American Pie - Don McLean

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American Pie -
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  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
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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
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        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'
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CHORUS

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   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
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LAST VERSE

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  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'
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FINAL CHORUS

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   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.
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...Long Island...
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