

American Pie (Don Mclean) (xG -5)

A long, long time ago... I can still remember, How that music used to make me smile.
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 every paper I'd deliver.
Bad news on the doorstep; I couldn't take one more step.
I can't remember if I cried. When I read about his widowed bride,
But something touched me deep inside .. The day the music died. !!!

C, G, Am, Dm, F, Am, G
C, G, Am, Dm, F
Am, D, G
Am, D, Am, D
F, C, Dm, F, G
C, G, Am, Dm, G
C, G, Am, F, G, C ... F, C, G

Chorus

So bye-bye, miss American pie.
Drove my Chevy to the levee, But the levee was dry.
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Singin', "this'll be the day that I die. "this'll be the day that I die."

C, F, C, G,
C, F, C, G
C, F, C, G
Am, D, Am G

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 dancin' in the gym.
You both kicked off your shoes. Man, 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. !!!

C, Dm, F, Dm
Am, G
C, G, Am, Dm, F
Am, D, G
Am, Dm, Am, Dm
F, C, Dm, F, G
C, G, Am, Dm, F
C, G, Am, F, G, C ... F, C, G

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 kept practice in the park,
And we sang dirges in the dark. The day the music died. !!!

C, Dm, F, Dm
Am, G
C, G, Am, Dm, F
Am, D, G
Am, Dm, Am, Dm
F, C, Dm, F, G
C, G, Am, Dm, F
C, G, Am, F, G, C ... F, C, G

Helter skelter in a summer swelter. The birds flew off with a fallout 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 the sergeants played a marching tune.
 We all got up to dance, Oh, but we never got the chance!
 As the players tried to take the field; The marching band refused to yield.
 Do you recall what was revealed The day the music died?

C, Dm, F, Dm
 Am, G
 C, G, Am, Dm, F
 Am, D, G
 Am, Dm, Am, Dm
 F, C, Dm, F, G
 C, G, Am, Dm, F
 C, G, Am, F, G, C ... F, C, G

Chorus

So **b**ye-**b**ye, miss **a**merican **p**ie.
 Drove my **c**hevy to the **l**evee, But the **l**evee was **d**ry.
 Them **g**ood old **b**oys were drinkin' **w**hiskey and **r**ye
 Singin', "**t**his'll be the day that I **d**ie. "**t**his'll be the day that I **d**ie."

C, F, C, G,
 C, F, C, G
 C, F, C, G
 Am, D, Am G

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

C, Dm, F, Dm
 Am, G
 C, G, Am, Dm, F
 Am, D, G
 Am, Dm, Am, Dm
 F, C, Dm, F, G
 C, G, Am, Dm, F
 C, G, Am, F, G, C ... F, C, G

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.

C, Dm, F, Dm
 Am, G
 C, G, Am, Dm, F
 Am, D, G
 Am, Dm, Am, Dm
 F, C, Dm, F, G
 C, G, Am, Dm, F
 C, G, Am, F, G, C ... F, C, G

Verse 1/Intro

Verse 1/Intro

G D/F# Em
A long, long time ago...

Am C
I can still remember

Em D Dsus D D(9) D
How that music used to make me smile.

G D/F# Em
And I knew if I had my chance

Am C
That I could make those people dance

Em A7 D Dsus D D(9) D
And, maybe, they'd be happy for a while.

Em Am
But february made me shiver

Em Am
With every paper I'd deliver.

C C/B Am
Bad news on the doorstep;

C D
I couldn't take one more step.

G D/F# Em
I can't remember if I cried

C D
When I read about his widowed bride,

G D/F# Em
But something touched me deep inside

C D G
The day the music died.

Chorus

G C G D
So bye-bye, miss american pie.

G C
Drove my chevy to the levee,

G D
But the levee was dry.

G C G D
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Em A7
Singin', "this'll be the day that I die.

Em D D(9) D Dsus D D(9) D
"this'll be the day that I die."

Verse 2

G Am7
Did you write the book of love,
C C/B Am7
And do you have faith in God above,
Em D D Dsus D D(9) D
If the Bible tells you so?
G D/F# Em
Do you believe in rock 'n roll,
Am7 C
Can music save your mortal soul,
Em A7 D
And can you teach me how to dance real slow?
Em D
Well, I know that you're in love with him
Em D
'cause I saw you dancin' in the gym.
C C/B Am7
You both kicked off your shoes.
C D
Man, I dig those rhythm and blues.
G D/F# Em
I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck
C D
With a pink carnation and a pickup truck,
G D/F# Em
But I knew I was out of luck
C D G C
The day the music died.

