

# American Pie

Don McLean

G D/F# Em  
A long, long time ago  
Am C  
I can still remember,  
Em D Dsus D D2 D  
How that music used to make me smile.  
G D/F# Em  
And I knew if I had my chance  
Am C  
that I could make those people dance  
Em C D Dsus D D2 D  
and maybe they'd be happy for a while

Em Am  
But February made me shiver  
Em Am  
with every paper I'd deliver  
C G/B Am  
Bad news on the doorstep  
C D  
I couldn't take one more step  
G D/F# Em  
I can't remember if I cried  
Am D  
when I read about his widowed bride  
G D/F# Em  
something touched me deep inside  
C D G  
the day the music died

G C G D  
So bye bye, Miss American Pie  
G C G D  
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
G C G D  
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Em A7  
Singing this'll be the day that I die,  
Em D D2 D Dsus D D2 D  
This'll be the day that I die

G Am  
Did you write the book of love  
C Am  
and do you have faith in God above  
Em D Dsus D D2 D  
If the Bible tells you so

G D/F# Em  
Now do you believe in rock and roll  
Am C  
can music save your mortal soul?  
Em A D  
And can you teach me how to dance real slow?

Em D  
Well I know that you're in love with him  
Em D  
'cause I saw you dancing in the gym  
C G/B Am  
You both kicked off your shoes  
C D  
Man I dig those rhythm and blues!  
G D/F# Em  
I was a lonely teenage bronching buck  
Am C  
With a pink carnation and a pick-up truck  
G D/F# Em C D G C  
But I knew I was out of luck the day, the music died  
G D  
I started singing

G C G D  
Bye, bye Miss American Pie  
G C G D  
drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
G C G D  
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Em A  
singing this'll be the day that I die  
Em D  
this'll be the day that I die

G Am  
Now for ten years, we've been on our own  
C Am  
and moss grows fat on a rolling stone  
Em D  
but that's not how it used to be  
G D/F# Em  
When the jester sang for the King and  
Am C  
Queen, in a coat he borrowed from James Dean  
Em A D  
and a voice that came from you and me

Oh, and while the king was looking down  
the jester stole his thorny crown,  
the court room was adjourned  
no verdict was returned

And while Lennon read a book on Marx  
the quartet practiced in the park  
and we sang dirges in the dark  
the day the music died  
we were singing

Bye, bye Miss American Pie  
drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
singing this'll be the day that I die  
this'll be the day that I die

Helter skelter in a summer swelter  
the birds flew off with a fallout shelter, eight miles high and fallin' fast  
It landed foul on the grass  
the players tried for a forward pass, with the jester on the sidelines in a cast  
Now the half-time air was sweet perfume, while sergeants played a  
marching tune  
We all got up to dance, but we never got the chance  
'Cuz the players tried to take the field, the marching band refused to yield  
Do you recall what was revealed the day the music died, we started singin'

G C G D  
 Bye, bye Miss American Pie  
 G C G D  
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
 G C G D  
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
 Em A7 Em D7  
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

G Am  
 And there we were all in one place  
 C Am Em D  
 a generation lost in space, with no time left to start again  
 G D/F# Em Am C  
 So come on Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack Flash sat on a candle stick  
 Em A7 D  
 'cuz fire is the devil's only friend  
 Em D Em D D  
 And as I watched him dancing on the stage, my hands were clenched in fists of rage  
 C G/B A7 C D7  
 No angel born in Hell could break that Satan's spell  
 G D/F# Em Am C  
 And as the flames climbed high into the night to light the sacrificial rite  
 G D/F# Em C D7 G C G  
 I saw Satan laughing with delight the day the music died, he was singin'

G C G D  
 Bye, bye Miss American Pie  
 G C G D  
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
 G C G D  
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
 Em A7 Em D7  
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

G D/F# Em  
 I met a girl who sang the blues  
 Am C Em D Dsus D D2 D  
 And I asked her for some happy news, but she just smiled and turned away  
 G D/F# Em  
 I went down to the sacred store  
 G/B Am C Em C D  
 Where I'd heard the music years before, but the man there said the music wouldn't play  
 Dsus D D2 D

Em Am  
 But in the streets the children screamed,  
 Em Am  
 the lovers cried and the poets dreamed  
 C G/B Am G/B C D  
 But not a word was spoken, the church bells all were broken  
 G D/F# Em G/B C D  
 And the three men I admire most, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost  
 G D/F# Em C D G  
 They caught the last train for the coast the day the music died  
 N.C.  
 And they were singin'

G C G D  
 Bye, bye Miss American Pie  
 G C G D  
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
 G C G D  
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
 Em\* A7\* Em\* D7  
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

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