

Don Mclean

"American Pie"

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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 drinking whiskey and rye
Singing 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?
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 dancing in the gym
You both kicked off your shoes
Man, I dig those rhythm and blues

I was a lonely teenage bronc'n' buck
With a pink carnation and a pickup truck
But I knew I was out of luck
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 drinking whiskey and rye

Singing 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 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
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
The quartet practiced in the park
And we sang dirges in the dark
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 drinking whiskey and rye
Singing 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
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 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
Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye
And singing 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
Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye
And singing 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
Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye
Singing 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 drinking whiskey and rye
Singing this'll be the day that I die

