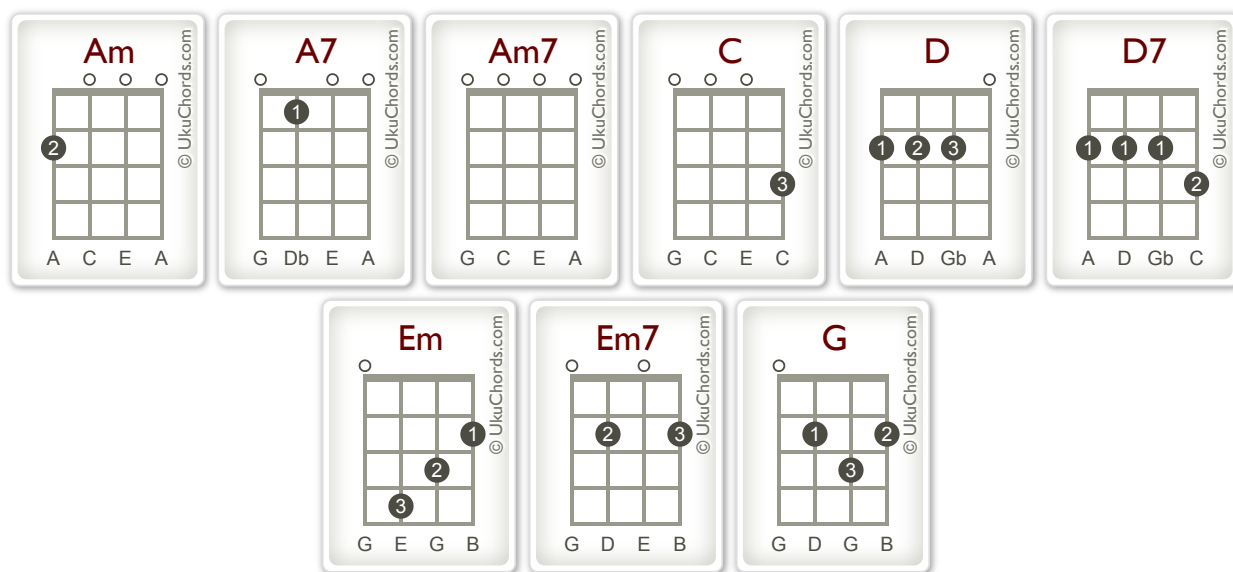


AMERICAN PIE

by Don McLean



G D Em7
 a long, long time ago,
Am C Em D
 I can still remember how that music used to make me smile
G D Em7
 And I know if I had my chance,
Am C
 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
 Something touched me deep inside
C D7 G C G
 The day the music died

Ab = G#
 Bb = A#
 Db = C#
 Eb = D#
 Gb = F#

Chorus

G C G D
So 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
Singin' this will be the day that I die,
Em D7
this will be the day that I die

Verse

G Am
Did you write the book of love
C Am Em D
And do you have faith in god above, if the bible tells you so?
G D Em
Do you believe in rock and roll
Am7 C
Can music save your mortal soul and can
Em A7 D
you teach me how to dance real slow?
Em D
Well I know that you're in love with him
Em D
'cuz I saw you dancin' in the gym
C G A7
You both kicked off your shoes,
C D7
man I dig those rhythm and blues
G D Em
I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck with a
Am C
pink carnation and a pickup truck
G D Em C
But I knew I was out of luck the day
D7 G C G
the music died, I started singin'

Chorus

G C G D
So 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
Singin' this will be the day that I die,
Em D7
this will be the day that I die

Verse

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
 When the jester sang for the king and queen
 in a coat he borrowed from James Dean in
 a voice that came from you and me
 And while the king was looking down,
 the jester stole his thorny crown
 The courtroom was adjourned, no verdict was returned
 And while Lenin 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 singin'

Chorus

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

Verse

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 at halftime there 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 the feel the

C D7 G C G
day the music died, we started singin'

Chorus

G C G D
So 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
Singin' this will be the day that I die,
Em D7
this will be the day that I die

Verse

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 Em
So come on Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Am7 C
Jack Flash sat on a candle
Em A7 D
stick, 'cuz fire is the devil's only friend
Em D
And as I watched him on the stage,
Em D
my hands were clenched in fists of rage
C G A7 C D7
No angel born in Hell could bread that Satan's spell
G D Em
And as the flames climbed high into the night to
Am C
light the sacrificial rite
G D Em C
I saw Satan laughing with delight the day the
D7 G C G
music died, he was singin'

Chorus

G C G D
So 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
Singin' this will be the day that I die,
Em D7
this will be the day that I die

LAST Verse

G D Em
I met a girl who sang the blues
Am C

And I asked her for some happy news,
 but she just smiled and turned away
 I went down to the sacred store
 Where I'd heard the music years before,
 but the man there said the music
 wouldn't play
 But in the streets the children screamed,
 the lovers cried and the poets dreamed
 But not a word was spoken, the church bells all were broken
 And the three men I admire most,
 the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost
 They caught the last train for the coast the
 day the music died,
 And they were singin'

FINAL Chorus

So bye, bye Miss American Pie
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Singin' this will be the day that I die.

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