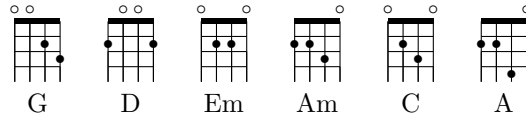


1 American Pie

G major, 138BPM



Verse 1:

G D Em
A long, long time ago,
Am C
I can still remember,
Em D
How that music used to make me smile
G D Em
And I knew if I had my chance,
Am C
That I could make those people dance,
Em C
And maybe they'd be happy for a
D
while.

Em Am
But February made me shiver,

Em Am
With every paper I'd deliver.
C G Am
Bad news on the doorstep;
C D
I couldn't take one more step
G D Em
I can't remember if I cried,
Am D
When I read about his widowed bride;
G D Em
But something touched me deep inside,
C D G
The day the music died.

Chorus:

Additional lyrics

So, bye, bye, Miss American Pie
Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
Singin', "This'll be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die"
Did you write the Book of Love?
And do you have faith in God above
If the Bible tells you so?
Do you believe in rock 'n' roll?
Can music save your 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
Then I dig those rhythm and blues
I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck
With a pink carnation and a pickup truck
But I knew I was out of luck
The day the music died
I started singin', "Bye-bye, Miss American Pie"
Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
Singin', "This'll be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die"
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 Lennon 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 Miss American Pie"
Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
Singin', "This'll be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die"
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
Oh, 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, Miss American Pie"
 Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
 Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
 And singin', "This'll be the day that I die"
 This'll be the day that I die"
 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 devil's only friend
 Oh, 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, Miss American Pie"
 Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
 Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
 And singin', "This'll be the day that I die"

This'll be the day that I die"
 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 singin', "Bye-bye, Miss American Pie"
 Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
 And Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
 Singin', "This'll be the day that I die"
 This'll be the day that I die"
 They were singin', "Bye-bye, Miss American Pie"
 Drove my Chevy to The Levee, but The Levee was dry
 Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey in Rye
 Singin', "This'll be the day that I die"