

American Pie

Don McLean

Verse 1 (Single strum)

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

[Chorus] (*single strum)

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

[Verse 2]

D Em
Did you write the book of love
G Em Bm A
And do you have faith in God above, if the bible tells you so?
D A Bm
Do you believe in rock and roll
Em G Bm E A
Can music save your mortal soul and can you teach me how to dance real slow?
Bm* A* Bm* A*
Well I know that you're in love with him 'cuz I saw you dancin' in the gym
G D Em G A
You both kicked off your shoes, man I dig those rhythm and blues
D A Bm Em G
I was a lonely teenage bronckin' buck with a pink carnation and a pickup truck

D A Bm G A D G D A
But I knew I was out of luck the day the music died, I started singin'

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 3]

D Em
Now for ten years we've been on our own
G Em Bm A
and moss grows fat on a rolling stone but that's not how it used to be
D A Bm
When the jester sang for the king and queen
Em G Bm E A
in a coat he borrowed from James Dean in a voice that came from you and me
Bm* A* Bm* A*
Oh, and while the king was looking down, the jester stole his thorny crown
G D E G A
The courtroom was adjourned, no verdict was returned
D A Bm Em G
And while Lennin read a book on Marx, the quartet practiced in the park
D A Bm G A D G D A
And we sang dirges in the dark the day the music died, we were singin'

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 4]

D Em
Helter skelter in a summer swelter

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

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 5]

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

[Chorus]

D G D A
 Bye, bye Miss American Pie

D G D A
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 D G D A
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Bm* E * Bm* A
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

[Verse 6]

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

[Chorus]

D G D A
 Bye, bye Miss American Pie
 D G D A
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry
 D G D A
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Bm* E * Bm* A
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die
 D G D A
 They were singin' bye, bye Miss American Pie
 D G D A
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry
 D G D A
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 G A D G D
 Singin' this will be the day that I die