

Achy Breaky Heart [G] 4/4 (bbb bag abbb)

Intro: [G] [G] [G] [D7]

[G] Well you can tell the world, you never was my girl
 [G] You can burn my clothes when I am [D7] gone
 [D7] Or you can tell your friends, just what a fool I've been
 [D7] And laugh and joke about me on the [G] phone

[G] You can tell my arms, go back to the farm
 [G] Or you can tell my feet to hit the [D7] floor
 [D7] Or you can tell my lips, to tell my fingertips
 [D7] They won't be reaching out for you no [G] more

Chorus:

[G] Don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
 [G] I just don't think he'd under[D7]stand
 [D7] And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
 [D7] He might blow up and kill this [G] man

[G] [G] [G] [D7]
 [D7] [D7] [D7] [G]

[G] You can tell your ma, I moved to Arkansas
 [G] Or you can tell your dog to bite my [D7] leg
 [D7] Or tell your brother Cliff, whose fist can tell my lip
 [D7] He never really liked me any[G]way

[G] Or tell your aunt Louise, tell anything you please
 [G] Myself already knows I'm not [D7] OK
 [D7] Or you can tell my eye, to watch out for my mind
 [D7] It might be walkin' out on me to[G]day

Chorus x 2

No Ukes

*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*

[G] [G] [G] [D7]
 [D7] [D7] [D7] <G>