

American Pie – Don McLean

A [G↓]long, [D↓]long [Em7↓] time ago
[Am↓]I can still re-[C↓]member how that [Em↓]music used to make me [D↓]smile.
And, [G↓]I knew [D↓]if I [Em7↓]had my chance that [Am↓]I could make those [C↓]people dance,
And [Em↓] maybe they'd be [C↓]happy for a [D↓]while

But [Em↓]February [Am↓]made me shiver, with [Em↓]every paper [Am↓]I'd deliver
[C↓]Bad news [G↓]on the [Am↓]doorstep; I [C↓]couldn't take one [D↓]more step
I [G↓]can't re-[D↓]member [Em↓]if I cried, when I [Am7↓]read about his [D↓]widowed bride;
[G↓]Something [D↓]touched me [Em↓]deep inside
The [C↓]day the [D7↓]music [G][G]died.[C][C][G][G][G][G]

Chorus

So, [G]bye [C]bye, Miss [G]American [D]Pie
Drove my [G]Chevy to the [C]levy, but the [G]levy was [D]dry
Them [G]good old [C]boys were drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye, singing...
[Em]This will be the day that I [A7]die,
[Em]This will be the day that I [D7]die

[G]Did you write the [Am]book of love and do [C]you have faith in [Am]God, above?
[Em]If the Bible [D]tells you so
Now, do [G]you [D]believe in [Em]Rock and Roll? Can [Am7]music save your [C]mortal soul?
And [Em]can you teach me [A7]how to dance real slooo-[D]w?

Well, I [Em]know that you're in [D]love with him, 'cause I [Em]saw you dancing [D]in the gym
You [C]both kicked [G]off your [A7]shoes - man, I [C]dig those rhythm and [D7]blues
I was a [G]lonely, [D]teenage [Em]broncin' buck with a [Am]pink carnation and a [C]pickup truck
But [G]I knew [D]I was [Em]out of luck the [C]day the [D7]music [G]died[C][G]
[G]I started [D7]singin'...

Chorus

[G]Bye [C]bye, Miss [G]American [D]Pie
Drove my [G]Chevy to the [C]levy, but the [G]levy was [D]dry
Them [G]good old [C]boys were drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye, singing...
[Em]This will be the day that I [A7]die,
[Em]This will be the day that I [D7]die

Now, for [G]ten years we've been [Am]on our own
and [C]moss grows fat on a [Am]rolling stone
[Em]But that's not how it [D]used to be
When the [G]Jester [D]sang for the [Em]king and queen
In a [Am7]coat he borrowed [C]from James Dean
In a [Em]voice that [A7]came from you and [D]me

Oh, and [Em]while the King was [D]looking down the [Em]jester stole his [D]thorny crown
The [C]courtroom [G]was [A7]adjourned - no [C]verdict was re-[D7]turned
And while [G]Lenin [D]read a [Em]book on Marx the [Am]quartet practiced [C]in the park
And [G]we sang [D]dirges in [Em]the dark the [C]day the [D7]music [G]died[C][G]
[G]We were [D7]singin'...

Chorus

[G]Bye [C]bye, Miss [G]American [D]Pie
Drove my [G]Chevy to the [C]levy, but the [G]levy was [D]dry
Them [G]good old [C]boys were drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye, singing...
[Em]This will be the day that I [A7]die,
[Em]This will be the day that I [D7]die

[G]Healter Skealter [Am]in the summer swelter – [C]the Birds flew off to [Am]a fallout shelter
[Em]Eight Miles High and [D]falling fast
It [G]landed [D]foul [Em]on the grass
The [Am7]players tried for a [C]forward pass [Em]with the Jester on the [A7]sidelines in a [D]cast

Now, the [Em]halftime air was [D]sweet perfume while the [Em]Sergeants played a [D]marching tune
[C]We all got [G]up to [A7]dance, oh, but [C]we never got the [D7]chance
'Cause the [G]players [D]tried to [Em]take the field - the [Am]marching band [C]refused to yield
Do [G]you [D]recall what [Em]was the feel the [C]day the [D7]music [G]died?[C][G]
[G]We started [D7]singing....

Chorus

[G]Bye [C]bye, Miss [G]American [D]Pie
Drove my [G]Chevy to the [C]levy, but the [G]levy was [D]dry
Them [G]good old [C]boys were drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye, singing...
[Em]This will be the day that I [A7]die,
[Em]This will be the day that I [D7]die

And, [G]there we were, all [Am]in one place, a [C]generation [Am]Lost in Space
[Em]With no time left to [D]start again
So, come on, [G]Jack be [D]nimble, [Em]Jack be quick – [Am7]Jack Flash sat on a [C]candle stick
[Em]'Cause fire is the [A7]Devil's only [D]friend

And, [Em]as I watched him [D]on the stage my [Em]hands were clenched in [D]fists of rage
No [C]angel [G]born in [A7]Hell could [C]break that Satan's [D7]spell
And, as the [G]flames climbed [D]high in-[Em]to the night to [Am]light the sacrifi- [C]cial rite
I saw [G]Satan [D]laughing [Em]with delight the [C]day the [D7]music [G]died[C][G]
[G]He was [D7]singin'...

Chorus

[G]Bye [C]bye, Miss [G]American [D]Pie
Drove my [G]Chevy to the [C]levy, but the [G]levy was [D]dry
Them [G]good old [C]boys were drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye, singing...
[Em]This will be the day that I [A7]die,
[Em]This will be the day that I [D7]die

I [G]met a [D]girl who [Em]sang the Blues, and I [Am]asked her for some [C]happy news
But [Em]she just smiled and [D]turned away
I [G]went [D]down to the [Em]sacred store where I'd [Am]heard the music [C]years before
But the [Em]man there said the [A7]music wouldn't [D]play

But [Em]in the streets the [Am]children screamed, the [Em]lover's cried, and the [Am]poets dreamed
But [C]not a [G]word was [Am]spoken - the [C]church bells all were [D]broken
And, the [G]three men [D]I ad-[Em]mire most the [Am7]Father, [C]Son, and the [D7]Holy Ghost,
[G]They caught the [D]last train [Em]for the coast the [C]day the [D7]music [G]died[C][G]
[G]And they we're [D7]singin'...

Chorus

So, [G]bye [C]bye, Miss [G]American [D]Pie
Drove my [G]Chevy to the [C]levy, but the [G]levy was [D]dry
Them [G]good old [C]boys were drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye, singing...
[Em]This will be the day that I [A7]die,
[Em]This will be the day that I [D7]die

They were singing [G]bye [C]bye, Miss [G]American [D]Pie
Drove my [G]Chevy to the [C]levy, but the [G]levy was [D]dry
Them [G]good old [C]boys were drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye, singing...
[Em]This will be the day that I [A7]die,
[Em]This will be the day that I [D7]die