

## Achy Breaky Heart

[G]You can tell the world you never was my girl  
You can burn my clothes up when I'm [D7]gone  
You can tell your friends just what a fool I've been  
And laugh and joke about me on the [G]phone  
You can tell my arms to go back to the farm  
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 no [G]more

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

You can tell your mom I moved to Arkansas  
You can tell your dog to bite my [D7]leg  
Or tell your brother Cliff whose fist can tell my lip  
He never really liked me any [G]way  
Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please  
Myself already knows I'm not [D]OK.  
Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind  
It might be walking out on me to[G]day

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

(vocals only)

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

(all back in)

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

Source: [LyricFind](#)

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