

# American Pie Arr. For Spa Strummers by TC 03/07/20

C G/B Am7  
A long, long time ago,  
Dm F Am G  
I can still remember how that music used to make me smile  
C G/B Am7  
And I knew if I had my chance,  
Dm F Am F G  
That I could make those people dance and maybe they'd be happy for a while  
Am Dm Am Dm  
But February made me shiver, with every paper I'd deliver  
F C/E Dm F G  
Bad news on the doorstep, I couldn't take one more step  
C G/B Am Dm7 G  
I can't remember if I cried when I read about his widowed bride  
C G/B Am  
Something touched me deep inside  
F G7 C  
The day the music died  
  
C F C G  
So bye, bye Miss American Pie  
C F C G  
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
C F C G  
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
Am\* D7\* Am\* G7  
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die  
  
C Dm  
Did you write the book of love  
F Dm Am G  
And do you have faith in god above, if the bible tells you so?  
C G/B Am  
Do you believe in rock and roll  
Dm7 F Am D7 G  
Can music save your mortal soul and can you teach me how to dance real slow?  
Am\* G\* Am\* G\*  
Well I know that you're in love with him 'cuz I saw you dancin' in the gym  
F C/E D7 F G7  
You both kicked off your shoes, man I dig those rhythm and blues  
C G/B Am Dm F  
I was a lonely teenage bronckin' buck with a pink carnation and a pickup truck  
C G/B Am F G7 C F C  
But I knew I was out of luck the day the music died, I started singin'

C F C G  
Bye, bye Miss American Pie  
C F C G  
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
C F C G  
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
Am\* D7\* Am\* G7  
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

C Dm  
Now for ten years we've been on our own,  
F Dm Am G  
and moss grows fat on a rolling stone but that's not how it used to be  
C G/B Am  
When the jester sang for the king and queen  
Dm7 F Am D7 G  
in a coat he borrowed from James Dean in a voice that came from you and me  
Am\* G\* Am\* G\*  
Oh, and while the king was looking down, the jester stole his thorny crown  
F C/E D7 F G7  
The courtroom was adjourned, no verdict was returned  
C G/B Am Dm F  
And while Lennin read a book on Marx, the quartet practiced in the park  
C G/B Am F G7 C F C  
And we sang dirges in the dark the day the music died, we were singin'

C F C G  
Bye, bye Miss American Pie  
C F C G  
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
C F C G  
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
Am\* D7\* Am\* G7  
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

C Dm  
 Helter skelter in a summer swelter  
 F Dm Am G  
 the birds flew off with a fallout shelter, eight miles high and fallin' fast  
 C G/B Am  
 It landed foul on the grass  
 Dm7 F Am D7 G  
 the players tried for a forward pass, with the jester on the sidelines in a cast  
 Am\* G\* Am\* G\*  
 Now the half-time air was sweet perfume, while sergeants played a marching tune  
 F C/E D7 F G7  
 We all got up to dance, but we never got the chance  
 C G/B Am Dm Fm  
 'Cuz the players tried to take the field, the marching band refused to yield  
 C G/B Am F G7 C F C  
 Do you recall what was revealed the day the music died, we started singin'

C F C G  
 Bye, bye Miss American Pie  
 C F C G  
 Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
 C F C G  
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
 Am\* D7\* Am\* G7  
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

C Dm  
 And there we were all in one place,  
 F Dm Am G  
 a generation lost in space, with no time left to start again  
 C G/B Am Dm7 F  
 So come on Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack Flash sat on a candle  
 Am D7 G  
 stick, 'cuz fire is the devil's only friend  
 Am\* G\* Am\* G\*  
 And as I watched him on the stage, my hands were clenched in fists of rage  
 F C/E D7 F G7  
 No angel born in Hell could break that Satan's spell  
 C G/B Am Dm F  
 And as the flames climbed high into the night to light the sacrificial rite  
 C G/B Am F G7 C F C  
 I saw Satan laughing with delight the day the music died, he was singin'

C F C G  
Bye, bye Miss American Pie

C F C G  
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry

C F C G  
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Am\* D7\* Am\* G7  
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

C G/B Am  
I met a girl who sang the blues

Dm F Am G  
And I asked her for some happy news, but she just smiled and turned away

C G/B Am  
I went down to the sacred store

Dm F Am F  
Where I'd heard the music years before, but the man there said the music

G  
wouldn't play

Am\* Dm\* Am\* Dm\*  
But in the streets the children screamed, the lovers cried and the poets dreamed

F C/E Dm F G  
But not a word was spoken, the church bells all were broken

C G/B Am Dm7 F G7  
And the three men I admire most, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost

C G/B Am F G7 C  
They caught the last train for the coast the day the music died,

N.C.

And they were singin'

C F C G  
Bye, bye Miss American Pie

C F C G  
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry

C F C G  
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Am\* D7\* Am\* G7  
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

C F C G  
They were singin' bye, bye Miss American Pie

C F C G  
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry

C F C G  
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

F G7 C F C  
Singin' this will be the day that I die.