

American Pie

Don McLean

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
And I know if I had my chance,
Am C Em C D
That I could make those people dance and maybe they'd be happy for a while

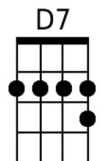
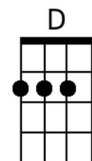
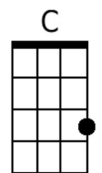
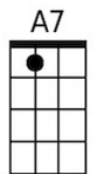
Em D Em Am
But February made me shiver, with every paper I'd deliver

C G Am C D
Bad news on the doorstep, I couldn't take one more step

G D Em Am D7
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 D
The day the music died.



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

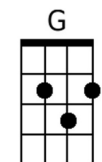
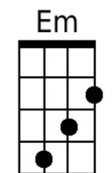
Em A7 Em D7
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

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

Am C Em A7 D
Can music save your mortal soul 'n' can you teach me how to dance real slow?

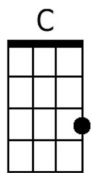
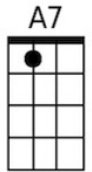
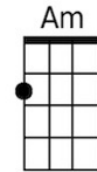


American Pie (Cont'd)

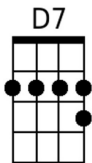
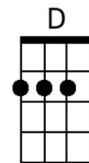
Well I know that you're in love with him 'cuz I saw you dancin' in the gym
 You both kicked off your shoes, man I dig those rhythm and blues
 I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck with a pink carnation and a pickup truck
 But I knew I was out of luck the day the music died, I started singin'

Chorus:

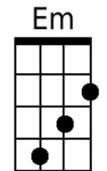
Bye, bye Miss American Pie
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die



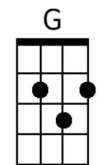
Now for ten years we've been on our own,
 And moss grows fat on a rolling stone but that's not how it used to be
 When the jester sang for the king and queen



in a coat he borrowed from James Dean in a voice that came from you 'n' 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 practised in the park
 And we sang dirges in the dark the day the music died, we were singin'



Chorus

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.