

Don McClean

"American Pie"

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American Pie

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 ev'ry paper I'd deliver
Bad news on the door step
I couldn't take one more step
I can't remember if I creid
When I read about this widowed bride
Something touched me deep inside
The day the music died, so

*Bye bye Miss American Pie
Drove my chevy to the levy
But the levy was dry
Then 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
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
Then I digged those rhythm and blues
I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck
With a pink carnation and a pick up truck
But I knew I was out of luck
The day the music died, I started singing

(Repeat *)

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 practised in the park

And we sang digges in the dark
The day the music died, we were singin'

(Repeat *)

Helter Skelter in a summer swelter
The birds flew off with a fallout shelter
Eight miles high and fallin' fast
Plant a flower 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
But we never got a 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 singin'

(Repeat *)

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
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 was satan laughing with delight
The day the music died, he was singin',

(Repeat *)

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 men 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 holy ghost
They caught the last train for the coast
The day the music died
And they were snigin'

(Repeat *)

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