

American Pie — Don McLean

(verse 1)

G D/F# Em
A long, long time ago,
Am C Em D
I can still remember how that music used to make me smile
G D/F# Em Am C
And I knew if I had my chance that I could make those people dance
Em C D
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/B Am C D
Bad news on the doorstep, I couldn't take one more step
G D/F# Em C D
I can't remember if I cried when I read about his widowed bride
G D/F# Em C D G
But something touched me deep inside the day the music died

(chorus 1)

G C G D G C G D
Bye, bye, Miss American Pie, drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry
G C G D
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye
Em A Em D
Singing, "This'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die."

(verse 2)

G Am C Am
Did you write the book of love and do you have faith in God above
Em D
If the Bible tells you so?
G D/F# Em Am C
Do you believe in rock and roll, can music save your mortal soul
Em A D
And can you teach me how to dance real slow?
Em D Em D
I know that you're in love with him 'cause I saw you dancin' in the gym
C G/B Am C D
You both kicked off your shoes; man, I dig those rhythm and blues
G D/F# Em Am C
I was a lonely teenage bronkin' buck with a pink carnation and a pickup truck

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G D/F# Em C D G C G D
But I knew that I was out of luck the day the music died I started singin'

(chorus 2)

G C G D G C G D
Bye, bye, Miss American Pie, drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry
G C G D
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye
Em A Em D
Singing, "This'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die."

(verse 3)

G Am C Am
Now for ten years we've been on our own and moss grows fat on a rolling stone
Em D G D/F# Em
But that's not how it used to be; when the jester sang for the king and queen
Am C Em A 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/B Am C D
The courtroom was adjourned, no verdict was returned
G D/F# Em Am C
And while Lenin read a book on Marx, the quartet practiced in the park
G D/F# Em C D G C G D
And we sang dirges in the dark the day the music died we were singin'

(chorus 3)

G C G D G C G D
Bye, bye, Miss American Pie, drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry
G C G D
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye
Em A Em D
Singing, "This'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die."

(verse 4)

G Am C Am
Helter Skelter in a summer swelter, the birds flew off to the fallout shelter
Em D
Eight miles high and falling fast
G D/F# Em Am C
It landed foul on the grass, the players tried for a forward pass

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Em A D
With the jester on the sidelines in a cast
Em D Em D
The halftime air was sweet perfume while sergeants played a marching tune
C G/B Am C D
We all got up to dance, aw, but we never got a chance
G D/F# Em Am C
When the players tried to take the field the marching band refused to yield
G D/F# Em C D G C G D
Do you recall what was revealed the day the music died? we started singin'

(chorus 4)

G C G D G C G D
Bye, bye, Miss American Pie, drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry
G C G D
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye
Em A Em D
Singing, "This'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die."

(verse 5)

G Am C Am
And there we were all in one place, a generation lost in space
Em D
With no time left to start again
G D/F# Em Am C
So come on Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack flash sat on a candlestick
Em A D
Cause 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/B Am C D
No angel born in hell could break that Satan spell
G D/F# Em Am C
And as the flames climbed high into the night to light the sacrificial rite
G D/F# Em C D G C G D
I saw Satan laughing with delight the day the music died he was singin'

(chorus 5)

G C G D G C G D
Bye, bye, Miss American Pie, drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry
G C G D

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Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye

Em A Em D

Singing, "This'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die."

(verse 6)

G D/F# Em Am C

I met a girl who sang the blues, and I asked her for some happy news

Em D

But she just smiled and turned away

G D/F# Em Am C

I went down to the sacred store where I'd heard the music years before

Em C D

But the man there said the music wouldn't play

Em Am Em Am

And in the streets the children screamed, the lovers cried and the poets dreamed

C G/B Am C D

But not a word was spoken, the church bells all were broken

G D/F# Em C D

And the three men I admire most — the father, son, and the holy ghost

G D/F# Em C D G

They caught the last train for the coast the day the music died, they were singin'

G C G D G C G D

Bye, bye, Miss American Pie, drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry

G C G D

Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye singin',

Em A Em D

"This'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die." They were singin'

G C G D G C G D

Bye, bye, Miss American Pie, drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry

G C G D

Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye

C D G C G

Singing, "This'll be the day that I die."

