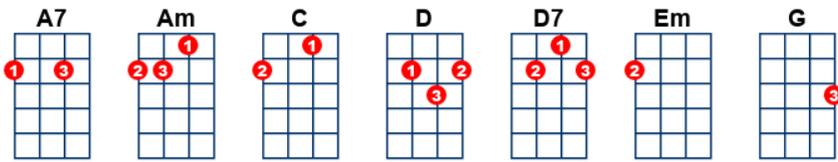


# American Pie

key:D, artist:Don MacLean writer:Don MacLean



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7yHTpGog0IY>

A [G] long, [D] long [Em] time ago,  
[Am] I can still re-[C]member how that [Em] music used to make me [D] smile.  
[G] And I [D] knew if [Em] I had my chance that  
[Am] I could make those [C] people dance and [Em] maybe they'd be [A7] happy for a [D] while.  
[Em] But February [Am] made me shiver, [Em] with every paper [Am] I'd deliver,  
[C] Bad news [G] on the [Am] doorstep, [C] I couldn't take one [D] more step.  
I [G] can't re-[D]member [Em] if I cried when I [Am] read about his [D] widowed bride,  
[G] Something [D] touched me [Em] deep inside, the [C] day, the [D7] music, [G] died.

So [G] Bye - [C] bye, Miss A-[G]merican [D] Pie,  
drove my [G] Chevy to the [C] levee but the [G] levee was [D] dry,  
Them [G] good ole' [C] boys were drinkin' [G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'  
[Em] This'll be the day that I [A7] die, [Em] this'll 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 be-[D]lieve in [Em]rock and roll? Can [Am]music save your [C]mortal soul? And  
[Em] Can you teach me [A7] how to dance [D] real slow?  
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] I started [D]singin'

[G] Bye - [C] bye, Miss A-[G]merican [D] Pie,  
drove my [G] Chevy to the [C] levee but the [G] levee was [D] dry,  
Them [G] good ole' [C] boys were drinkin' [G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'  
[Em] This'll be the day that I [A7] die, [Em] this'll 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  
But [Em] that's not how it [D]used to be  
When the [G]jester [D]sang for the [Em]King and Queen. In a [Am]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 ad[A7]-journed; no [C]verdict was re[D7]turned  
And while [G]Lennon [D]read a [Em]book on Marx, the [Am]quartet practiced [C]in the park,  
And [G]we sang [D]dirges [Em]in the dark The [C]day the [D7]music [G]died. [C] [G] We were [D]singin'

[G] Bye - [C] bye, Miss A-[G]merican [D] Pie,  
drove my [G] Chevy to the [C] levee but the [G] levee was [D] dry,  
Them [G] good ole' [C] boys were drinkin' [G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'  
[Em] This'll be the day that I [A7] die, [Em] this'll be the day that I [D7] die.

[G]Helter-Skelter in the [Am]summer swelter The [C]Byrds flew off with a [Am]fallout shelter.  
[Em] Eight Miles High and [D] falling fast  
[G] Ian[D]-ded foul out [Em]on the grass, the [Am]players tried for a [C]forward pass with the  
[Em]Jester [A7]on the sidelines [D]in a cast.  
Now the [Em]half-time 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 we [C] never got [D7]the chance.  
'Cause the [G]players [D]tried to [Em]take the field, the [Am]marching band re[C]fused to yield.  
[G]Do you re[D]call what [Em]was revealed the [C]day the [D7]music [G]died? [C] [G]We started [D]singin'

[G] Bye - [C] bye, Miss A-[G]merican [D] Pie,  
drove my [G] Chevy to the [C] levee but the [G] levee was [D] dry,  
Them [G] good ole' [C] boys were drinkin' [G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'  
[Em] This'll be the day that I [A7] die, [Em] this'll be the day that I [D7] die.

[G]And there we were [Am]all in one place, [C]a generation [Am]Lost in Space  
With [Em]no time left to [D]start again  
So come on, [G] Jack be [D] nimble. [Em]Jack be quick [Am] Jack Flash sat on a [C]candlestick 'cause  
[Em]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.  
[C]No 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 [Am] to light the sacri[C]-fical rite. I saw  
[G]Satan [D]laughing [Em]with delight The [C]day the [D7]music [G]died [C] [G] He was [D]singin'

[G] Bye - [C] bye, Miss A-[G]merican [D] Pie,  
drove my [G] Chevy to the [C] levee but the [G] levee was [D] dry,  
Them [G] good ole' [C] boys were drinkin' [G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'  
[Em] This'll be the day that I [A7] die, [Em] this'll be the day that I [D7] die.

[G] I 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.  
[G] I went [D] down to the [Em] sacred store where I [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]lovers cried and the [Am]poets dreamed.  
[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 [Am]Father, Son and the [D]Holy Ghost,  
[G]they caught the [D]last train [Em]for the coast, the [C]day, the [D7]music, [G]died; and they were singin'

[G] Bye - [C] bye, Miss A-[G]merican [D] Pie,  
drove my [G] Chevy to the [C] levee but the [G] levee was [D] dry,  
Them [G] good ole' [C] boys were drinkin' [G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'  
[Em] This'll be the day that I [A7] die, [Em] this'll be the day that I [D7] die; they were singin'

[G] Bye - [C] bye, Miss A-[G]merican [D] Pie,  
drove my [G] Chevy to the [C] levee but the [G] levee was [D] dry,  
Them [G] good ole' [C] boys were drinkin' [G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'  
[C] This'll be the [D7] day that I [G]die [C] [G]