

# 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

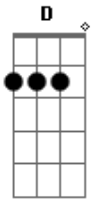
This'll be the day that I die

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

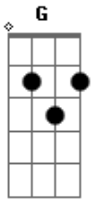
Bye-bye miss american pie  
 Drove my chevy to the levee  
 But the levee was dry  
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
 Singin' this'll be the day that I die  
 This'll be the day that I die  
 They were singing

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!!

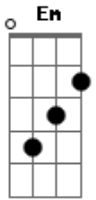
## Acordes



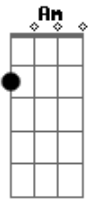
© ukulele-chords.com



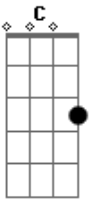
© ukulele-chords.com



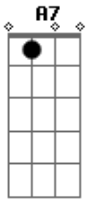
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com