

# ACHY BREAKY HEART

## Intro: 4 measures

You can tell the world you never was my girl.  
You can burn my clothes when I'm gone.  
Or you can tell your friends just what a fool I've been,  
And laugh and joke about me on the phone.  
You can tell my arms to go back into the bar,  
You can tell my feet to hit the floor.  
Or you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips,  
They won't be reaching out for you no more.

But 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. Ooh.

## Interlude: 8 measures

You can tell your Ma I moved to Arkansas,  
Or you can tell your dog to bite my leg.  
Or tell your brother Cliff who's fist can tell my lips:  
He never really liked me anyway.  
Oh, tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please,  
Myself already knows I'm not okay.  
Oh, you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind:  
It might be walking out on me today.

But 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. Ooh.

## Interlude: 8 measures

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. **stop**

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. **Start** Ooh ooh.

## Outro 16 measures