

American Pie (Don McLean, ca. 1971) (F)

American Pie by Don McLean (1971) (G @ 138)

Concerning the impact of Feb. 3, 1959, "the day the music died"

4/4 Time

Intro (Note or chord) F ↓

F C Dm Gm Bb
A long, long time ago, I can still re-member,
Dm C7 | C7sus4 C7 C7sus2 C7
how that music used to make me smile.

F C Dm Gm Bb
And I knew if I had my chance that I could make those people dance
Dm Bb C7 | C7sus2 C7 C7sus4 C7 C7sus2 C7
And maybe they'd be happy for a while.

Dm ↓ Gm ↓ Dm ↓ Gm ↓
But February made me shiver, with every paper I'd deliver.

Bb F Gm Bb C [4 3 2 1]
Bad news on the doorstep, I couldn't take one more step.

F C Dm Gm C
I can't re-member if I cried, when I read about his widowed bride

F C Dm Bb C7 F↓↓ Bb↓ F↓
Something touched me deep inside the day the music died. So . . .

Chorus

F Bb F C F Bb F C
Bye, bye Miss A-merican Pie, drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry.

F Bb F C
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye,

Dm ↓ G7↓↓ Dm ↓ G7 ↓ Dm ↓ C7 | C7*
Singin' this'll be the day that I die. This'll be the day that I die. ↑ 1st Time Only
D | D7

F Gm Bb Gm
_ Did you write the Book of Love and do you have faith in God above?

Dm C7 | C7sus4 C7 C7sus2 C7
_ If the Bible tells you so.

F C Dm Gm Bb
Now do you be-lieve in rock and roll? Can music save your mortal soul? and

Dm G7 C7 | C7sus4 C7 C7sus2 C7
_ can you teach me how to dance real slow?

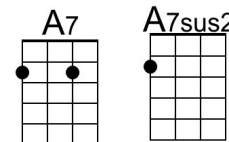
Dm ↓ C ↓ Dm ↓ C ↓ - C
Well, I know that you're in love with him 'cause I saw you dancing in the gym.

Bb F G7↓↓ G7sus2↑ G7 ↓
You both kicked off your shoes.

Bb C7↓↓ C7sus4 ↓ C7 ↓
Man, I dig those rhythm and blues.

F C Dm Gm Bb
I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck with a pink carnation and a pickup truck.

F C Dm Bb C7 F↓↓ Bb↓↓ F↓↓ C7↓↓
But I knew I was out of luck the day the music died. I started singin' **Chorus**



F **Gm** **Bb** **Gm**
 Now for ten years we've been on our own and moss grows fat on a rolling stone

Dm **C7** | **C7sus4** **C7** **C7sus2** **C7**
 But ___ that's not how it used to be.

F **C** **Dm** **Gm** **Bb**
 When the jester sang for the king and queen in a coat he borrowed from James Dean and

Dm **G7** **C** | **C7**↓↑↑↑ **C7sus2**↓ **C7**↓
 a voice that came from you and me.

Dm ↓ **C** ↓ **Dm** ↓ **C** ↓ - **C** ↓↑↓
 Oh, and ___ while the king was looking down, the jester stole his thorny crown,

Bb **F** **G7**↓↑ **G7sus2**↓↑ **G7**↓ **Bb** **C7**↓↑↓ **C7sus4**↓ **C7**↓
 The courtroom was ad-journed, no verdict was re-turned.

F **C** **Dm** **Gm** **Bb**
 And while Lenin read a book on Marx, the quartet practiced in the park

F **C** **Dm** **Bb** **C7** **F**↓↑↑↑ **Bb**↓↑↑↑ **F**↓↑↑↑ **C7**↓↑↑↑
 And we sang dirges in the dark the day the music died. **We were singin'** **Chorus**

F **Gm** **Bb** **Gm**
 Helter-skelter in a summer swelter, the birds flew off for the fallout shelter

Dm **C** | **C7**
 ___ Eight miles high and falling fast,

F **C** **Dm** **Gm** **Bb**
 it landed foul on the grass, the players tried for a forward pass,

Dm **G7** **C** | **C7**
 with the jester on the side-lines in a cast.

