

Don McLean – American Pie ¹

Chorus Strum: D D U D D U 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 +	Folk Strum: D D U U D U 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 +
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Chord Guide			
G: 3 4 3x0003	D: 132 xx0232	Em7: 1 020000	Am: 231 x02210
C: 32 1 x32010	Em: 12 022000	D7: 213 xx0212	A7: 1 2 x02020
Am7: 2 1 x02010			

Verse 1 (hold each chord):

A ^(1/2)[G]long ^(1/2)[D] long [Em7] time ago [Am] I can still re[C]member
 how that [Em]music used to make me ⁽²⁾[D]smile And ^(1/2)[G]I knew ^(1/2)[D]if I had
 [Em7]my chance that [Am]I could make those [C]people dance and
 [Em]maybe they'd be [C]happy for a ⁽²⁾[D]while.

[Em]But February [Am]made me shiver [Em]With every paper [Am]I'd
 deliver [C]Bad news ^(1/2)[G]on the ^(1/2)[Am]doorstep I c[C]ouldn't take one
 [D]more step I ^(1/2)[G]can't re^(1/2)[D]member if I [Em]cried When I [Am7]read
 about his ^(1/2)[D]widowed bride. But ^(1/2)[G]something ^(1/2)[D]touched me [Em]deep
 inside The ⁽²⁾[C]day the [D7]Music [G]Died

Chorus:

^(1/2)[G]bye ^(1/2)[C]bye Miss A^(1/2)[G]merican ^(1/2)[D]Pie Drove my ^(1/2)[G]Chevy to the
^(1/2)[C]levy But the ^(1/2)[G]levy was ^(1/2)[D]dry. And them ^(1/2)[G]good old ^(1/2)[C]boys were
 drinking ^(1/2)[G]whiskey and ^(1/2)[D]rye. Singin' [Em hold]this'll be the day that
 I [Am hold]die [Em hold]this'll be the day that I ⁽²⁾[D7 riff]die.

Verse 2 (w/ Folk Strum):

[G]Did you write the [Am]book of love And do [C]you have faith in
 [Am]God above? [Em]If the Bible [D]tells you so. [D riff] Do
^(1/2)[G]you be^(1/2)[D]lieve in [Em]Rock 'n Roll? Can [Am7]music save your
 [C]mortal soul? And [Em]can you teach me [A7]how to dance ⁽²⁾[D]real
 slow?

Well, I [**Em hold**]know that you're in [**D hold**]love with him 'cause I [**Em hold**]saw you dancin' [**D hold**]in the gym. You [**C**]both kicked [**G**]off your [**D**] shoes Man, I [**C**]dig those [**G**] rhythm and [**D7**]blues. I was a [**G**]lonely [**D**]teenage [**Em**]bronzin' buck With a [**Am**]pink carnation and a [**C**]pickup truck. But [**G**]I knew [**D**]I was [**Em**]out of luck The [**C**]day the [**D7**]music [**G**]died [**C**] [**G**] I started [**D7**]singin'

Chorus

Verse 3 (w/ Folk Strum):

[**G**]Now for ten years we've been [**Am**]on our own And [**C**]moss grows fat on a [**Am**]rollin' stone [**Em**] But that's not how it [**D**]used to be [**D riff**] When the [**G**]jester [**D**]sang for the [**Em**]King and Queen. In a [**Am7**]coat he borrowed [**C**]from James Dean And a [**Em**]voice that [**A7**]came from [**D**]you and me. [**D riff**]

Oh, and [**Em hold**]while the King was [**D hold**]looking down The [**Em hold**]jester stole his [**D hold**]thorny crown The [**C**]courtroom [**G**] was ad[**D**]joined No [**C**]verdict was re[**D7**]turned And while [**G**]Lennon [**D**]read a [**Em**]book of Marx The [**Am**]court kept practice [**C**]in the park. And [**G**]we sang [**D**]dirges [**Em**]in the dark The [**C**]day the [**D7**]Music [**G**]Died. [**C**] [**G**] We were [**D7**]singin'

Chorus

Verse 4 (w/ Folk Strum):

[G]Helter-Skelter in a [Am]summer swelter The [C]Byrds flew off with a
 [Am]fallout shelter. [Em]^(½)Eight Miles High and [D]^(½)falling fast
 [D riff] It [G]landed [D]foul out [Em]on the grass. The
 [Am7]players tried [C]for a forward pass But the [Em]jester's [A7]on
 the sidelines [D]in a cast. [D riff]

Now the [Em hold]half-time air was [D hold]sweet perfume While the [Em
 hold]sergeants played a [D hold]marching tune [C]^(½)We all got [G]^(½)up to
 [D]dance But we [C]never got [D7]the chance. 'cause the [G]players
 [D]^(½)tried to [Em]take the field The [Am]marching band re[C]fused to
 yield. Do you [G]^(½) re[D]^(½)call what [Em]was revealed the [C]day the
 [D7]^(½)Music [G]^(½)Died? [C]^(½) [G]^(½) We started [D7]^(½)singin'

Chorus

Verse 5 (w/ Folk Strum):

Oh, and [G]there we were all [Am]in one place A [C]generation
 [Am]Lost in Space [Em]With no time left to [D]start again [D riff]
 So come on, [G]Jack be nimble. [Em]Jack be quick Jack [Am7]Flash sat
 on a [C]candlestick 'cause [Em]fire is the [A7]⁽²⁾Devil's only [D]friend

Oh, and [Em hold]as I watched him [D hold]on the stage My [Em
 hold]hands were clenched in [D hold]fists of rage [C]^(½)No angel [G]^(½)born in
 [D]hell Could [C]break that Satan's [D7]spell And as the [G]flames
 climbed [D]^(½)high in[Em]to the night To [Am]light the sacri[C]fical rite. I
 saw [G]^(½)Satan [D]^(½)laughing [Em]with delight The [C]day the [D7]Music
 [G]^(½)Died [C]^(½) [G]^(½) He was [D7]^(½)singin'

Chorus

Verse 6 (hold each chord):

I ^(½)[G]met a ^(½)[D]girl who sang the [Em]blues And I ⁽²⁾[Am]asked her for some ^(½)[C]happy news. But [Em]she just smiled and turned ^(½)[D]away I [G]went down ^(½)[D]to the sacred [Em7]store. Where I'd [Am]heard the music [C]years before But the [Em]man there said the [A7]music wouldn't ⁽²⁾[D]play.

And in the [Em]streets the children [Am]screamed The [Em]lovers cried, and the poets ^(½)[Am]dreamed. But ^(½)[C]not a ^(½)[G]word was ^(½)[Am]spoken The ^(½)[C]Church bells all were ^(½)[D7]broken And ^(½)[G]three men ^(½)[D]I ad[Em]mire most The [Am7]Father, Son and the [G]Holy Ghost. They ^(½)[G]caught the ^(½)[D]last train [Em]for the coast The [C]Day the [D7]Music [G]Died. And they were singing

Chorus

(continue Chorus Strum)

They were singing ^(½)[G]bye ^(½)[C]bye Miss A^(½)[G]merican ^(½)[D]Pie Drove my ^(½)[G]Chevy to the ^(½)[C]levy But the ^(½)[G]levy was ^(½)[D]dry. And them ^(½)[G]good old ^(½)[C]boys were drinking ^(½)[G]whiskey and ^(½)[D]rye. Singin' ^(½)[G]this'll be the ^(½)[D]day that I [G hold]die [C hold] [G hold]