

American Pie

Don Mclean

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G D Em
A long, long time ago
Am C Em D
I can still remember how that music used to make me smile.
G D Em Am C
And I knew if I had my chance that I could make those people dance
Em C D
and maybe they'd be happy for a while.
Em Am Em Am
But February made me shiver with every paper I'd deliver.
C G Am C D
Bad news on the doorstep. I couldn't take one more step
G D Em Am7 D
I can't remember if I cried when I read about his widowed bride,
G D Em C D7 G C G
Something touched me deep inside the day_ the music died.

G C G D G C
So bye-bye, Miss American Pie. Drove my Chevy to the levee but the
G D G C G D
levee was dry, them good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and Rye, singing
Em A7 Em D7
this'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die.

G Am C Am
Did you write the book of love and do you have faith in God above?
Em D G D Em
If the Bible tells you so. Now do you believe in rock and roll?
Am C Em A7 D7
Can music save your mortal soul? and can you teach me how to dance real slow?
Em Am Em Am
Well I know that you're in love with him 'cause I saw you dancing in the gym,
C G A7 C D7
You both kicked off your shoes, Man I dig those rhythm and blues!
G D Em Am C
I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck, with a pink carnation and a pick-up truck.
G D Em C D7 G C G
But I knew I was out of luck the day, the music died.
G D7
I started singing....

G C G D G C
Bye-bye, Miss American Pie. Drove my Chevy to the levee but the
G D G C G D
levee was dry, them good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and Rye, singing
Em A7 Em D7
this'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die.

G Am, C Am
Now for ten years, we've been on our own and moss grows fat on a rolling stone,
Em D G D Em
But that's not how it used to be. Cause when the jester sang for the King & Queen
Am C Em A7 D7
in a coat he borrowed from James Dean and a voice that came from you and me.
Em Am Em Am
Oh and while the king was looking down, the jester stole his thorny crown
C G A7 C D7
the court room was adjourned no verdict was returned.

G D Em Am C
And while Lennon read a book on Marx, the quartet practiced in the park
G D Em C D7 G C G
and we sang dirges in the dark the day, the music died.

G D7
I started singin'

G C G D G C
Bye-bye, Miss American Pie. Drove my Chevy to the levee but the
G D G C G D
levee was dry, them good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and Rye, singing
Em A7 Em D7
this'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die.

G Am, C Am
Helter skelter in the summer swelter, the birds flew off with a fallout shelter
Em D G D Em
Eight miles high and falling fast, it landed foul on the grass
Am C Em A7 D7
The players tried for a forward pass with the jester on the sidelines in a cast
Em Am Em Am
The half time air was sweet perfume while the seargeants played a marching tune
C G A7 C D7
we all got up to dance, but we never got the chance. 'Cause
G D Em Am C
the players tried to take the field, but the marching band refused to yield
G D Em C D7 G C G
Do you recall what was revealed, the day the music died.

G D7
I started singin'

G C G D G C
Bye-bye, Miss American Pie. Drove my Chevy to the levee but the
G D G C G D
levee was dry, them good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and Rye, singing
Em A7 Em D7
this'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die.

G Am C Am
 And there we were all in one place, A generation lost in space.
 Em D G D Em
 With no time left, to start again. So come on, Jack be nimble, jack be quick,
 Am C Em A7 D7
 Jack flash sat on a candlestick. 'Cause fire is the devil's only friend.
 Em Am Em Am
 And as I watched him on the stage, my hands were clenched in fists of rage.
 C G A7 C D7
 no angel born in hell, could break that satan's spell
 G D Em Am C
 And as the flames climbed high into the night to light the sacrificial rite
 G D Em C D7 G C G
 I saw Satan laughing with delight, the day the music died.
 G D7
 we were singin'

G C G D G C
 Bye-bye, Miss American Pie. Drove my Chevy to the levee but the
 G D G C G D
 levee was dry, them good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and Rye, singing
 Em A7 Em D7
 this'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die.

G D Em
 I met a girl who sang the blues so
 Am C Em D
 I asked her for some happy news but she just smiled, and turned away.
 G D Em Am C
 I went down to the sacred store. Where I heard the music years before.
 Em C D
 But the man there said the music wouldn't play.
 Em Am Em Am
 And in the streets the children screamed, the lovers cried and the poets dreamed.
 C G Am C D
 But not a word was spoken. The church bells all were broken.
 G D Em Am7 D
 And the three men I admire most: the father, Son and the Holy Ghost.
 G D Em C D7 G C G
 They caught the last train for the coast the day, the music died.
 G D7
 And they were singing:

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 G D G C G D
 levee was dry, them good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and Rye, singing
 Em Am G
 this'll be the day that I die.