

# American Pie

Words and Music by Don McLean

Ad lib.

Prologue:

A long, long time a-go I can still re-mem-ber how that

*mp*

mu-sic used to make me smile And I knew if I had my chance that

I could make those peo-ple dance and may-be they'd be hap-py for a while.

But Feb-ru-ar-y made me shiv-er with ev-'ry pa-per I'd de-liv-er.

C G/B Am C D

Bad news on the door-step I could - n't take one more step I

G D/F# Em Am7 D

can't re - mem - ber if I cried when I read a - bout\_ his wid-owed bride,

G D/F# Em C D7 G C/G G

Some-thing touched me deep in-side\_ the day the mu - sic died.

In a moderate tempo

G C G D G C

*mf* So bye - bye, Miss A - mer-i - can Pie\_ Drove my Chev - y to the lev-ee but the

G D G C G D

lev-ee was dry. - Them good ole boys\_ were drink - in' whis-key and rye - Sing - in'

Em A7 Em

this-'ll be the day\_ that I\_ die, This-'ll be the day\_ that I\_

D7 G Am

die. 1\* Did you\_ write the book of love\_ and do you\_

C Am Em D

\_ have faith in God a- bove?\_ If the Bi - ble tells\_ you so\_

G D/F# Em Am7

Now do you\_ be-lieve\_ in rock and roll.\_ Can mu-sic save your

C Em A7 D

mor-tal soul\_ and can you teach me how to dance\_ real slow?\_

\*see the last page for the lyrics of stanzas 2, 3 and 4

Well, I know that you're in love with him 'cause I saw you dance in'

Em D Em

in the gym, - You both kicked off your shoes, - Man, I dig those rhythm and

D C G/B A7 C

blues, - I was a lonely teenage - bronc - in' buck - with a pink carnation and a

D7 G D/F# Em Am

pick-up truck, - But I knew I was out of luck - the day - the mu-

C G D/F# Em C

sic died, - I started sing - ing - He was sing - in' -

D7 G C 1. 2. 3. G D7 4. G D7

G C G D G C

bye - bye, Miss A - mer - i - can Pie\_ Drove my Chev-y to the lev-ee but the

G D G C G D To Coda ⊕

lev-ee was dry. Them good ole boys\_ were drink - in' whis-key and rye\_ Sing - in'

Em A7 Em

this-'ll be the day\_ that I die, This-'ll be the day\_ that I

D7 Ad lib. G D/F# Em

die. I met a girl who sang the blues\_ and

*rit.* *mp*

Am C Em D

I asked her for some hap-py news, But she just smiled and turned a - way.

G D/F# Em G/B Am G/B C

I went down to the sa-cred store — where I heard the mu - sic years be-fore But the

Em C D

man there said the mu - sic would - n't play. — — — — — And

Em Am Em Am

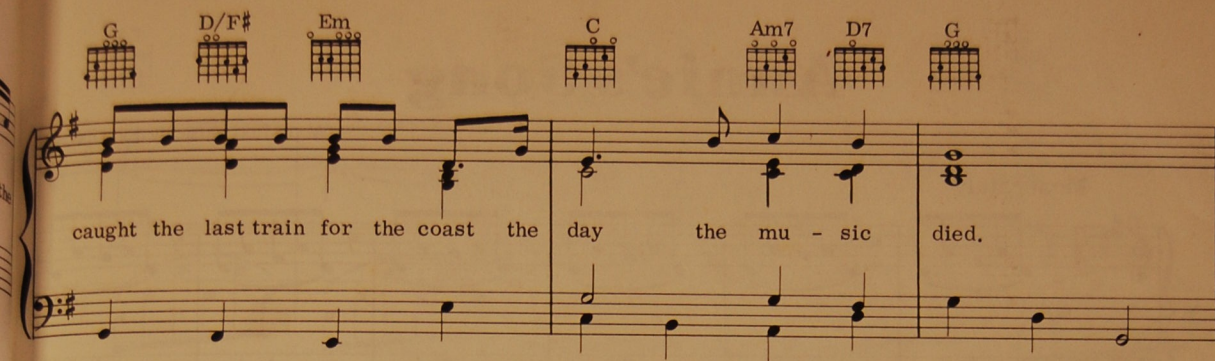
in the streets the chil-dren screamed, the lov-ers cried, and the po-ets dreamed. — But

C G/B Am C D

not a word was spo - ken the church bells all were bro - ken. And the

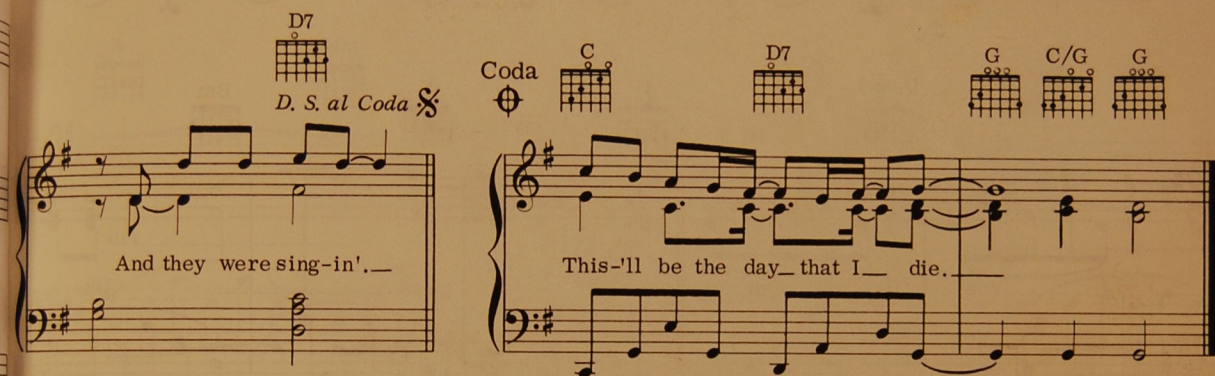
G D/F# Em G/B C D7

three men I ad - mire most, the Fa - ther, Son and the Ho - ly Ghost, They



G D/F# Em C Am7 D7 G

caught the last train for the coast the day the music died.



D7 Coda C D7 G C/G G

*D. S. al Coda* ⌘

And they were sing-in'... This-'ll be the day that I die.

2. Now for ten years we've been on our own, and moss grows fat on a rollin' 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 and a voice that came from you and me  
 Oh 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 practiced in the park  
 And we sang dirges in the dark  
 The day the music died  
 We were singin' ... bye-bye ..., *etc.*
3. Helter-skelter in the summer swelter the birds flew off with a fallout shelter  
 Eight miles high and fallin' fast, it landed foul on the grass  
 The players tried for a forward pass, with the jester on the sidelines in a cast  
 Now the half-time air was sweet perfume while the sergeants played a marching tune  
 We all got up to dance but we never got the chance  
 'Cause the players tried to take the field, the marching band refused to yield  
 Do you recall what was revealed  
 The day the music died  
 We started singin' ... bye-bye ..., *etc.*
4. And there we were all in one place, a generation lost in space  
 With no time left to start again  
 So come on, Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack Flash sat on a candlestick  
 'Cause fire is the devil's only friend  
 And as I watched him on the stage my hands were clenched in fists of rage  
 No angel born in hell could break that Satan's spell  
 And as the flames climbed high into the night to light the sacrificial rite  
 I saw Satan laughing with delight the day the music died.  
 He was singin' ... bye-bye ..., *etc.*