

American Pie (MySP G,D,C,Em,Am,D7,A7) - Don McLean www.strumfest.com.au

A [G] long, [D] long [Em] time ago [Am] I can still [C] remember how that
[Em] music used to [D] make me smile [D] And [G] I 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 [D]

[Em] But 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 [D]

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] daay the [D7] music [G] died [C] [G]

So [G] bye [C] bye, Miss [G] American [D] Pie
Drove my [G] Chevy to the [C] levee, but the [G] levee was [D] dry
Them [G] good old [C] boys were drinking [G] whiskey and [D] rye
Singing [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 above
[Em] If the bible [D] tells you so? [D] 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? [D]

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] broncing buck
With a [Am] pink carnation and a [D] pickup truck
But [G] I knew [D] I was [Em] out of luck The [C] day the [D] music [G] died [C] [G]

I started singing [G] bye [C] bye, Miss [G] American [D] Pie
Drove my [G] Chevy to the [C] levee, but the [G] levee was [D] dry
Them [G] good old [C] boys were drinking [G] whiskey and [D] rye
Singing [Em] "This'll be the day that I [A7] die [Em] This'll be the day that I [D7] die"

Now [G] for [D] ten years we've been [Em] on our own
And [Am] moss grows fat on a [C] rolling stone [Em] that's not how it [D] used to be [D]
When the [G] jester [D] sang for the [Em] king and queen
In a [Am] coat he borrowed [C] from James Dean
And a [Em] voice that clearly [C] came from you and [D] me [D]

And [Em] while the King was [Am] looking down The [Em] jester stole his [Am] thorny crown
The [C] courtroom [G] was [Am] adjourned No [C] verdict was [D] returned

And while [G] Lenin read a [D] book on Marx A [Em] quartet practiced [Am] in the park
And [G] we sang [D] dirges [Em] in the dark The [C] daay the [D7] music [G] died [C] [G]

We were singing [G] bye [C] bye, Miss [G] American [D] Pie
Drove my [G] Chevy to the [C] levee, but the [G] levee was [D] dry
Them [G] good old [C] boys were drinking [G] whiskey and [D] rye
Singing [Em] "This'll be the day that I [A7] die [Em] This'll be the day that I [D7] die"

[G] Helter [D] skelter in a [Em] summer swelter The [Am] birds flew off with a [C] fallout shelter
[Em] Eight miles high and [D] falling fast [D] It [G] landed [D] foul [Em] on the grass
The [Am] players tried for a [C] forward pass
With the [Em] jester on the [C] sidelines in a [D] cast [D]

[Em] Now the halftime air was [Am] sweet perfume
While the [Em] sergeants played a [Am] marching tune
[C] We all got [G] up to [Am] dance [C] Oh, but we never got the [D] chance [D]

[G] Because the [D] players tried to [Em] take the field
But The [Am] marching band [D] refused to yield
Do [G] you re [D] call what [Em] was revealed The [C] day the [D7] music [G] died? [C] [G]

We started singing [G] bye [C] bye, Miss [G] American [D] Pie
Drove my [G] Chevy to the [C] levee, but the [G] levee was [D] dry
Them [G] good old [C] boys were drinking [G] whiskey and [D] rye
Singing [Em] "This'll be the day that I [A7] die
[Em] This'll be the day that I [D7] die"

Oh, and [G] there we [D] were all [Em] in one place
A [Am] generation [C] lost in space
With [Em] no time left to [D] start again [D]
So come on, [G] Jack be [D] nimble, [Em] Jack be quick
[Am] Jack Flash sat on a [C] candlestick
Because [Em] fire is the [C] devil's only [D] friend [D]

Oh, [Em] as I watched him [Am] on the stage
My [Em] hands were clenched in [Am] fists of rage
No [C] angel [G] born in [Am] Hell
Could [C] break that Satan's [D] spell [D]

And the [G] flames climbed [D] high [Em] into the night
To [Am] light the sacrif [D] icial rite
I saw [G] Satan [D] laughing [Em] with delight
The [C] day the [D7] music [G] died [C] [G]

And He was singing
[G] bye [C] bye, Miss [G] American [D] Pie
Drove my [G] Chevy to the [C] levee, but the [G] levee was [D] dry
Them [G] good old [C] boys were drinking [G] whiskey and [D] rye
Singing [Em] "This'll be the day that I [G!] die"