

American Pie

Don McLean

A [G]long [D]long [Em7]time ago [Am]I can still re[C]member
 how that [Em]music used to make me [D]smile And [G]I knew [D]if I had [Em7]my chance
 that [Am]I could make those [C]people dance and [Em]maybe they'd be [C]happy for a
 [D]while.[Em]
 But February [Am]made me shiver [Em]With every paper [Am]I'd deliver
 [C]Bad news [G]on the [Am]doorstep I c[C]ouldn't take one [D]more step
 I [G]can't re[D]member if I [Em]cried When I [Am7]read about his [D]widowed bride
 But [G]something [D]touched me deep [Em]inside The [C]day the [D7]Music [G]Died [C]
 [G] So

[G]bye [C]bye Miss A[G]merican [D]Pie Drove my [G]chevy to the [C]levy But the [G]levy was
 [D]dry
 And them [G]good old [C]boys were drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye
 Singin' [Em]this'll be the day that I [A7]die [Em]this'll be the day that I [D7]die.

[G]Did you write the [Am]book of love And do [C]you have faith in [Am]God above?
 [Em] If the Bible [D]tells you so. Do [G]you be[D]lieve in [Em]Rock 'n Roll?
 Can [Am7]music save your [C]mortal soul? And [Em]can you teach me [A7]how to dance
 [D]real slow?
 Well, I [Em]know that you're in [D]love with him 'cause I [Em]saw you dancin' [D]in the gym
 You [C]both kicked [G]off your [A7]shoes Man, I [C]dig those rythmny [D7]blues
 I was a [G]lonely [D]teenage [Em]broncin' buck With a [Am]pink carnation and a [C]pickup
 truck.
 But [G]I knew [D]I was [Em]out of luck The [C]day the [D7]music [G]died [C] [G] I
 started singin'

[G]bye [C]bye Miss A[G]merican [D]Pie Drove my [G]chevy to the [C]levy But the [G]levy was
 [D]dry
 And them [G]good old [C]boys were drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye
 Singin' [Em]this'll be the day that I [A7]die [Em]this'll be the day that I [D7]die.

[G]Now for ten years we've been [Am]on our own And [C]moss grows fat on a [Am]rollin' stone
 [Em] But that's not how it [D]used to be When the [G]jester [D]sang for the [Em]King and
 Queen
 In a [Am7]coat he borrowed [C]from James Dean And a [Em]voice that [A7]came from [D]you
 and me
 Oh, and [Em]while the King was [D]looking down The [Em]jester stole his [D]thorny crown
 The [C]courtroom [G]was ad[A7]journed No [C]verdict was re[D7]turned
 And while [G]Lennon [D]read a [Em]book of Marx The [Am]court kept practice [C]in the park
 And [G]we sang [D]dirges [Em]in the dark The [C]day the [D7]Music [G]Died.[C] [G] We
 were singing

[G]bye [C]bye Miss A[G]merican [D]Pie Drove my [G]chevy to the [C]levy But the [G]levy was [D]dry
 And them [G]good old [C]boys were drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye
 Singin' [Em]this'll be the day that I [A7]die [Em]this'll be the day that I [D7]die.

[G]Helter-Skelter in a [Am]summer [Am]swelter The [C]Byrds flew off with a [Am]fallout shelter
 [Em]Eight Miles High and [D]falling fast It [G]landed [D]foul out [Em]on the grass
 The [Am7]players tried [C]for a forward pass But the [Em]jester's [A7]on the sidelines [D]in a cast
 Now the [Em]half-time air was [D]sweet perfume While the [Em]sargeants played a [D]marching tune
 [C]We all [G]got up to [A7]dance But we [C]never got [D7]the chance
 'cause the [G]players [D]tried to [Em]take the field The [Am]marching band re[C]fused to yield
 [G]Do you [D]recall [Em]what was revealed the [C]day the [D7]Music [G]Died?[C] [G]
 We stared singing

[G]bye [C]bye Miss A[G]merican [D]Pie Drove my [G]chevy to the [C]levy But the [G]levy was [D]dry
 And them [G]good old [C]boys were drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye
 Singin' [Em]this'll be the day that I [A7]die [Em]this'll be the day that I [D7]die.

[G]Oh, and there we were all [Am]in one place a [C]generation [Am]Lost in Space
 [Em]With no time left to [D]start again So come on, [G]Jack be nimble
 [Em]Jack be quick Jack [Am7]Flash sat on a [C]candlestick 'cause [Em]fire is the [A7]Devil's only [D]friend
 Oh, and [Em]as I watched him [D]on the stage My [Em]hands were clenched in [D]fists of rage
 [C]No angel [G]born in [A7]hell Could [C]break that Satan's [D7]spell
 And as the [G]flames climbed [D]high in[Em]to the night To [Am]light the sacri[C]fical rite
 I saw [G]Satan [D]laughing [Em]with delight The [C]day the [D7]Music [G]Died [C] [G]
 He was singing

[G]bye [C]bye Miss A[G]merican [D]Pie Drove my [G]chevy to the [C]levy But the [G]levy was [D]dry
 And them [G]good old [C]boys were drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye
 Singin' [Em]this'll be the day that I [A7]die [Em]this'll be the day that I [D7]die.

I [G]met a girl who sang the [Am]blues And I [C]asked her for some [Am]happy news
 But [Em]she just smiled and turned [D]away I [G]went down to the sacred [D]store
 Where I'd [Em]heard the music [Am7]years before But the [Em]man there said the [A7]music woudn't [D]play
 And in the [Em]streets the children [D]screamed The [Em]lovers cried, and the poets [D]dreamed
 [C]But not a [G]word was [A7]spoken The [C]Church bells all were [D7]broken
 And [G]three men I [D]admire most The [Em]Father, [Am]Son and the [C]Holy Ghost

They [G]caught the [D]last train [Em]for the coast The [C]Day the [D7]Music [G]Died.[C]
[G] And they were singing

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[D]dry

And them [G]good old [C]boys were drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye

Singin' [Em]this'll be the day that I [A7]die [Em]this'll be the day that I [D7]die.

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