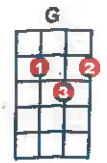


American Pie



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.

And I [G]knew if I [D]had my [Em]chance, that I [Am]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,
With [Em]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.

But [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 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]tell's you so?

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 your 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]pickup truck,

But [G]I knew [D]I was [Em]out of luck the [C]day, the [D7]music [G]died. [C] [G]I started

singing

[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 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]Now, for ten years we've been [Am]on our own and [C]moss grows fat on a [Am]rolling stone,

[Em]but... that's not how it used [D]to be.

When the [G]Jester [D]sang for the [Em]King and Queen in a [Am]coat he borrowed [C]from James Dean,

In a [Em]voice that came from you [A7]and [D]me.

Oh, and [Em]while the king was [D]looking down, the [Em]jester stole his [D]thorny crown.

The [C]courtroom [G]was adjourned, [A7] no [C]verdict was [D7]returned.

And while [G]Lennon [D]read a [Em]book on Marx, the [Am]quartet practiced [C]in the park,

And [G]we sang [D]dirges in [Em]the dark the [C]day the [D7]music [G]died.

[C]We [G]were singing

[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 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]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.
[G]I went [D]down to the [Em]sacred store, where I'd [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, [C]son and the [D]holy ghost,
They [G]caught the [D]last train [Em]for the coast, the [Am]day the [D7]music [G]died.

And they were singing...

[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 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 [D]die

they were singing...

[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 drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye, singing'
[C]this'll be the [D7]day that I [G]die. [C] [G]