

American Pie

(Don McLean)

1) A long, long time ago I can still remember how that music used to make me smile. D D⁴ D

And I knew if I had my chance that I could make those people dance
and maybe they'd be happy for a while.

But February made me shiver with ev'ry paper I deliver
bad news on the doorstep, I couldn't take one more step.

I can't remember if I cried when I read about this widowed bride,
something touched me deep inside the day the music died. So:

R. Bye, bye, Miss American Pie. Drove my Chevy to the lavy but the lavy was dry.

Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye,
singing: This will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die.

2) Did you write the book of love and do you have faith in God above,
if the bible tells you so?

Now, do you believe in Rock 'n' Roll, can music save you mortal soul
and can you teach me how to dance real slow?

Well, I know that you're in love with him, 'cause I saw you dancing in the gym,
you both kicked off your shoes, man, I dig those rhythm and blues.

I was a lonely teenage bronking buck with a pink carnation and a pick-up truck,
but I knew I was out of luck the day the music died. I started singing:

3) Now for ten years we've been on our own and moos grows fat on a rolling 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 ajourned, no verdict was returned.

And while Lenin read a book on Marx the quartet practiced in the park
and we sing dirges in the dark the day the music died. We were singing:

4) Helter-skelter in the summers swelter, the birds flew off with a fall-out shelter
 eight miles high and falling 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 sergeants played a marching tune
 we all got up to dance, oh, but we never got a 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 singing:

5) Oh, 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 devils only friend.
 And as I watched him on the stage my hands were clenched in fists of rage,
 no angel born in hell could brake 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. We were singing:

6) I met a girl who sang the blues and I asked her for some happy news,
 but she just smiled and turned away.
 I went down to the sacred store, where I'd heard the music years before,
 but the man there said the music wouldn't play.
 And in the streets the children screamed, the lovers cried and the poets dreamed.
 But not a word was spoken, the church bells all were broken.
 And the three men I admire most, the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost,
 they caught the last train for the coast the day the music died. And they were singing:

R.

R* ... singing: This will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die.