

American Pie

Don McLean

[C] A [G] long, [Am] long time ago, [Dm] I can still re[F]member, how that [Am] music used to [G] make me smile. And [C] I knew if I [G] had my [Am] chance, that [Dm] I could make those [F] people dance, and [Am] maybe they'd be [F] happy for a [G] while. But [Am] February [Dm] made me shiver, with [Am] every paper [Dm] I'd deliver. [F] Bad news [C] on the [Dm] doorstep; I [F] couldn't take [G] one more step I [C] can't re[G]member [Am] if I cried, when I [Dm] read about his [G] widowed bride; [C] something [G] touched me [Am] deep inside, the [F] day the [G7] music [C] died. [F] [C]

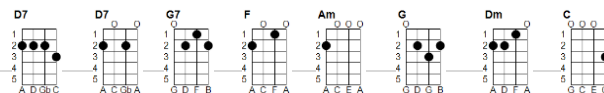
So, bye-[F] bye, Miss [C] American [G] Pie, drove my [C] Chevy to the [F] levee but the [C] levee was [G] dry. Them [C] good ole [F] boys were drinking [C] whiskey and [G] rye, singing [Am] this'll be the day that I [D7] die, [Am] this'll be the day that I [G7] die.

[C] Did you write the [Dm] book of love, and do [F] you have faith in [Dm] God above, if the [Am] Bible [G] tells you so? Now do [C] you be[G]lieve in [Am] rock and roll, can [Dm] music save your [F] mortal soul? And [Am] can you teach me how to [D7] dance real [G7] slow? Well I [Am] know that you're in [Dm] love with him, 'cause I [Am] saw you dancing [Dm] in the gym You [F] both [C] kicked off your [D7] shoes, man I [F] dig those rhythm and [G7] blues! I was a [C] lonely [G] teenage [Am] bronching buck, with a [Dm] pink carnation and a [F] pick-up truck. But I [C] knew [G] I was [Am] out of luck the [F] day, the [G7] music [C] died. [F] [C] I started [G7] singing...

[C] Bye-[F] bye, Miss [C] American [G] Pie, drove my [C] Chevy to the [F] levee but the [C] levee was [G] dry. Them [C] good ole [F] boys were drinking [C] whiskey and [G] rye, singing [Am] this'll be the day that I [D7] die, [Am] this'll be the day that I [G7] die.

Now for [C] ten years, we've been [Dm] on our own; and [F] moss grows fat on a [Dm] rolling stone, but [Am] that's not how it used to [G] be. When the [C] jester [G] sang for the [Am] King and Queen, in a [Dm] coat he borrowed [F] from James Dean, and a [Am] voice that [D7] came from you and [G7] me. Oh, and [Am] while the king was [Dm] looking down, the [Am] jester stole his [Dm] thorny crown; the [F] court room [C] was ad[D7]journd, no [F] verdict was re[G7]turned. And while [C] Lennon [G] read a [Am] book on Marx, the [Dm] quartet practiced [F] in the park; [C] and we sang [G] dirges [Am] in the dark, the [F] day the [G7] music [C] died, [F] [C] we were [G7] singing

[C] Bye-[F] bye, Miss [C] American [G] Pie, drove my [C] Chevy to the [F] levee but the [C] levee was [G] dry. Them [C] good ole [F] boys were drinking [C] whiskey and [G] rye, singing [Am] this'll be the day that I [D7] die, [Am] this'll be the day that I [G7] die..



[C] Helter skelter [Dm] in the summer swelter, the [F] birds flew off with a [Dm] fallout shelter; [Am] eight miles high and falling [G] fast. It [C] landed [G] foul [Am] on the grass, the [Dm] players tried for a [F] forward pass; with the [Am] jester on the sidelines [D7] in a [G7] cast. The [Am] half time air was [Dm] sweet perfume, while the [Am] sergeants played a [Dm] marching tune; we [F] all got [C] up to [D7] dance, but we [F] never got the [G7] chance. 'Cause the [C] players [G] tried to [Am] take the field, but the [Dm] marching band re[F]fused to yield Do [C] you re[G]call what [Am] was revealed, the [F] day the [G7] music [C] died? [F]

[C] We started [G7] singing

[C] Bye-[F] bye, Miss [C] American [G] Pie, drove my [C] Chevy to the [F] levee but the [C] levee was [G] dry. Them [C] good ole [F] boys were drinking [C] whiskey and [G] rye, singing [Am] this'll be the day that I [D7] die, [Am] this'll be the day that I [G7] die..

Oh, and [C] there we were all [Dm] in one place, a [F] generation [Dm] lost in space; with [Am] no time left, to start [G] again. So come on, [C] Jack be [G] nimble, [Am] jack be quick, [Dm] Jack flash sat on a [F] candlestick, 'cause [Am] fire is the [D7] devil's only [G7] friend. And [Am] as I watched him [Dm] on the stage, my [Am] hands were clenched in [Dm] fists of rage. No [F] angel [C] born in [D7] hell, could [F] break that Satan's [G7] spell And as the [C] flames climbed [G] high in [Am] to the night, to [Dm] light the sacri[F]ficial rite; I saw [C] Satan [G] laughing [Am] with delight, the [F] day the [G7] music [C] died. [F] [C]

We were [G7] singing

[C] Bye-[F] bye, Miss [C] American [G] Pie, drove my [C] Chevy to the [F] levee but the [C] levee was [G] dry. Them [C] good ole [F] boys were drinking [C] whiskey and [G] rye, singing [Am] this'll be the day that I [D7] die, [Am] this'll be the day that I [G7] die..

I [C] met a [G] girl who [Am] sang the blues so, I [Dm] asked her for some [F] happy news; but [Am] she just smiled and [G] turned away. [C] I went [G] down to the [Am] sacred store, where I [Dm] heard the music [F] years before, but the [Am] man there said the [F] music wouldn't [G] play. And [Am] in the streets the [Dm] children screamed, the [Am] lovers cried and the [Dm] poets dreamed. But [F] not a [C] word was [Dm] spoken, the [F] church bells all were [G] broken. And the [C] three men [G] I ad[Am]mire most: the [Dm] Father, Son and the [G] Holy Ghost [C] They caught the [G] last train [Am] for the coast the [F] day, the [G7] music [C] died. And they were [G7] singing...

[C] Bye-[F] bye, Miss [C] American [G] Pie, drove my [C] Chevy to the [F] levee but the [C] levee was [G] dry. Them [C] good ole [F] boys were drinking [C] whiskey and [G] rye, singing [Am] this'll be the day that I [D7] die, [Am] this'll be the day that I [G7] die..And they were [G7] singing...[C] Bye-[F] bye, Miss [C] American [G] Pie, drove my [C] Chevy to the [F] levee but the [C] levee was [G] dry. Them [C] good ole [F] boys were drinking [C] whiskey and [G] rye, singing [F] this'll be the [G7] day that I [C] die [F] [C]