

American Pie

by Don McLean

{start_of_intro}

G C D G

{end_of_intro}

{start_of_verse}

G D C G
A long, long time ago, I can still remember
How that Em C D music used to make me smile
And I G D knew if I had my chance
That I C G could make those people dance
And maybe Em C they'd be happy for a D while

{end_of_verse}

{start_of_verse}

G D
But February made me shiver
With every C G paper I'd deliver
Em C
Bad news on the doorstep
I couldn't D G take one more step
I can't C D remember if I cried
When I G D read about the J3t plane crashin'
G Em
Kilin' Buddy Holly
And C D February came and G went

{end_of_verse}

{start_of_chorus}

G D C
So bye bye Miss American Pie
D G D
Drove my Chevy to the levy
But C G the levy was dry
Em C D G
And good ol' boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Singin' C D this'll be the day that I die
This'll be the C G day that I die

{end_of_chorus}

{start_of_verse}

G D C
Did you write the book of love
And do you G Em have faith in God above

If the ^C Bible tells ^D you so?
Now do you ^G believe in ^D rock and ^C roll?
Will you ^G go for ^{Em} a dancer?
Hold her ^C hand, ^D hold her ^G hand?

{end_of_verse}

{start_of_chorus}

^G Well, I know that you're ^D in love ^C with her
'Cause I ^G saw you dancin' ^{Em} in the ^C pale moon ^D light
By the ^G candlestick ^D pumpkin ^C patch
And the ^G gardener at the ^{Em} gate
Was wearing a ^C dark ^D gray ^G cloak ^C hiding ^D in the ^G mist
Singin' ^D this'll be the ^G day that I ^C die
This'll be the ^D day that ^G I die

{end_of_chorus}

{start_of_verse}

^G I met a girl who ^D sang the ^C blues
And I ^G asked her for some ^{Em} happy news
But she ^C just smiled and ^D turned away

{end_of_verse}

{start_of_verse}

^G I went down to the ^D sideshow
And ^C watched the ^G geeks ^{Em} crawlin' ^C out of the ^D woodwork
And ^D eatin' ^G fire
I saw ^D Cassanova ^C almost ^G die
He was ^{Em} bleedin' ^C from the ^D nose
Poor ^D guy ^G never had a ^C chance
And ^D anyway, he ^G told me
The ^{Em} jester ^C wrote the ^D song
For a ^G girl who ^C danced on the ^D stage in the ^G parlor

{end_of_verse}

{start_of_chorus}

^G And while I ^D read a ^C magazine
^D Dyin' ^G for the ^D love of ^C a ^G venusian ^{Em} toaster
You ^C held a ^D bible in your ^G hand
And the ^{Em} beauty ^C parlor ^D is under ^G arrest
Yeah, the ^C law was on her ^D side
And I saw ^G Sally ^C in the ^G garden

She was chasin' a gypsy
That was dippin' quarts in a Judy Collins rag
Singin' this'll be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die

{end_of_chorus}

{start_of_verse}

Now for ten years we've been on the road
Both sides, now approach in'
And while Satan laughs with delight
The holy roller preacher screams
From every news stand

{end_of_verse}

{start_of_chorus}

Now, do you believe in rock and roll?
Will you go for a dancer?
Hold her hand, hold her hand?
'Cause I saw you dancin' in the pale moon light
By the candlestick pumpkin patch
And the gardener at the gate
Was wearing a dark gray cloak [hiding] in the mist
Singin' this'll be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die

{end_of_chorus}

{start_of_bridge}

And there we were all in one place
A generation lost to time
We'd sung the songs of loved and hate
And we'd danced out of mind

{end_of_bridge}

{start_of_chorus}

They were singin' "Bye, bye Miss American Pie"
Drove my Chevy to the levy
But the levy was dry
And good ol' boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Singin' this'll be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die

{end_of_chorus}

{start_of_outro}

^G Helter skelter in a ^D summer ^C swelter
The ^G "Jester" sang for ^{Em} "King"
And ^C "Queen" in a ^D black ^G velvet ^C tone
Oh, and while the king was looking down
The ^D "Jester" stole his ^G thorny ^{Em} crown
The ^C courtroom was adjourned
No ^G verdict was ^D returned
And while ^G Lennon read a ^D book on ^C Marx
^{Em} The quartet practiced in the park
And we ^C sang dirges in the ^D dark
The ^C father, son, and the ^G holy ^C ghost
They ^D caught the ^G sacred ^C text
And then they taught the hymn
And they showed the ^D holy ^G ghost
Was ^C born before the ^D dawn
And stood a ^C shiverin' ^D king
Whose name is promised ^G never ^C be ^D named
And there's ^G killer on the ^D road
^{Em} His brain is ^C squirming ^D like a ^G toad
And though the church on ^C Sunday's ^D morn
Has ^D been ^G bored through ^C being ^D poor
^G But no one's ^D out there

{end_of_outro}

Final Chorus - Slow and Reflective

{start_of_chorus}

^G So bye bye ^D Miss American ^C Pie
^D Drove my ^G Chevy to the ^D levy
But ^C the levy was dry
And ^{Em} good ol' boys were ^C drinkin' ^D whiskey ^G and ^C rye
Singin' ^C this'll be the ^D day that I ^G die
This'll be the ^C day that I ^G die

{end_of_chorus}

{end_of_song}