOU CAN TELL THE WORLD, YOU NEVER WAS MY GIRL YOU CAN BURN MY CLOTHES WHEN I'M GONE OR YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS JUST WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN AND LAUGH AND JOKE ABOUT ME ON THE PHONE **LEFT ALLEMANDE THEN WEAVE THE RING** BUT DON'T TELL MY HEART, MY ACHY BREAKY HEART **SWING YOUR GIRL AROUND AND PROMENADE** IF YOU TELL MY HEART, MY ACHY BREAKY HEART HE MIGHT BLOW UP AND KILL THIS MAN

FIGURE

HEADS SQUARE THRU 4 YOU MAKE A RIGHT HAND STAR HEADS STAR BY THE LEFT IN THE MIDDLE ONCE AROUND AND KEEP YOUR STAR PICK UP YOUR CORNER AND STAR PROMENADE BACK OUT CIRCLE LEFT **BOYS SWING THE NEAREST GIRL AND PROMENADE** DON'T TELL MY HEART, MY ACHY BREAKY HEART I JUST DON'T THINK HE'D UNDERSTAND

TAG

I SAID HE MIGHT BLOW UP AND KILL THIS MAN

ALTERNATE LYRICS

* YOU CAN TELL MY ARMS GO BACK TO THE FARM YOU CAN TELL MY FEET TO HIT THE FLOOR YOU CAN TELL MY LIPS TO TELL MY FINGERTIPS THEY WON'T BE REACHING OUT FOR YOU NO MORE

* OOOH, YOU CAN TELL YOUR MA I MOVED TO ARKANSAS 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

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Original Artist: Original Album: Writer: Composer: Publisher: Billy Ray Cyrus Some Gave All (1992) Don von Tress Don von Tress Universal Songs of Polygram Int'I Millhouse Music

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

You can tell my arms go back to the farm You can tell my feet to hit the floor You can tell my lips to tell my fingertips They won't be reaching out for you no more

Don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart I just don't think he'd understand And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart He might blow up and kill this man

Oooh, you can tell your ma I moved to Arkansas 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 eyes to watch out for my mind It might be walking out on me today

Refrain

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