

American Pie

Don McLean

- A long, long time ago,
I can still remember how that music used to make me smile
And I know 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
Something touched me deep inside
The day the music died

R: So bye, bye Miss American Pie
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will 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?
Do you believe in rock and 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 'cuz I saw you dancin' in the gym
You both kicked off your shoes, 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'

R:
- Now for ten years we've been on our own,
and moss grows fat on a rolling 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 in a voice that came from you and me
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 on Marx, the quartet practiced in the park
And we sang dirges in the dark the day the music died, we were singin'

R:

Helter skelter in a summer swelter
the birds flew off with a fallout shelter, eight miles high and fallin' fast
It landed foul on the grass
the players tried for a forward pass, with the jester on the sidelines in a cast
Now at halftime there was sweet perfume, while sergeants played a marching song
We all got up to dance, but we never got the chance
'Cuz the players tried to take the field, the marching band refused to yield
Do you recall what was the feel the day the music died, we started singin'

R:
- 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 candle
stick, 'cuz fire is the devil's only friend
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 singin'
R:

5. 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
But 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 singin'

R: (2x)