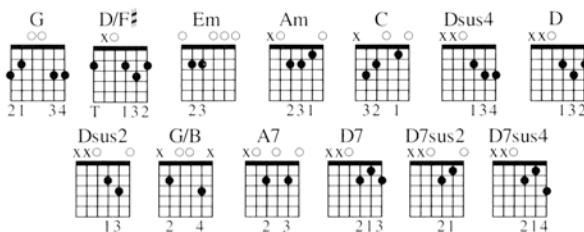


AMERICAN PIE

As Recorded by Don McLean
(From the EMI-Manhattan recording AMERICAN PIE)

Arranged by Troy Nelson

Words & Music By Don McLean



Verse

Rubato

1. *A mf*

G D/F# Em Am C Dsus4 D

long, long time a-go I can still re-mem-ber how that

Em Dsus4 D Dsus2 D G D/F# Em

mu-sic used to make me smile. And I know if I had my chance that

Am C Em C

I could make— those peo-ple dance,— and may-be they'd— be hap-py— for a

D Dsus4 D Dsus2 D Em Am

while. But Feb-ru-ar-y made me shiv-er

Em Am C G/B Am

with ev-'ry pa-per I'd de-liv-er. Bad news on the door-step, I

C D G D/F# Em

could-n't take one more step. I can't re-mem-ber if I cried— when I

C D G D/F# Em

read a-bout— his wid-owed bride. Some-thing touched me deep in-side

C D G

the day the mu-sic died. So,

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American Pie

Chorus

Moderately ♩ = 100

G C G D

bye, _____ bye, Miss A - mer - i - can Pie. _____ Drove _____ my

G C G D G C

Chev - y to the lev - ee, but the lev - ee was dry. _____ And them good ol' _____ boys _____ were drink - in'

G D Em A7

whis - key and rye. _____ sing - in', "This - 'll be the day that I _____ die. _____

Faster ♩ = 142

Em D7 D7sus2 D7 D7sus4 D7 D7sus2 D7

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

Verse

G Am C

2. Did you _____ write the book of love, _____ and do you _____ have faith in

3., 4., 5. See additional lyrics

Am Em D7 D7sus2 D7 D7sus4

God a - bove _____ if _____ the Bi - ble tells _____ you so? _____

D7 D7sus2 D7 G D/F# Em

Now, _____ do you _____ be - lieve _____ in rock 'n' roll? _____ Can

Am C Em

mu - sic save your _____ mor - tal soul? _____ And _____ can you teach me _____

A7 D7 D7sus2 D7 D7sus4 D7 D7sus2 D7

_____ how to dance _____ real _____ slow? _____ Well, I _____

Em D Em

know that you're _____ in love with him _____ 'cause I _____ saw you danc - in'

American Pie

D7 C G Am

in the gym. — You both kicked off — your shoes. — Man, I

C D7 G D/F#

dig those rhy - thm - ic blues, — I was a lone - ly teen - age —

Em Am C

bronc - in' buck — with a pink car - na - tion and a pick - up — truck. — But

G D/F# Em C

I knew I — was out — of luck the day — the mu -

D7 G C G D

sic died. — I start - ed sing - in', — "Bye, —

Chorus

G C G D G C

— bye. Miss A - mer - i - can Pie. — Drove my Chev - y to the lev - ee, but the

G D G C G D

lev - ee was dry. — Them good ol' boys — were drink - in' whis - key and rye, — and sing - in'

Em A7 Em

this - 'll be the day — that I — die, this - 'll be the day — that I —

1., 2., 3. 4.

D7 D7sus2 D7 D7sus4 D7 D7sus2 D7 D

die." 3. Now, — for and — die" rit.

5. Oh, —

Verse Rubato

G D/F# Em Am C

6. I met a girl who sang — the blues, — and I asked her for some hap - py news — but

American Pie

Em D Dsus4 D Dsus2 D

she just smiled and turned a - way.

G D/F# Em G/B Am G/B C

I went down to the sa - cred store where I'd heard the mu - sic years be - fore. But the

Em C D Dsus4 D Dsus2 D

man there said the mu - sic would - n't play. And

Em Am Em Am

in the streets the chil - dren screamed, the lov - ers cried and the po - ets dreamed. But

C G/B Am G/B C D

not a word was spo - ken, the church bells all were bro - ken. And the

G D/F# Em G/B C D

three man I ad - mire most, the Fa - ther, Son, and the Ho - ly Ghost, they

G D/F# Em C D G

caught the last train for the coast the day the mu - sic died.

Chorus
Moderately Slow ♩ = 88

G C G D

And the were sing - in', "Bye, bye, Miss A - mer - i - can Pie. Drove my

G C G D G C

Chev - y to the lev - ee, but the lev - ee was dry. And them good ol' boys were drink - in'

G D Em A7

whis - key and rye, sing - in' this - 'll be the day that I die,

American Pie

Em D7 D7sus2 D7 D7sus4 D7 D7sus2 D7

this - 'll be the day— that I— die." They were sing - in'.

Outro-Chorus

Faster ♩ = 100

G C G D G C

"Bye, _____ bye, Miss A - mer - i - can Pie. Drove my Chev - y to the lev - ee, but the

G D G C

lev - ee was dry. _____ Them good ol' _____ boys _____ were drink - in'

G D C D G C G

whis - key and rye, _____ sing - in' this - 'll be the day— that I— die.'" *rit.*

Additional Lyrics

3. 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 Lenin read a book on Marx
 A quartet practiced in the park.
 And we sang dirges in the dark
 The day the music died.
 We were singin',

4. 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 marchin' 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',

5. 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 candle stick
 '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 climed high into the night,
 To light the sacrificial rite,
 I saw Satan laughing with delight
 The day the music died.
 He was singin',