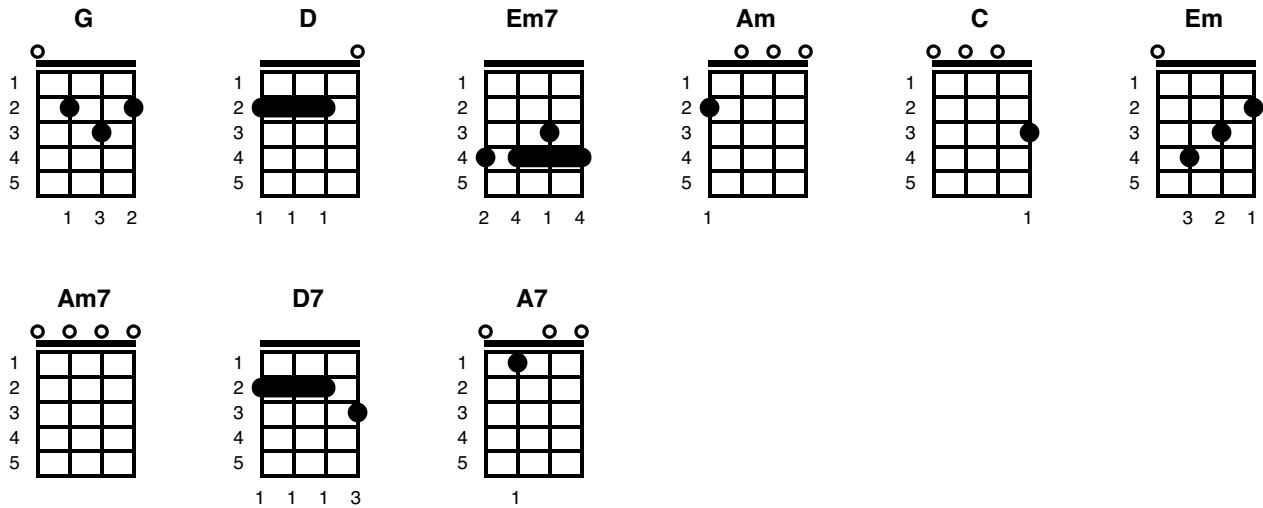


# American Pie

By: Don McLean

Key of G



G D Em7 Am C  
A long long time ago I can still remember  
Em D G D Em7  
how that music used to make me smile And I knew if I had my chance  
Am C Em C D Em  
that I could make those people dance and maybe they'd be happy for a while.  
Am Em Am  
But February made me shiver With every paper I'd deliver  
C G Am C D  
Bad news on the doorstep I couldn't take one more step  
G D Em Am7 D  
I can't remember if I cried When I read about his widowed bride  
G D Em C D7 G C G  
But something touched me deep inside The day the Music Died So

## Chorus:

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  
And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Em A7 Em D7  
Singin' this'll be the day that I die this'll be the day that /I die.

G Am C Am  
 Did you write the book of love And do you have faith in God above?  
 Em D G D Em  
 If the Bible tells you so. Do you believe in Rock 'n Roll?  
 Am7 C Em A7 D  
 Can music save your mortal soul? And can you teach me how to dance real  
 slow?  
 Em D Em D  
 Well, I know that you're in love with him 'cause I saw you dancin' in the gym  
 C G A7 C D7  
 You both kicked off your shoes Man, I dig those rythmny blues  
 G D Em Am C  
 I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck With a pink carnation and a pickup truck.  
 G D Em C D7 G C G  
 But I knew I was out of luck The day the music died I started singin'

**Chorus:**

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  
 And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
 Em A7 Em D7  
 Singin' this'll be the day that I die this'll be the day that /I die.

G Am C Am  
 Now for ten years we've been on our own And moss grows fat on a rollin' stone  
 Em D G D Em  
 But that's not how it used to be When the jester sang for the King and Queen  
 Am7 C Em A7 D  
 In a coat he borrowed from James Dean And a voice that came from you and me  
 Em D Em D  
 Oh, and while the King was looking down The jester stole his thorny crown  
 C G A7 C D7  
 The courtroom was adjourned No verdict was returned  
 G D Em Am C  
 And while Lennon read a book of Marx The court kept practice in the park

G D Em C D7 G C G  
And we sang dirges in the dark The day the Music Died. We were singing

**Chorus:**

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  
And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Em A7 Em D7  
Singin' this'll be the day that I die this'll be the day that I die.

G Am C Am  
Helter-Skelter in a summer swelter The Byrds flew off with a fallout shelter  
Em D G D Em  
Eight Miles High and falling fast It landed foul out on the grass  
Am7 C Em A7 D  
The players tried for a forward pass But the jester's on the sidelines in a cast  
Em D Em D  
Now the half-time air was sweet perfume While the sergeants played a marching  
tune  
C G A7 C D7  
We all got up to dance But we never got the chance  
G D Em Am C  
'cause the players tried to take the field The marching band refused to yield  
G D Em C D7 G C G  
Do you recall what was revealed the day the Music Died? We stared singing

**Chorus:**

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  
And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Em A7 Em D7  
Singin' this'll be the day that I die this'll be the day that I die.

G Am C Am  
Oh, and there we were all in one place a generation Lost in Space

Em                                  D                                  G  
 With no time left to start again So come on, Jack be nimble  
 Em                                  Am7                                  C                                  Em                                  A7                                  D  
 Jack be quick Jack Flash sat on a candlestick 'cause fire is the Devil's only friend  
                                 Em                                  D                                  Em                                  D  
 Oh, and as I watched him on the stage My hands were clenched in fists of rage  
 C                                  G                                  A7                                  C                                  D7  
 No angel born in hell Could break that Satan's spell  
                                 G                                  D                                  Em                                  Am                                  C  
 And as the flames climbed high into the night To light the sacrificial rite  
                                 G                                  D                                  Em                                  C                                  D7                                  G                                  C G  
 I saw Satan laughing with delight The day the Music Died      He was singing

**Chorus:**

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  
 And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
                                 Em                                  A7 Em                                  D7  
 Singin' this'll be the day that I die this'll be the day that I die.

G                                  Am                                  C                                  Am  
 I met a girl who sang the blues And I asked her for some happy news  
                                 Em                                  D                                  G                                  D  
 But she just smiled and turned away I went down to the sacred store  
                                 Em                                  Am7                                  Em                                  A7  
 Where I'd heard the music years before But the man there said the music  
                                 D  
 wouldn't play  
                                 Em                                  D                                  Em  
 And in the streets the children screamed The lovers cried, and the poets  
                                 D  
 dreamed  
 C                                  G                                  A7                                  C                                  D7  
 But not a word was spoken The Church bells all were broken  
                                 G                                  D                                  Em                                  Am                                  C  
 And three men I admire most The Father, Son and the Holy Ghost  
                                 G                                  D                                  Em                                  C                                  D7                                  G                                  C G  
 They caught the last train for the coast The Day the Music Died.      And they were  
 singing

**Chorus:**

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  
And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Em A7 Em D7  
Singin' this'll be the day that I die this'll be the day that I die.

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  
And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
C A7 G C G  
Singin' this'll be the day that I die.