

ACHY BREAKY HEART

|C///|G7///|C///|

[C] You can tell the world you never was my girl
You can burn my clothes up when I'm [G7] gone. [G7///]
You can tell your friends just what a fool I've been
And laugh and joke about me on the [C] phone. [C///]

[C] You can tell my arms, go back to the farm
You can tell my feet to hit the [G7] floor [G7//]
Or you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips
They won't be reaching out for you no [C] more. [C//]

[C] But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
I just don't think he'd under-[G7]-stand [G7//]
And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this [C] man. [C///]

[C] You can tell your ma, I moved to Arkansas
You can tell your dog to bite my [G7] leg [G7//]
Or tell your brother Cliff whose fist can tell my lip
He never really liked me any-[C]-way. [C//]

[C] Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please
Myself already knows I'm not [G7] O.K. [G7//]
Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind
It might be walking out on me [C] today. [C//]

[C] But don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart
I just don't think he'd under-[G7]-stand [G7//]
And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this [C] man. [C//]

[C] But don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart
I just don't think he'd under-[G7]-stand [G7//]
And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this [C/G7/C] man.