Fa - ther, Son and the Ho - ly Ghost. They caught the last train for the coast the
day the mu - sic died. And they were sing - in'.

This - 'll be the day that I die.

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 the quartet practiced in the park
And we sang dirges in the dark
The day the music died
We were singin'... bye-bye... etc.

3. Holter-skelter in the 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 coat
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 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 singin'... bye-bye... etc.

4. 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 saw Satan laughing with delight the day the music died.
He was singin'... bye-bye... etc.
I went down to the sacred store where I 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
Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry. Them

good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye Singin'

this'll be the day that I die, This'll be the day that I

Ad lib.

I met a girl who sang the blues and

I asked her for some happy news, But she just smiled and turned away.
dig those rhythm and blues. I was a lonely teenage
bronc-in' buck with a pink carnation and a pick-up truck. But
I knew I was out of luck the day the mu-
sic died. I started singing-

He was sing-in' bye bye, Miss American Pie Drove my
C    Am    Em    D
— have faith in God a-bove? — If the Bi-ble tells you so —

G    D    Em    Am7
Now do you be-lieve in rock and roll. Can mu-sic save your

C    Em    A7    D
mor-tal soul and can you teach me how to dance real slow?

Em    D    Em
Well, I know that you're in love with him 'cause I saw you dance in'

D    C    G    A7
in the gym. You both kicked off your shoes. Man, I

American Pie - 7 - 3
In a moderate tempo

So bye-bye, Miss American Pie Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry.

Them good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye Singin'

This'll be the day that I die, This'll be the day that I die.

*1. Did you write the book of love and do you...*
AMERICAN PIE

Words and Music by DON McLEAN

Prologue:

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,