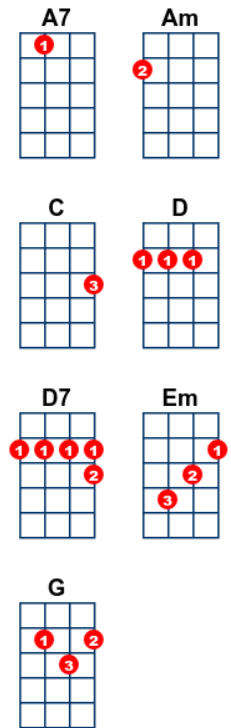


American Pie

key:D, artist:Don MacLean writer:Don MacLean

A [G] long, [D] long [Em] time ago, [Am] I can still re-
[C]member how
That [Em] music used to [D] make me smile. [D7]
I [G] knew [D] if I [Em] had my chance that [Am] I could make
those [C] people dance
and [Em] maybe they'd be [C] happy for a [D] while.
But [Em] February [Am] made me shiver, [Em] with every paper
[Am] I'd deliver,
[C] Bad news [G] on the [Am] doorstep, I [C] couldn't take one
[D] more step.
I [G] can't re-[D]member [Em] if I cried when I [Am] read
about his [D] widowed bride,
[G] Something [D] touched me [Em] deep inside, the [C] day,
the [D7] music, [G] died.



So [G] Bye - [C] bye, Miss A-[G]merican [D] Pie,
drove my [G] chevy to the [C] levee but the [G] levee was [D]
dry,
Them [G] good ole' [C] boys were drinkin' [G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'
[Em] This'll be the day that I [A7] die, [Em] this'll be the day that I [D] die. [D7]

[G] Did you write the [Am] book of love and do [C] you have faith in [Am] God
above,
[Em] if the Bible [D] tells you so? [D7]
Now do [G] you be-[D]lieve in [Em] rock and roll,
can [Am] music save your [C] mortal soul and
[Em] Can you teach me [A7] how to dance real [D] slow?
Well, I [Em] know that you're in [D] love with him,
'cause I [Em] saw you dancing [D] in the gym.
You [C] both kicked [G] off your [A7] shoes, man I [C] dig those rhythm and
[D7] blues.

I was a [G] lonely [D] teenage [Em] broncin' buck
with a [Am] pink carnation and a [C] pick up truck,
but [G] I knew [D] I was [Em] out of luck the [C] day, the [D7] music, [G] died
[C] [G]

So [G] Bye - [C] bye, Miss A-[G]merican [D] Pie,
drove my [G] chevy to the [C] levee but the [G] levee was [D] dry,
Them [G] good ole' [C] boys were drinkin' [G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'
[Em] This'll be the day that I [A7] die, [Em] this'll be the day that I [D] die. [D7]

[G] I met a [D] girl who [Em] sang the blues and I [Am] asked her for some [C]
happy news,

but [Em] she just smiled and [D] turned away. [D7]
[G] I went [D] down to the [Em] sacred store where I [Am] heard the music [C]
years before,
but the [Em] man there said the [C] music wouldn't [D] play.
And [Em] in the streets the [Am] children screamed,
the [Em] lovers cried and the [Am] poets dreamed,
but [C] not a [G] word was [Am] spoken, the [C] church bells all were [D]
broken.
And the [G] three men [D] I ad-[Em]mire most, the [Am] Father, Son and the
[D] Holy Ghost,
they [G] caught the [D] last train [Em] for the coast, the [C] day, the [Am] mu-
[D7]sic, [G] died.

[D] And they were singin'....
[G] Bye - [C] bye, Miss A-[G]merican [D] Pie,
drove my [G] chevy to the [C] levee but the [G] levee was [D] dry,
Them [G] good ole' [C] boys were drinkin' [G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'
[C] This'll be the [D] day that I [G] die [C] [G]