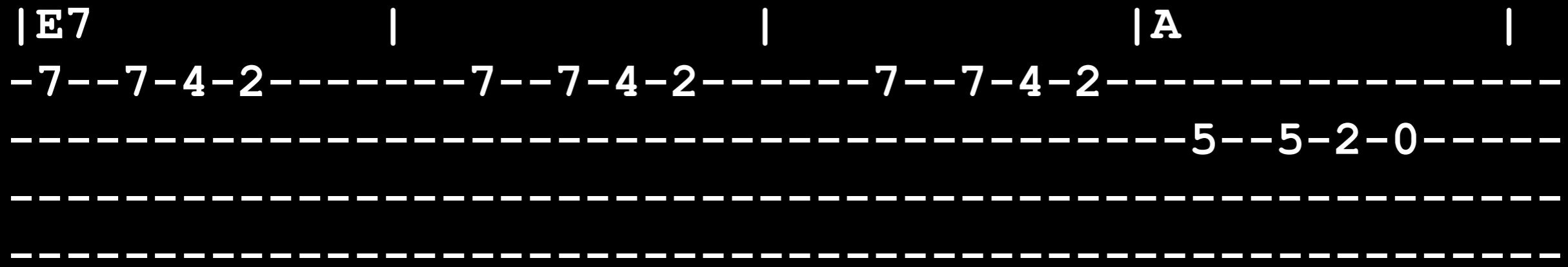
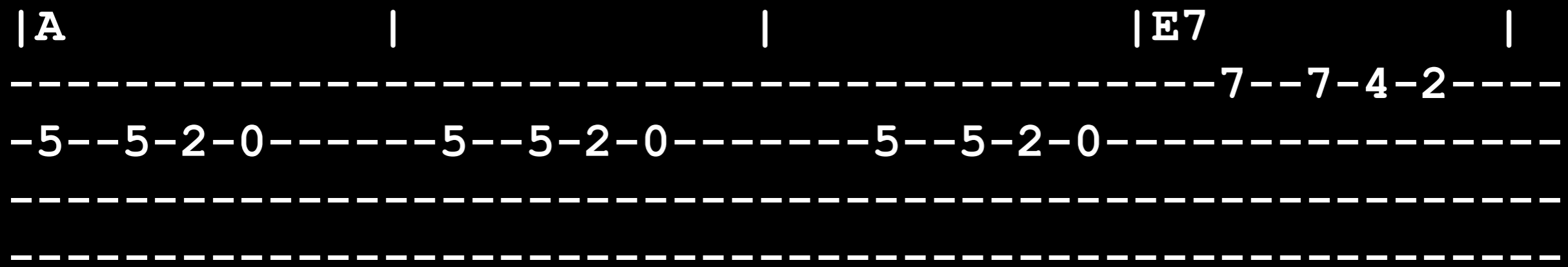


A			E7		A	2100
E7			A		E	1202

A 2100  
E 1202



A  
You can tell the world, You know there was no girl

A 2100  
E 1202

E7

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

A  
You can tell my arms Go back into the farm  
E7  
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

