

American Pie

@!genrexxxxeg.@genre solo rock

A [G]long [D] long [Em7] time ago [Am] I can still re[C]member

how that [Em]music used to make me [D]smile And [G]I knew [D]if I had

[Em7]my chance that [Am]I could make those [C]people dance and

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[Em]maybe they'd be [C]happy for a [D]while.

[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[C]ouldn't take one

[D]more step I [G]can't re[D]member if I [Em]cried When I [Am7]read

about his [D]widowed bride. But [G]something [D]touched me [Em]deep

inside The [C]day the [D7]Music [G]Died

[G]bye [C]bye Miss A[G]merican [D]Pie Drove my [G]Chevy to the
[C]levy But the [G]levy was [D]dry. And them [G]good old [C]boys were

drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye. Singin' [Em hold]this'll be the day that
I [Am hold]die [Em hold]this'll be the day that I [D7 riff]die.

Verse 2 (w/ Folk Strum):

[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 riff] Do

[G]you be[D]lieve in [Em]Rock 'n Roll? Can [Am7]music save your

[C]mortal soul? And [Em]can you teach me [A7]how to dance [D]real
slow?

Well, I [Em hold]know that you're in [D hold]love with him 'cause I [Em
hold]saw you dancin' [D hold]in the gym. You [C]both kicked [G]off your

[D] shoes Man, I [C]dig those [G] 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 [D7]singin'

Chorus

Verse 3 (w/ Folk Strum):

[G]Now for ten years we've been [Am]on our own And [C]moss grows fat

on a [Am]rollin' stone [Em] But that's not how it [D]used to be

[D riff] When the [G]jester [D]sang for the [Em]King and Queen. In

a [Am7]coat he borrowed [C]from James Dean And a [Em]voice that

[A7]came from [D]you and me. [D riff]

Oh, and [Em hold]while the King was [D hold]looking down The [Em

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hold]jester stole his [D hold]thorny crown The [C]courtroom [G] was

(0)

ad[D]journd No [C]verdict was re[D7]turned And while [G]Lennon

[D]read a [Em]book of Marx The [Am]court kept practice [C]in the park.

And [G]we sang [D]dirges [Em]in the dark The [C]day the [D7]Music

[G]Died. [C] [G] We were [D7]singin'

Chorus

Verse 4 (w/ Folk Strum):

[G]Helter-Skelter in a [Am]summer swelter The [C]Byrds flew off with a

[Am]fallout shelter. [Em]Eight Miles High and [D]falling fast

[D riff] It [G]landed [D]foul out [Em]on the grass. The

[Am7]players tried [C]for a forward pass But the [Em]jester's [A7]on

the sidelines [D]in a cast. [D riff]

Now the [Em hold]half-time air was [D hold]sweet perfume While the [Em

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hold]sergeants played a [D hold]marching tune [C]We all got [G]up to

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[D]dance But we [C]never got [D7]the chance. 'cause the [G]players

[D]tried to [Em]take the field The [Am]marching band re[C]fused to

yield. Do you [G] re[D]call what [Em]was revealed the [C]day the

[D7]Music [G]Died? [C] [G] We started [D7]singin'

Chorus

Verse 5 (w/ Folk Strum):

Oh, and [G]there we were all [Am]in one place A [C]generation

[Am]Lost in Space [Em]With no time left to [D]start again [D riff]

So come on, [G]Jack be nimble. [Em]Jack be quick Jack [Am7]Flash sat

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on a [C]candlestick 'cause [Em]fire is the [A7]Devil's only [D]friend

Oh, and [Em hold]as I watched him [D hold]on the stage My [Em

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hold]hands were clenched in [D hold]fists of rage [C]No angel [G]born in

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(0)
[D]hell Could [C]break that Satan's [D7]spell And as the [G]flames
climbed [D]high in[Em]to the night To [Am]light the sacri[C]fical rite. I
saw [G]Satan [D]laughing [Em]with delight The [C]day the [D7]Music
[G]Died [C] [G] He was [D7]singin'

Chorus

Verse 6 (hold each chord):

I [G]met a [D]girl who sang the [Em]blues And I [Am]asked her for some

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[C]happy news. But [Em]she just smiled and turned [D]away I [G]went
down [D]to the sacred [Em7]store. Where I'd [Am]heard the music

[C]years before But the [Em]man there said the [A7]music wouldn't

(2)
[D]play.

And in the [Em]streets the children [Am]screamed The [Em]lovers cried,
and the poets [Am]dreamed. But [C]not a [G]word was [Am]spoken The

(0)
[C]Church bells all were [D7]broken And [G]three men [D]I
ad[Em]mire most The [Am7]Father, Son and the [G]Holy Ghost. They
[G]caught the [D]last train [Em]for the coast The [C]Day the [D7]Music
[G]Died. And they were singing

Chorus

(continue Chorus Strum)

They were singing

[G]bye [C]bye Miss A[G]merican [D]Pie Drove my [G]Chevy to the

(0) (0)
[C]levy But the [G]levy was [D]dry. And them [G]good old [C]boys were

drinking [G]whiskey and [D]rye. Singin' [G]this'll be the [D]day
that I [G hold]die [C hold] [G hold]