"American Pie"

By Don McLean

 [Intro]

 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

[Chorus]

 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"

[Verse 1]

 Did you write the book of love

 And do you have faith in God above

 If the Bible tells you so?

 Now 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

 'Cause 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

[Chorus]

 I started singin' 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 die

 This'll be the day that I die"

[Verse 2]

 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 on Marx

 A quartet practiced in the park

 And we sang dirges in the dark

 The day the music died

[Chorus]

 We were singin' 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 die

 This'll be the day that I die"

[Verse 3]

 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 halftime 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?

[Chorus]

 We started singin' 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

 And singin' "This'll be the day that I die

 This'll be the day that I die"

[Verse 4]

 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 singin' 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

 And singin' "This'll be the day that I die

 This'll be the day that I die"

[Outro]

 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 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"

[Chorus]

 They were singin' 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

 And singin' "This'll be the day that I die"