

# American Pie

Key of C

By: Don McLean

C G Am7 Dm F  
A long long time ago I can still remember  
Am G C G Am7  
how that music used to make me smile And I knew if I had my chance  
Dm F Am F G Am  
that I could make those people dance and maybe they'd be happy for a while.  
Dm Am Dm  
But February made me shiver With every paper I'd deliver  
F C Dm F G  
Bad news on the doorstep I couldn't take one more step  
C G Am Dm7 G  
I can't remember if I cried When I read about his widowed bride  
C G Am F G7 C F C  
But something touched me deep inside The day the Music Died So

## Chorus:

C F C G C F C G  
bye bye Miss American Pie Drove my chevy to the levy But the levy was dry  
C F C G  
And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Am D7 Am G7  
Singin' this'll be the day that I die this'll be the day that I die.

C Dm F Dm  
Did you write the book of love And do you have faith in God above?  
Am G C G Am  
If the Bible tells you so. Do you believe in Rock 'n Roll?  
Dm7 F Am D7 G  
Can music save your mortal soul? And can you teach me how to dance real  
slow?  
Am G Am G  
Well, I know that you're in love with him 'cause I saw you dancin' in the gym  
F C D7 F G7  
You both kicked off your shoes Man, I dig those rythmny blues

C G Am Dm F  
I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck With a pink carnation and a pickup truck.  
C G Am F G7 C F C  
But I knew I was out of luck The day the music died I started singin'

**Chorus:**

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bye bye Miss American Pie Drove my chevy to the levy But the levy was dry  
C F C G  
And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Am D7 Am G7  
Singin' this'll be the day that I die this'll be the day that /I die.

C Dm F Dm  
Now for ten years we've been on our own And moss grows fat on a rollin' stone  
Am G C G Am  
But that's not how it used to be When the jester sang for the King and Queen  
Dm7 F Am D7 G  
In a coat he borrowed from James Dean And a voice that came from you and me  
Am G Am G  
Oh, and while the King was looking down The jester stole his thorny crown  
F C D7 F G7  
The courtroom was adjourned No verdict was returned  
C G Am Dm F  
And while Lennon read a book of Marx The court kept practice in the park  
C G Am F G7 C F C  
And we sang dirges in the dark The day the Music Died. We were singing

**Chorus:**

C F C G C F C G  
bye bye Miss American Pie Drove my chevy to the levy But the levy was dry  
C F C G  
And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Am D7 Am G7  
Singin' this'll be the day that I die this'll be the day that I die.

C Dm F Dm  
 Helter-Skelter in a summer swelter The Byrds flew off with a fallout shelter  
 Am G C G Am  
 Eight Miles High and falling fast It landed foul out on the grass  
 Dm7 F Am D7 G  
 The players tried for a forward pass But the jester's on the sidelines in a cast  
 Am G Am G  
 Now the half-time air was sweet perfume While the sargeants played a marching  
 tune  
 F C D7 F G7  
 We all got up to dance But we never got the chance  
 C G Am Dm F  
 'cause the players tried to take the field The marching band refused to yield  
 C G Am F G7 C F C  
 Do you recall what was revealed the day the Music Died? We stared singing

**Chorus:**

C F C G C F C G  
 bye bye Miss American Pie Drove my chevy to the levy But the levy was dry  
 C F C G  
 And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
 Am D7 Am G7  
 Singin' this'll be the day that I die this'll be the day that I die.

C Dm F Dm  
 Oh, and there we were all in one place a generation Lost in Space  
 Am G C  
 With no time left to start again So come on, Jack be nimble  
 Am Dm7 F Am D7 G  
 Jack be quick Jack Flash sat on a candlestick 'cause fire is the Devil's only friend  
 Am G Am G  
 Oh, and as I watched him on the stage My hands were clenched in fists of rage  
 F C D7 F G7  
 No angel born in hell Could break that Satan's spell  
 C G Am Dm F  
 And as the flames climbed high into the night To light the sacrificial rite  
 C G Am F G7 C F C  
 I saw Satan laughing with delight The day the Music Died He was singing

**Chorus:**

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C F C G  
And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Am D7 Am G7  
Singin' this'll be the day that I die this'll be the day that I die.

C Dm F Dm  
I met a girl who sang the blues And I asked her for some happy news  
Am G C G  
But she just smiled and turned away I went down to the sacred store  
Am Dm7 Am D7  
Where I'd heard the music years before But the man there said the music  
G  
wouldn't play  
Am G Am  
And in the streets the children screamed The lovers cried, and the poets  
G  
dreamed  
F C D7 F G7  
But not a word was spoken The Church bells all were broken  
C G Am Dm F  
And three men I admire most The Father, Son and the Holy Ghost  
C G Am F G7 C F C  
They caught the last train for the coast The Day the Music Died. And they were  
singing

**Chorus:**

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Singin' this'll be the day that I die.