

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
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 But the levee was dry
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
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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
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 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

