

Don McLean - American Pie

Tom: G

A long long time ago...

I can still remember

How that music used to make me smile

And I knew if I had my chance

That I could make those people dance

And maybe they'd be happy for a while

But february made me shiver

With every paper I'd deliver.

Bad news on the doorstep

I couldn't take one more step

I can't remember if I cried

When I read about his widowed bride

But something touched me deep inside

The day the music died

So bye-bye miss american pie

Drove my chevy to the levee

But the levee was dry

And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Singin' this'll be the day that I die

This'll be the day that I die

Did you write the book of love

And do you have faith in God above

If the Bible tells you so?

Have you believe in rock 'n roll

Can music save your mortal soul

And can you teach me how to dance real slow?

Well I know that you're in love with him

`cause I saw you dancin' in the gym

You both kicked off your shoe

Man I dig those rhythm and blues

I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck

With a pink carnation and a pickup truck

But I knew I was out of luck

The day the music died

I started singin'

Bye-bye miss american pie

Drove my chevy to the levee

But the levee was dry

And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Singin' this'll be the day that I die

This'll be the day that I die

Now for ten years we've been on our own

And moss grows fat on a rollin' stone

But that's not how it used to be

When the jester sang for the king and queen

In a coat he borrowed from james dean

And a voice that came from you and me

Oh and while the king was looking down

The jester stole his thorny crown

The courtroom was adjourned

No verdict was returned

And while lenin read a book of marx

The quartet practiced in the park

And we sang dirges in the dark

The day the music died

We were singing

Bye-bye miss american pie

Drove my chevy to the levee

But the levee was dry

And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Singin' this'll be the day that I die

This'll be the day that I die

Helter skelter in a summer swelter

The birds flew off with a fallout shelter

Eight miles high and falling fast

It landed foul on the grass

The players tried for a forward pass

With the jester on the sidelines in a cast

Now the half-time air was sweet perfume

While the sergeants played a marching tune

We all got up to dance

Oh but we never got the chance!

`cause the players tried to take the field

The marching band refused to yield

Do you recall what was revealed

The day the music died?
 We started singing
 Bye-bye miss american pie
 Drove my chevy to the levee
 But the levee was dry
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Singin' this'll be the day that I die
 This'll be the day that I die

Oh and there we were all in one place
 A generation lost in space
 With no time left to start again
 So come on: jack be nimble jack be quick!
 Jack flash sat on a candlestick
 Cause fire is the devil's only friend
 Oh and as I watched him on the stage
 My hands were clenched in fists of rage
 No angel born in hell
 Could break that satan's spell
 And as the flames climbed high into the night
 To light the sacrificial rite
 I saw satan laughing with delight
 The day the music died
 He was singing

Bye-bye miss american pie
 Drove my chevy to the levee
 But the levee was dry
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Singin' this'll be the day that I die

This'll be the day that I die

I met a girl who sang the blues
 And I asked her for some happy news
 But she just smiled and turned away
 I went down to the sacred store
 Where I'd heard the music years before
 But the man there said the music wouldn't play
 And in the streets: the children screamed
 The lovers cried and the poets dreamed
 But not a word was spoken
 The church bells all were broken
 And the three men I admire most
 The father son and the holy ghost
 They caught the last train for the coast
 The day the music died
 And they were singing

Bye-bye miss american pie
 Drove my chevy to the levee
 But the levee was dry
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Singin' this'll be the day that I die
 This'll be the day that I die
 They were singing

Bye-bye miss american pie
 Drove my chevy to the levee
 But the levee was dry
 Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
 Singin' This'll be the day that I d--i--e!!

Acordes

