

# American Pie

Don McLean

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 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  
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  
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  
And singin' "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  
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  
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"  
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?  
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"  
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"  
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  
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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"

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