

American Pie

* - strum once

[Verse 1]

C G/B Am7
A long, long time ago,
Dm F Am G
I can still remember how that music used to make me smile
C G/B Am7
And I knew if I had my chance,
Dm F Am F G
That I could make those people dance and maybe they'd be happy for a while
Am 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/B Am Dm7 G
I can't remember if I cried when I read about his widowed bride
C G Am
Something touched me deep inside
F G7 C
The day the music died

[Chorus]

C F C G
So bye, bye Miss American Pie
C F C G
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry
C F C G
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Am* D7* Am* G7
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

[Verse 2]

C Dm
Did you write the book of love
F Dm Am G
And do you have faith in god above, if the bible tells you so?
C G/B Am
Do you believe in rock and 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 'cuz I saw you dancin' in the gym
F C D7 F G7
You both kicked off your shoes, man I dig those rhythm and blues
C G/B Am Dm F
I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck with a pink carnation and a pickup truck
C G/B Am F G7 C F C
But I knew I was out of luck the day the music died, I started singin'

[Chorus]

C F C G
Bye, bye Miss American Pie

C F C G
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry
 C F C G
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Am* D7* Am* G7
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

[Verse 3]

C Dm
 Now for ten years we've been on our own,
 F Dm Am G
 and moss grows fat on a rolling stone but that's not how it used to be
 C G/B Am
 When the jester sang for the king and queen
 Dm7 F Am D7 G
 in a coat he borrowed from James Dean in 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/B Am Dm F
 And while Lennon read a book on Marx, the quartet practiced in the park
 C G/B Am F G7 C F C
 And we sang dirges in the dark the day the music died, we were singin'

[Chorus]

C F C G
 Bye, bye Miss American Pie
 C F C G
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry
 C F C G
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Am* D7* Am* G7
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

[Verse 4]

C Dm
 Helter skelter in a summer swelter
 F Dm Am G
 the birds flew off with a fallout shelter, eight miles high and fallin' fast
 C G/B Am
 It landed foul on the grass
 Dm7 F Am D7 G
 the players tried for a forward pass, with the jester on the sidelines in a cast
 Am* G* Am* G*
 Now the half-time air was sweet perfume, while sergeants played a marching tune
 F C D7 F G7
 We all got up to dance, but we never got the chance
 C G/B Am Dm F
 'Cuz the players tried to take the field, the marching band refused to yield
 C G/B Am F G7 C F C
 Do you recall what was revealed the day the music died, we started singin'

[Chorus]

C F C G
 Bye, bye Miss American Pie
 C F C G
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry
 C F C G
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Am* D7* Am* G7
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

[Verse 5]

C Dm
 And there we were all in one place,
 F Dm Am G
 a generation lost in space, with no time left to start again
 C G/B Am Dm7 F
 So come on Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack Flash sat on a candle
 Am D7 G
 stick, 'cuz fire is the devil's only friend
 Am* G* Am* G*
 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/B Am Dm F
 And as the flames climbed high into the night to light the sacrificial rite
 C G/B Am F G7 C F C
 I saw Satan laughing with delight the day the music died, he was singin'

[Chorus]

C F C G
 Bye, bye Miss American Pie
 C F C G
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry
 C F C G
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Am* D7* Am* G7
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

[Verse 6]

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

N.C.
And they were singin'

[Chorus]

C F C G
Bye, bye Miss American Pie
 C F C G
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry
 C F C G
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Am* D7* Am* G7
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die
 C F C G
They were singin' bye, bye Miss American Pie
 C F C G
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry
 C F C G
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 F G7 C F C
Singin' this will be the day that I die.