Achy Breaky Heart  A– 1992
Billy Ray Cyrus

4/4   A   E   A

A                                          / 
You can tell the world you never was my girl,
/                                                E
you can burn my clothes up when I'm gone.
E                                          / 
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 to 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                                          / 
You can tell your mom 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.
Achy Breaky Heart (cont.)

A                                         /  
Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please,
  /                                         E
Myself already knows I'm not OK.
E                                         /  
Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind,
  /                                         A
It might be walking out on me today.

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.

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.

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.

Achy Breaky Heart C – 1992
Billy Ray Cyrus

4/4  C  G  C

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

Chorus:   C                                          /
But don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart.
/                                          G
I just don't think he'd understand.
/                                          G
And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart,
/                                          C
he might blow up and kill this man.

C                                          /
You can tell your mom I moved to Arkansas.
/                                          G
You can tell your dog to bite my leg.
G                                          /
Or tell your brother Cliff whose fist can tell my lip,
/                                          C
he never really liked me anyway.
Achy Breaky Heart (cont.)

C
Or tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please,
G
Myself already knows I'm not OK.
G
Or you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind,
C
It might be walking out on me today.

Chorus: C
But don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart.
G
I just don't think he'd understand.
G
And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart,
C
he might blow up and kill this man.

Chorus: C
But don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart.
G
I just don't think he'd understand.
G
And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart,
C
he might blow up and kill this man.

Chorus: C
But don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart.
G
I just don't think he'd understand.
G
And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart,
C
he might blow up and kill this man.