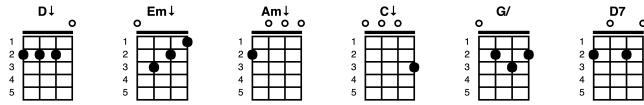


American Pie. 1971. Don McLean. (The Full Monty).

Key of D



4/4 time. Straight in.

Verse 1

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 [G↓] I knew [D↓] if I [Em↓] had my chance,
that [Am↓] I could make those [D↓] 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 on the [Am↓] doorstep,
I [C↓] couldn't take one [D7↓] more step
I [G↓] can't re-[D↓]-member [Em↓] if I cried
When [C↓] I read about his [D7↓] widowed bride
[G↓] Something [D↓] touched me [Em↓] deep inside
The [C↓] day the [D7↓] music [G/] died [C/] [G/] [D7]

Chorus

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
And them [G/] good ole [C/] boys were drinking [G/] whiskey and [D/] rye
Singin' [Em↓] this'll be the day that I [A↓] die
[Em↓] This'll be the day that I [D7] die [D7]

Verse 2

[G] _ Did you write the [D/] book of [Em/] love
And do [Am] _ you have faith in [D] God above
[Em] If the Bible [D] tells you so? [D]
Do [G] you believe in [D/] rock and [Em/] roll?
Can [Am] music save your [D] mortal soul?
And [Em] _ Can you teach me [A7] how to dance real [D] slow? [D]

Well, [Em↓] I know that you're in [D↓] love with him
'Cause I [Em↓] saw you dancin' [D↓] in the gym
You [C] both kicked off your [Am] shoes
Man, [C] I dig those rhythm and [D] blues
I was a [G] lonely teenage [D/] broncin' [Em/] 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 [D7] singin'

Chorus

[G/] Bye, [C/] bye Miss [G/] American [D/] Pie
Drove my [G/] Chevy to the [C/] levee but the [G/] levee was [D/] dry
And them [G/] good ole [C/] boys were drinking [G/] whiskey and [D/] rye
Singin' [Em↓] this'll be the day that I [A↓] die
[Em↓] This'll be the day that I [D7] die [D7]

Verse 3

Now, for [G] ten years we've been [D/] on our [Em/] own
And [Am] moss grows fat on a [D] rolling stone
But, [Em] that's not how it [D] used to be [D]
When the [G] jester sang for the [D/] king and [Em/] queen
In a [Am] coat he borrowed [D] from James Dean
And a [Em] voice that [A7] came from you and [D] me [D]

Oh and [Em↓] while the king was [D↓] looking down
The [Em↓] jester stole his [D↓] thorny crown
The [C] courtroom was ad-[Am]-journed
No [C] verdict was re-[D]-turned
And while [G] Lennon read a [D/] book on [Em/] Marx
The [Am] quartet practiced [D] in the park
And [G/] we sang [D/] dirges [Em] in the dark
The [C] day the [D] music [G/] died, [C/] [G/] We were [D7/] singin'

Chorus

[G/] Bye, [C/] bye Miss [G/] American [D/] Pie
Drove my [G/] Chevy to the [C/] levee but the [G/] levee was [D/] dry
And them [G/] good ole [C/] boys were drinking [G/] whiskey and [D/] rye
Singin' [Em↓] this'll be the day that I [A↓] die
[Em↓] This'll be the day that I [D7] die [D7]

Final Chorus

[G/] Bye, [C/] bye Miss [G/] American [D/] Pie
Drove my [G/] Chevy to the [C/] levee but the [G/] levee was [D/] dry
And them [G/] good ole [C/] boys were drinking [G/] whiskey and [D/] rye
Singin' [Em↓] this'll be the day that I [A↓] die
[Em↓] This'll be the day that I [D7] die [D7↓]

Early finish

Verse 4

[G] Helter skelter in a [D/] summer [Em/] swelter,
the [Am] birds flew off with a [D] fallout shelter
[Em] Eight miles high and [D] falling fast,
it [G] landed foul [D/] on the [Em/] grass
The [Am] players tried for a [D] forward pass,
with the [Em] jester on the [A7] sidelines in a [D] cast [D]

Now the [Em↓] half-time air was [D↓] sweet perfume,
while [Em↓] sergeants played a [D↓] marching tune
[C] We all got up to [Am] dance,
Oh, but we [C] never got the [D] chance
'Cause the [G] players tried to [D/] take the [Em/] field.
The [Am] marching band re-[D]-fused to yield
Do [G/] you re-[D/]-call what [Em] was revealed.
The [C] day the [D] music [G] died? [C/] We [G/] started [D7/] singin',

Chorus

[G/] Bye, [C/] bye Miss [G/] American [D/] Pie
Drove my [G/] Chevy to the [C/] levee but the [G/] levee was [D/] dry
And them [G/] good ole [C/] boys were drinking [G/] whiskey and [D/] rye
Singin' [Em↓] this'll be the day that I [A] die
[Em↓] This'll be the day that I [D7] die [D7]

Verse 5

Oh, [G] and there we were all [D/] in one [Em/] place,
a [Am] generation [D] lost in space
With [G] no time left to [D] start again. [D]
So come on [G] Jack be nimble, [D/] Jack be [Em/] quick
[Am] Jack Flash sat on a [D] candlestick, '
[Em] Cause fire is the [A7] devil's only [D] friend [D]

Oh and [Em↓] as I watched him [D↓] on the stage,
my [Em↓] hands were clenched in [D↓] fists of rage
[C] No angel born in [Am] Hell, could [C] break that Satan's [D] spell
And as the [G] flames climbed high in-[D/]-to the [Em/] night,
To [Am] light the sacri-[D]-ficial rite
I saw [G/] Satan [D/] laughing [Em] with delight,
The [C] day the [D] music [G/] died [C/] He [G/] was [D7/] singin',

Chorus

[G/] Bye, [C/] bye Miss [G/] American [D/] Pie
Drove my [G/] Chevy to the [C/] levee but the [G/] levee was [D/] dry
And them [G/] good ole [C/] boys were drinking [G/] whiskey and [D/] rye
Singin' [Em↓] this'll be the day that I [A↓] die
[Em↓] This'll be the day that I [D7] die [D7]

Verse 6

I [G↓] 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
I [G↓] went down [D↓] to the [Em↓] sacred store
Where I'd [Am↓] heard the music [D↓] 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 word was [Am↓] spoken
The [C↓] church bells all were [D7↓] broken
And the [G↓] three men [D↓] I ad-[Em↓]-mire most
The [C↓] Father, Son, and the [D↓] Holy Ghost
They [G↓] caught the [D↓] last train [Em↓] for the coast
The [C↓] day the [D↓] music [G/] died [C/] [G/] and they were [D7/] singin'

Chorus

[G/] Bye, [C/] bye Miss [G/] American [D/] Pie
Drove my [G/] Chevy to the [C/] levee but the [G/] levee was [D/] dry
And them [G/] good ole [C/] boys were drinking [G/] whiskey and [D/] rye
Singin' [Em↓] this'll be the day that I [A↓] die
[Em↓] This'll be the day that I [D7] die [D7]. They were singin'

Final Chorus

[G/] Bye, [C/] bye Miss [G/] American [D/] Pie
Drove my [G/] Chevy to the [C/] levee but the [G/] levee was [D/] dry
And them [G/] good ole [C/] boys were drinking [G/] whiskey and [D/] rye
Singin' [Em↓] this'll be the day that I [A↓] die
[Em↓] This'll be the day that I [D7] die [D7↓]

