

# American Pie

Written by: Don MacLean



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. [D7]  
I [G] 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.

But [Em] 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.  
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] day, the [D7] music, [G]  
died. So...

[CHORUS]

[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 drinkin'  
[G] whiskey and [D] rye, singin'  
[Em] This'll be the day that I [A7] die, [Em]  
this'll be the day that I [D] die. [D7]

[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? [D7]  
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 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]  
broncin' buck  
with a [Am] pink carnation and a [C] pick  
up truck,  
but [G] I knew [D] I was [Em] out of luck  
the [C] day, the [D7] music, [G] died. [C]  
[G] So...

[REPEAT CHORUS]

[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. [D7]  
[G] I went [D] down to the [Em] sacred  
store where I [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, Son and the [D]  
Holy Ghost,  
they [G] caught the [D] last train [Em] for  
the coast, the [C] day, the [Am] mu-[D7]sic,  
[G] died.  
[D] And they were singin'....

[REPEAT CHORUS]