A 2100  
E 1202

A  
But don't tell my heart, My achy breaky heart  
E7

A 2100  
E 1202

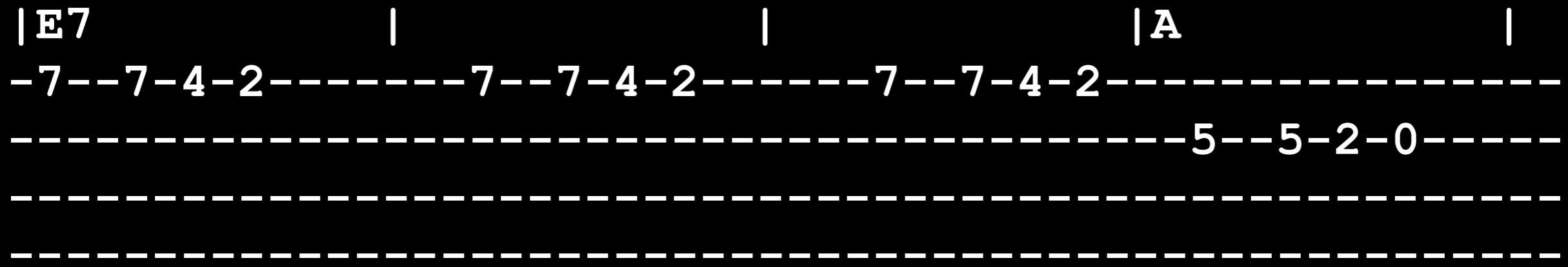
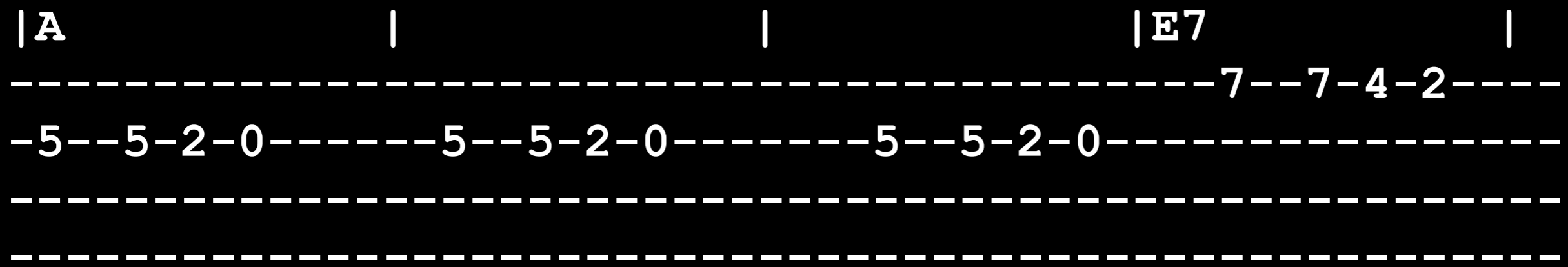
I just don't think it'd understand

And if you tell my heart, My achy breaky heart

A  
He might blow up and kill this man

Uuuuuuu..

A 2100  
E 1202



A  
You can tell your maw I moved to Arkansas

A 2100  
E 1202

E7

You can tell your dog to bite my leg  
Or tell your brother Cliff, Who's fist can tell my lip

A

He never really liked me anyway

A

Or tell your aunt Louise, Tell anything you please

A 2100

E 1202

E7

The self already knows I'm not okay

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

A

It might be walkin' out on me one day



A  
But don't tell my heart, My achy breaky heart

A 2100  
E 1202

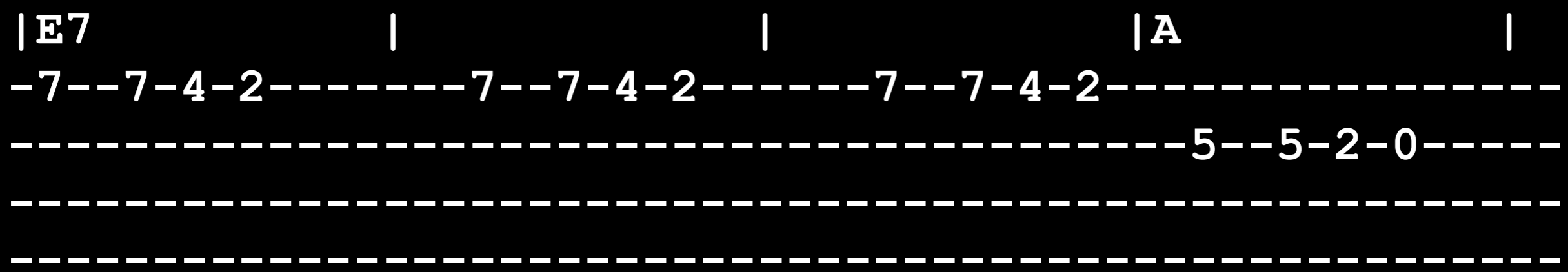
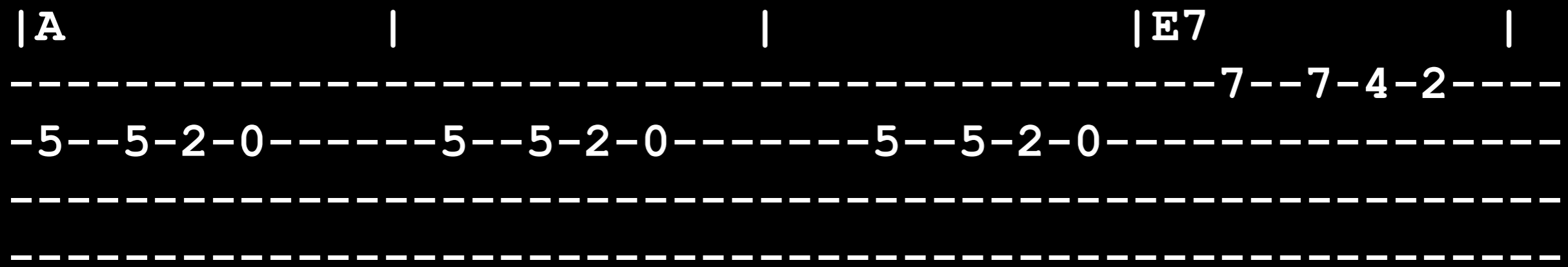
E  
I just don't think it'd understand