Dm ↓ **C** ↓ **Dm** ↓ **C** ↓ - **C**
 Now the half time air was sweet perfume, while sergeants played a marching tune.

Bb **F** **G7**↓↑ **G7sus2**↓↑ **G7**↓ **Bb** **C7**↓↑↓ **C7sus4**↓ **C7**↓
 We all got up to dance, oh, but we never got the chance,

F **C** **Dm** **Gm** **Bb**
 'Cause the players tried to take the field, the marching band re-fused to yield.

F **C** **Dm** **Bb** **C7** **F**↓↑↑↑ **Bb**↓↑↑↑ **F**↓↑↑↑ **C7**↓↑↑↑
 Do you re-call what was revealed the day the music died? **We started singin'** **Chorus**

F **Gm** **Bb** **Gm**
 Oh, and there we were all in one place, a generation lost in space

Dm **C** | **C7**↓↑↑↑ **C7sus2**↓ **C7**↓
 With no time left to start a-gain.

F **C** **Dm** **Gm** **Bb**
 So come on Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack Flash sat on a candlestick

Dm **G7** **C** | **C7**
 'cause fire is the devil's only friend.

Dm ↓ **C** ↓ **Dm** ↓ **C** ↓ **C** ↓ **C** ↓ - ↓↓
 Oh and as I watched him on the stage, my hands were clenched in fists of rage.

Bb **F** **G7**↓↑ **G7sus2**↓↑ **G7**↓ **Bb** **C7**↓↑↓ **C7sus4**↓ **C7**↓
 No angel born in hell could break that Satan's spell.

F **C** **Dm** **Gm** **Bb**
 And as the flames climbed high in-to the night to light the sacri-ficial rite

F **C** **Dm** **Bb** **C7** **F**↓↑↑↑ **Bb**↓↑↑↑ **F**↓↑↑↑ **C7**↓↑↑↑
 I saw Satan laughing with delight the day the music died. **He was singin'** **Chorus**

“Freely” (with limited strums)

F C Dm Gm Bb
 _ I met a girl who sang the blues and I asked her for some happy news,
Dm C7 | C7↓↑ C7sus4↓ C7↓↑ C7sus2↓ C7↓
 But she just smiled and turned away.
F C Dm F Gm F Bb
 I went down to the sacred store, where I heard the music years before,
Dm Bb C7 | C7↓↑ C7sus4↓ C7↓↑ C7sus2↓ C7↓
 but the man there said the music wouldn't play.
Dm ↓ Gm ↓ Dm ↓ Gm ↓
 And in the streets the children screamed, the lovers cried and the poets dreamed.
Bb F Gm Bb C - G5 D5 F5
 But not a word was spoken; the church bells all were broken.
F C Dm F Bb C7
 And the three men I admire most, the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost,
F C Dm Bb Gm C7 F↓↑↓ Bb↓ F↓ C7↓
 They caught the last train for the coast the day the music died. **And they were singin'**

Chorus (Measured)

F Bb F C F Bb F C
 Bye, bye Miss A-merican Pie, drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry.
F Bb F C
 Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye,
Dm ↓ G7 ↓ G7sus4 ↓ Dm ↓ C | C7
 Singin' this'll be the day that I die. This'll be the day that I die.

Outro (Up Tempo)

C7 C7sus2 C7 C7sus2 F Bb F C
 They were sing - in' bye, bye Miss A-merican Pie.
F Bb F C
 Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry.
F Bb F C
 Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye, **(Ritard.)**
Bb↓ C7↓ F↓ Bb↓ F↓
 Singing this'll be the day that I die. **(Hold)**