Chorus

G D
I started singin',
G C G D
bye-bye, miss american pie.
G C
Drove my chevy to the levee,
G D
But the levee was dry.
G C G D
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Em A7
And Singin', "this'll be the day that I die.

Em D D(9) D Dsus D D(9) D
"this'll be the day that I die."

Verse 3

G Am7
Now for ten years we've been on our own

C C/B Am
And moss grows fat on a rollin' stone,

Em D
But that's not how it used to be.

G D/F# Em
When the jester sang for the king and queen,

Am7 C
In a coat he borrowed from James Dean

Em A7 D D(9) D Dsus D D(9) D
And a voice that came from you and me,

Verse 4

Em D
Oh, and while the king was looking down,

Em D
The jester stole his thorny crown.

C C/B Am
The courtroom was adjourned;

C D
No verdict was returned.

G D/F# Em
And while Lennon read a book on Marx,

C D
The quartet kept practice in the park,

G D/F# Em
And we sang dirges in the dark

C D G C
The day the music died.

Chorus

G D
We were singing,
G C G D
bye-bye, miss american pie.
G C
Drove my chevy to the levee,
G D
But the levee was dry.
G C G D
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Em A7
And Singin', "this'll be the day that I die."
Em D D(9) D Dsus D D(9) D
"this'll be the day that I die."

Verse 5

G Am7
Helter skelter in a summer swelter.
C C/B Am
The birds flew off with a fallout shelter,
Em D
Eight miles high and falling fast.
G D/F# Em
It landed foul on the grass.
Am7 C
The players tried for a forward pass,
Em A7 D Dsus D D(9) D
With the jester on the sidelines in a cast.

Verse 6

Em D
Now the half-time air was sweet perfume
Em D
While the sergeants played a marching tune.
C C/B Am
We all got up to dance,
C D
Oh, but we never got the chance!
G D/F# Em
As the players tried to take the field;

C D
The marching band refused to yield.

G D/F# Em
Do you recall what was revealed

C D G C
The day the music died?

Chorus

G D
We started singing,

G C G D
bye-bye, miss american pie.

G C
Drove my chevy to the levee,

G D
But the levee was dry.

G C G D
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Em A7
And Singin', "this'll be the day that I die.

Em D D(9) D Dsus D D(9) D
"this'll be the day that I die."

Verse 7

G Am7
Oh, and there we were all in one place,

C C/B Am
A generation lost in space

Em D
With no time left to start again.

G D/F# Em
So come on: jack be nimble, jack be quick!

Am7 C
Jack flash sat on a candlestick

Em A7 D Dsus D D(9) D
Cause fire is the devil's only friend.

Verse 8

Em D
Oh, and as I watched him on the stage

Em D
My hands were clenched in fists of rage.

C C/B Am
No angel born in hell

C D
Could break that satan's spell.

G D/F# Em
And as the flames climbed high into the night

C D
To Fight the sacrificial lite,

G D/F# Em
I saw satan laughing with delight

C D G C
The day the music died

Chorus

G D
He was singing,

G C G D
bye-bye, miss american pie.

G C
Drove my chevy to the levee,

G D
But the levee was dry.

G C G D
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Em A7
And Singin', "this'll be the day that I die.

Em D D Dsus D D(9) D
"this'll be the day that I die."

Verse 9

G D/F# Em
I met a girl who sang the blues

Am7 C
And I asked her for some happy news,

Em D Dsus D D(9) D
But she just smiled and turned away.

G D/F# Em
I went down to the sacred store

Am7 C
Where I'd heard the music years before,

Am7 C D Dsus D D(9) D
But the man there said the music wouldn't play.

Verse 10

Em Am
And in the streets: the children screamed,

Em Am
The lovers cried, and the poets dreamed.

C C/B Am7
But not a word was spoken;

C D
The church bells all were broken.

G D/F# Em
And the three men I admire most:

C D
The father, son, and the holy ghost,

G D/F# Em
They caught the last train for the coast

C D
The day the music died.

Chorus

And they were singing,

G C G D

bye-bye, miss american pie.

G C

Drove my chevy to the levee,

G D

But the levee was dry.

G C G D

And Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Em A7

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

Em D D Dsus D D(9) D

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

Chorus/Outro

G D

they were singing,

G C G D

bye-bye, miss american pie.

G C

Drove my chevy to the levee,

G D

But the levee was dry.

G C G D

Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

C D G

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

C D G

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

C G