

Achy Breaky Heart

A - E - A - E - A - E - A - E

A

Well you can tell the world you never was my girl

E

You can burn my clothes when I am gone

Or you can tell your friends just what a fool I've
been

A

And laugh and joke about me on the phone

You can tell my arms go back to the farm

E

Or you can tell my feet to hit the floor

Or you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips

A

They won't be reaching out for you no more

Don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart

E

I just don't think he'd understand

And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart

A

He might blow up and kill this man

oooooooooooooooo

You can tell your ma I moved to Arkansas

E

Or you can tell your dog to bite my leg

Or tell your brother Cliff whos fist can tell my lip

A

He never really liked me anyway

Or tell your aunt Louise tell anything you please

E

Myself already knows I'm not ok

Or you can tell my eye to watch out for my mind

A

It might be walkin' out on me today

Don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart

E

I just don't think he'd understand

And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart

A

He might blow up and kill this man

no chords for this chorus

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

Don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart

E

I just don't think he'd understand

And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart

A

He might blow up and kill this man