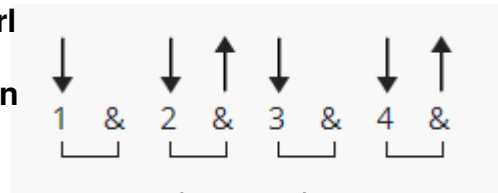


[G] [G] [G] [D7]

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



suggested strumming pattern

You can tell my arms go back'n to the farm
Or 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
[G] 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 [G] oooo [G] ooooo
[G] Well you can tell the world you never was my girl
You can burn my clothes when I am [D7] gone
[D7] Or 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 your ma I moved to Arkansas
Or 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 [D7] not ok
Or you can tell my eye to watch out for my mind
It might be walkin' out on me to-[G]day
[G] 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 [G] oooo [G] ooooo

[G] 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 [G] oooo [G] ooooo

Chorus Acappella:

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] oooo [G] ooooo

[G] [G] [G] [D7].
[D7] [D7] [D7] [G]*STOP