

American Pie

(Don McLean) (key matches Don McLean recording)

A **(G)**long, **(D)**long **(Em)**time a-go, **Downstrokes**
(Am)I can still re-**(C)**mem-ber how that **(Em)**mu-sic used to make me **(D)**smile.
 And **(G)**I knew, **(D)**if I **(Em)**had my chance,
 that **(Am)**I could make those **(C)**peo-ple dance
 and **(Em)**may-be they'd be **(C)**hap-py for a **(D)**while.
(Em) But Feb-ru-ar-y **(Am)**made me shiv-er, with **(Em)**ev-'ry pa-per **(Am)**I'd de-liv-er.
(C)Bad news **(G)**on the **(Am)**door-step, I **(C)**could-n't take one **(D)**more step.
 I **(G)**can't re-mem-**(D)**ber if I **(Em)**cried
 when I **(Am)**read a-bout his **(D)**wid-owed bride.
 But **(G)**some-thing **(D)**touched me **(Em)**deep in-side,
 the **(C)**day the **(D7)**mu-sic **(G)**died. **(D)**So...

Strum

Chorus 1: **(G)**Bye, **(C)**bye Miss A-**(G)**mer-i-can **(D)**Pie.
 Drove my **(G)**Chev-y to the **(C)**lev-ee but the **(G)**lev-ee was **(D)**dry.
 And them **(G)**good ole **(C)**boys were drink-in' **(G)**whis-key and **(D)**rye, sing-in'
(Em)"This-'ll be the day that I **(A7)**die, **(Em)**this-'ll be the day that I **(D7)**die."

(G) Did you write the **(Am)**book of love
 and do **(C)**you have faith in **(Am)**God a-bove, **(Em)** if the Bi-ble **(D7)**tells you so?
 Now, do **(G)**you be-**(D)**lieve in **(Em)**rock 'n' roll?
 Can **(Am7)**mu-sic save your **(C)**mor-tal soul?
 And **(Em)** can you teach me **(A7)**how to dance real **(D7)**slow?

Downstrokes Well, I **(Em)**know that you're in **(D)**love with him
 'cause I **(Em)**saw you danc-in' **(D7)**in the gym.

Strum You **(C)**both kicked **(G)**off your **(Am)**shoes.
 Man, I **(C)**dig those rhy-thm and **(D7)**blues.

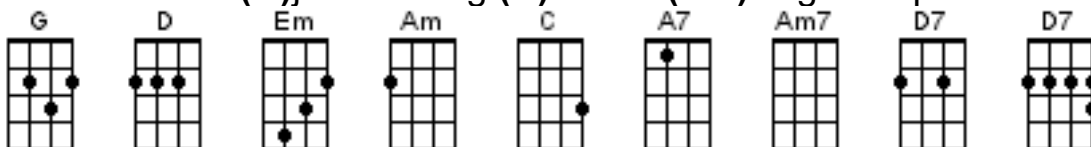
I was a **(G)**lone-ly **(D)**teen-age **(Em)**bronc-in' buck
 with a **(Am)**pink car-na-tion an' a **(C)**pick-up truck.
 But **(G)**I knew **(D)**I was **(Em)**out of luck the **(C)**day the **(D7)**mu-sic **(G)**died. ~~**(G)**~~
(G)I start-ed **(D)**sing-in',

Chorus 2: **(G)**Bye, **(C)**bye Miss A-**(G)**mer-i-can **(D)**Pie.
 Drove my **(G)**Chev-y to the **(C)**lev-ee but the **(G)**lev-ee was **(D)**dry.
 Them **(G)**good ole **(C)**boys were drink-in' **(G)**whis-key and **(D)**rye, sing-in'
(Em)"This-'ll be the day that I **(A7)**die, **(Em)**this-'ll be the day that I **(D7)**die."

End here

Now, for **(G)**ten years we've been **(Am)**on our own,
 and **(C)**moss grows fat on **(Am)**a roll-ing stone.
 But **(Em)**that's not how it **(D7)**used to be.

When the **(G)**jest-er sang **(D)**for the **(Em)**king and queen in



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(Am7)coat he bor-rowed (C)from James Dean.
And a (Em)voice that came (A7) from you and (D7)me.
Oh, and (Em)while the king was (D)look-ing down,
the (Em)jest-er stole his (D7)thorn-y crown.
The (C)court-room (G)was ad-(Am)joined.
No (C)ver-dict was re-(D7)turned.
And while (G)Len-in (D)read a (Em)book on Marx,
a (Am)quar-tet prac-ticed (C)in the park.
And (G)we sang (D)dir-ges (Em)in the dark the (C)day
the (D7)mu-sic (G)died. (C) (G)We were (D)sing-in',

Chorus 3:

(G)Bye, (C)bye Miss A-(G)mer-i-can (D)Pie.
Drove my (G)Chev-y to the (C)lev-ee but the (G)lev-ee was (D)dry.
And them (G)good ole (C)boys were drink-in' (G)whis-key and (D)rye, sing-in'
(Em)"This-'ll be the day that I (A7)die,(Em)this-'ll be the day that I (D7)die."

