

**Intro: [F] [F] [F] [F]**

[F] You can tell the world, you [F] never was my girl
 [F] You can burn my clothes up when I'm [C7] gone
 [C7] You can tell your friends, just [C7] what a fool I've been
 And [C7] laugh and joke about me on the [F] phone
 [F] You can tell my arms, [F] go back to the farm
 [F] You can tell my feet to hit the [C7] floor
 Or [C7] you can tell my lips, to [C7] tell my fingertips
 They [C7] won't be reaching out for you no [F] more

But [F] don't tell my heart, my [F] achy breaky heart
 I [F] just don't think he'd under-[C7]-stand
 And [C7] if you tell my heart, my [C7] achy breaky heart
 He [C7] might blow up and kill this [F] man Ooooooh

Instrumental: [F] [F] [F] [C7] [C7] [C7] [C7] [F]

[F] You can tell your ma, I [F] moved to Arkansas
 [F] You can tell your dog to bite my [C7] leg
 Or [C7] tell your brother Cliff, whose [C7] fist can tell my lip
 He [C7] never really liked me any-[F]-way
 Or [F] tell your Aunt Louise, tell her [F] anything you please
 My-[F]-self already knows I'm not O-[C7]-kay.
 Or [C7] you can tell my eyes, to [C7] watch out for my mind
 It [C7] might be walking out on me to- [F] day

But [F] don't tell my heart, my [F] achy breaky heart
 I [F] just don't think he'd under-[C7]-stand
 And [C7] if you tell my heart, my [C7] achy breaky heart
 He [C7] might blow up and kill this [F] man Ooooooh

A capella (with claps)

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

Ending Chorus:

But [F] don't tell my heart, my [F] achy breaky heart
 I [F] just don't think he'd under-[C7]-stand
 And [C7] if you tell my heart, my [C7] achy breaky heart
 He [C7] might blow up and kill this [F] man Ooooooh [F ↓]