Achy Breaky Heart by Billy Ray Cyrus

[Intro]
A

[Verse 1]
A
You can tell the world, you never was my girl
                                        E
You can burn my clothes when I am gone
    E
Or you can tell your friends, just what a fool I've been
                                              A
And laugh and joke about me on the phone

[Verse 2]
A
You can tell my arms, go back into the farm
                                    E
You can tell my feet to hit the floor
    E
Or you can tell my lips, to tell my fingertips
                                          A
They won't be reaching out for you no more

[Chorus]
      A
But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
                                E
I just don't think he'd understand
      E
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
                                    A
He might blow up and kill this man
    A
Uuuuuuuu..

[Instrumental]
|(A) | A | A | E |
| E | E | E | A |

[Verse 3]

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A
You can tell your maw, I moved to Arkansas
                                      E
You can tell your dog to bite my leg
    E
Or tell your brother Cliff, whose fist can tell my lip
                                A
He never really liked me anyway


[Verse 4]
    A
Go tell your aunt Louise, tell anything you please
                            E
Myself already knows I'm not okay
    E
Or you can tell my eye, watch out for my mind
                            A
It might be walkin' out on me one day


[Chorus]
      A
But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
                            E
I just don't think he'd understand
      E
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
                            A
He might blow up and kill this man
    A
Uuuuuuuu..


[Instrumental]
|(A)  | A   | A   | E   |
| E   | E   | E   | A   |


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

N.C.
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
    A
Uuuuuuuu..


[Outro]
|(A)  | A    | A    | E    |
| E   | E    | E    | A    |

| A   | A    | A    | E    |
| E   | E    | E    | A
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