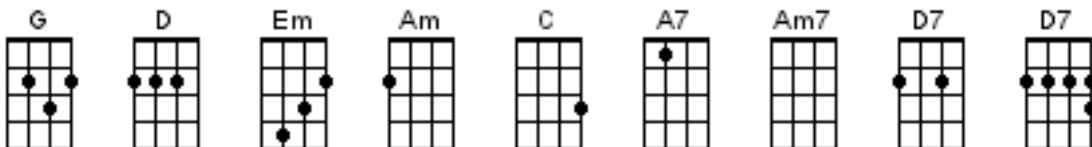
(G)Hel-ter Skel-ter in a (Am)sum-mer swelt-er,
the (C)birds flew off with the (Am)fall-out shelt-er,
(Em) eight miles high and (D7)fall-ing fa-a-a-a-st.
It (G)land-ed (D)foul (Em)on the grass.

The (Am7)play-ers tried for a (C)for-ward pass
with the (Em)jest-er on the (A7)side-lines in a (D7)cast.
Now, the (Em)half-time air was (D)sweet per-fume,
while (Em)serg-eants played a (D7)march-ing tune.
We (C)all got (G)up to (Am)dance. Oh, but we (C)nev-er got the (D7)chance.
'Cause the (G)play-ers (D)tried to (Em)take the field,
the (Am)march-ing band re-(C)fused to yield.
Do (G)you re-(D)call what (Em)was re-vealed,
the (C)day the (D7)mu-sic (G)died? (C) (G) We start-ed (D)sing-in',

Chorus 4:

(G)Bye, (C)bye Miss A-(G)mer-i-can (D)Pie.
Drove my (G)Chev-y to the (C)lev-ee but the (G)lev-ee was (D)dry.
And them (G)good ole (C)boys were drink-in' (G)whis-key and (D)rye, sing-in'
(Em)"This-'ll be the day that I (A7)die, (Em)this-'ll be the day that I (D7)die."

And (G)there we were all (Am)in one place;
a (C)gen-er-a-tion (Am)lost in space, with (Em)no time left to start a-(D7)gain.
So, come on, (G)Jack be (D)nim-ble, (Em)Jack be quick,
(Am7)Jack Flash sat on a (C)can-dle-stick
'cause (Em)fire is the (A7)dev-il's on-ly (D7)friend.



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And (**Em**)as I watched him (**D**)on the stage,
my (**Em**)hands were clenched in (**D7**)fists of rage.
No (**C**)ang-el (**G**)born in (**Am**)hell could (**C**)break that Sat-an's (**D7**)spell.
And as the (**G**)flames climbed (**D**)high in-(**Em**)to the night
to (**Am**)light the sac-ri-(**C**)fic-ial rite,
I saw (**G**)Sat-an (**D**)laugh-ing (**Em**)with de-light
the (**C**)day the (**D7**)mu-sic (**G**)died. (**C**) (**G**) He was (**D**)sing-in'...

Chorus 5: (**G**)Bye, (**C**)bye Miss A-(**G**)mer-i-can (**D**)Pie.
Drove my (**G**)Chev-y to the (**C**)lev-ee but the (**G**)lev-ee was (**D**)dry.
And them (**G**)good ole (**C**)boys were drink-in' (**G**)whis-key and (**D**)rye, sing-in'
(**Em**)"This-'ll be the day that I (**A7**)die, (**Em**)this-'ll be the day that I (**D7**)die."

(slower) (**G**) I met a (**D**)girl who (**Em**)sang the blues
and (**Am**)I asked her for some (**C**)hap-py news.
But (**Em**)she just smiled and turned a-(**D**)way.
(**G**)I went (**D**)down to the (**Em**)sa-cred (**G**)store
where I'd (**Am**)heard the (**G**)mu-sic (**C**)years be-fore.
But the (**Em**)man there said the (**C**)mu-sic would-n't (**D**)play.
And (**Em**)in the streets the (**Am**)chil-dren screamed,
the (**Em**)lov-ers cried and the (**Am**)po-ets dreamed.
But (**C**)not a (**G**)word was (**Am**)spo-ken, (**G**) the (**C**)church bells all were (**D**)bro-ken.
And the (**G**)three men (**D**)I ad-(**Em**)mire (**G**)most,
the (**C**)Fa-ther, Son, and the (**D**)Ho-ly Ghost,
they (**G**)caught the (**D**)last train (**Em**)for the coast
the (**C**)day the (**D7**)mu-sic (**G**)died.
And they were (**D**)sing-in',

Chorus 6: (**G**)Bye, (**C**)bye Miss A-(**G**)mer-i-can (**D**)Pie.
Drove my (**G**)Chev-y to the (**C**)lev-ee, but the (**G**)lev-ee was (**D**)dry.
Them (**G**)good ole (**C**)boys were drink-in' (**G**)whis-key and (**D**)rye, sing-in',
(**Em**)"This-'ll be the day that I (**A7**)die,
(**Em**)this-'ll be the day that I (**D7**)die."
They were sing-in',

Chorus 7: (**G**)Bye, (**C**)bye Miss A-(**G**)mer-i-can (**D**)Pie.
Drove my (**G**)Chev-y to the (**C**)lev-ee, but the (**G**)lev-ee was (**D**)dry.
And them (**G**)good ole (**C**)boys were drink-in' (**G**)whis-key and (**D**)rye, sing-in',
(**C**)"This-'ll be the (**D**)day that I (**G**)die." (**C**) (**G**)