And if you tell my heart, My achy breaky heart

A  
He might blow up and kill this man

Uuuuuuu..

A 2100  
E 1202



A  
But don't tell my heart, My achy breaky heart

A 2100

E 1202

E7

I just don't think it'd understand

And if you tell my heart, My achy breaky heart

A

He might blow up and kill this man

Uuuuuuu..

Accapella!

A 2100  
E 1202

But don't tell my heart. My achy breaky heart

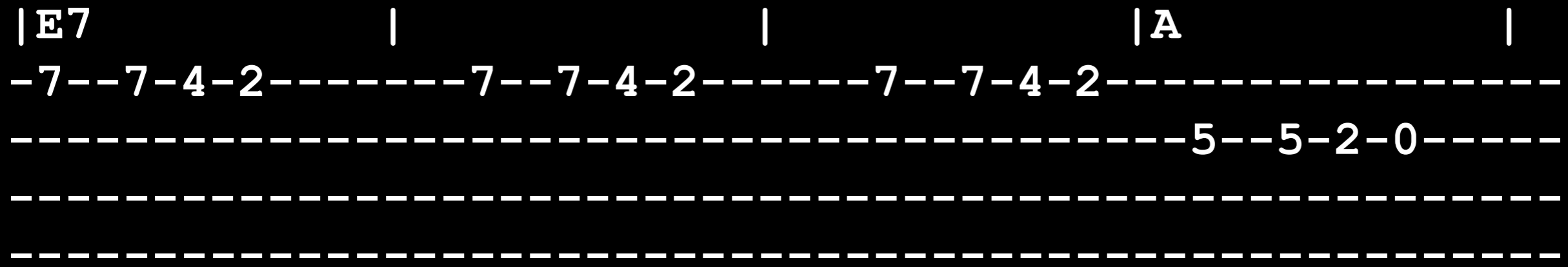
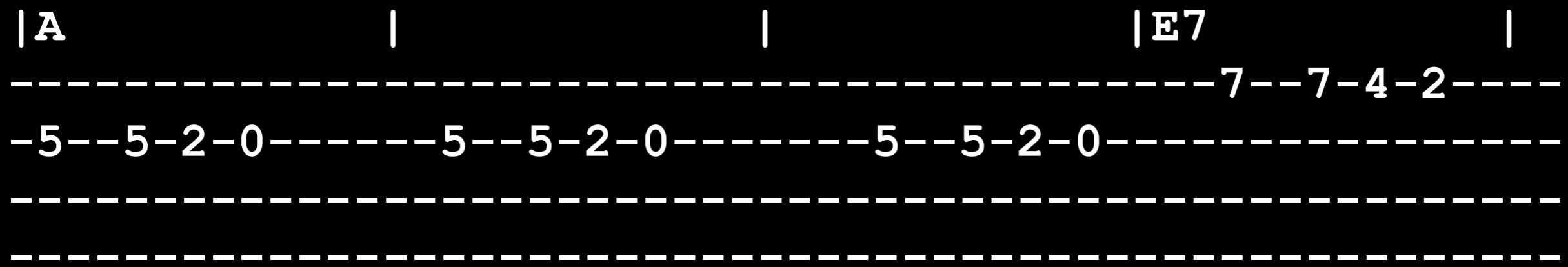
I just don't think it'd understand

And if you tell my heart, My achy breaky heart

He might blow up and kill this man

Uuuuuuu..

A 2100  
E 1202



A! . . . A!