

American Pie - Don McLean

American Pie -

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 Em C D
That I could make those people dance 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

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

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 Em A7 D

Can music save your mortal soul and can you teach me how to dance real slow?

Em D Em D
Well I know that you're in love with him 'cuz I saw you dancin' 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 pickup truck

G D Em C D7 G C G
But I knew I was out of luck the day 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 Em D7
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

VERSE

G Am
Now for ten years we've been on our own,
C Am Em D
and moss grows fat on a rolling stone but that's not how it used to be
G D Em
When the jester sang for the king and queen
Am7 C Em A7 D
in a coat he borrowed from James Dean in a voice that came from you and me
Em D Em D
And while the king was looking down, the jester stole his thorny crown
C G A7 C D7
The courtroom was adjourned, no verdict was returned
G D Em Am C
And while Lenin 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, we were 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 Em D7
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

VERSE

G Am
Helter skelter in a summer swelter
C Am Em D
the birds flew off with a fallout shelter, eight miles high and fallin' fast
G D Em
It landed foul on the grass
Am7 C Em A7 D
the players tried for a forward pass, with the jester on the sidelines in
A cast
Em D Em D
Now at halftime there was sweet perfume, while sergeants played a marching
Tune
C G A7 C D7
We all got up to dance, but we never got the chance
G D Em Am C
'Cuz the players tried to take the field, the marching band refused to yield
G D Em C D7 G C G
Do you recall what was the feel the 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 Em D7
Singin' this will be the day that I die, 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 Am7 C
So come on Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack Flash sat on a candle
Em A7 D
stick, 'cuz fire is the devil's only friend
Em D Em D
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 bread 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, 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 Em D7
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

LAST VERSE

G D Em
I met a girl who sang the blues

Am C Em D
And I asked her for some happy news, but she just smiled and turned away

G D Em
I went down to the sacred store
Am C Em C
Where I'd heard the music years before, but the man there said the music
D
wouldn't play

Em Am Em Am
But 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 C D7
And the three men I admire most, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost

G D Em Am7 D7 G
They caught the last train for the coast the day the music died,

D7
And they were singin'

FINAL 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

C D7 G C G
Singin' this will be the day that I die.

...Long Island...

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