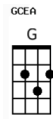


American Pie - Don McLean

Short version



BRITONE



[Verse] - Strum pattern D DU UDU

[D] [D7]

[G] Did you write the [Am] book of love and do

[C]you have faith in [Am] God above,

[Em] if the Bible [D] tells you so? [D7]

Now do [G//] you be-[D//]lieve in [Em] rock and roll,

can [Am] music save your [C] mortal soul and

[Em] Can you teach me [A7] how to dance real [D] slow?

Well, I [Em] know that you're in [D] love with him, —1 down strum each chord

`cause I [Em] saw you dancing [D] in the gym.

You [C//] both kicked [G//] off your [A7] shoes, —back to D DU Strum pattern

man I [C] dig those rhythm and [D] blues.

I was a [G//]lonely [D//]teenage [Em]broncin' buck — on Em start D DU UDU

with a [Am] pink carnation and a [C] pick up truck,

but [G//] I knew [D//] I was [Em] out of luck

the [C] day, the [D7] music, [G//] died. [C//]

[G]I started [D]singing

[Chorus] - Strum D DU

So [G//]Bye -[C//]bye, Miss A-[G//]-merican [D//]Pie,

drove my [G//]Chevy to the [C//]levee but the [G//]levee was [D//]dry,

Them [G//]good ole' [C//]boys were drinkin'

[G//]whiskey and [D//]rye, singin'

[Em]This'll be the day that I [A7]die, --1 down strum each chord here

[Em]this'll be the day that I [D]die. [D7]

[Verse]

Now for ten[G] years, we've been [Am]on our own;

and [C]moss grows fat on a [Am]rolling stone,

but[Em]that's not how it [D]used to be

When the [G]jester sang for the [Em]king and queen

In a [Am]coat he borrowed [C]from James Dean

And a [Em]voice that [A]came from you and [D]me

Oh, and [Em]while the king was [Am]looking down,

the [Em]jester stole his [Am]thorny crown

the [C//]court room [G//]was adjourned, no[C] verdict was ret-[D]-urned
And while [G//]Lennon re-[D//]-ad a [Em]book on Marx,
the qu-[Am]-artet practiced in[C] the park;
and we[G//] sang di-[D//]-rges in the dark,
the [C]day the [D]music [G//]died[C//]
[G]we were [D]singing

[Chorus] - Strum D DU

So [G//]Bye -[C//]bye, Miss A-[G//]-merican [D//]Pie,
drove my [G//]Chevy to the [C//]levee but the [G//]levee was [D//]dry,
Them [G//]good ole' [C//]boys were drinkin'
[G//]whiskey and [D//]rye, singin'
[Em]This'll be the day that I [A7]die, --1 down strum each chord here
[Em]this'll be the day that I [D]die. [D7]

[Verse]

[G]Helter skelter in a [Am]summer swelter
the [C]birds flew off with a [Am]fallout shelter,
[Em]eight miles high and [D]fallin' fast
it lan-[G]-ded foul on[Em] the grass
the [Am]players tried for a [C]forward pass,
with the [Em]jester on the sidelines [A]in a [D]cast
Now the [Em]half-time air was [D]sweet perfume,
while [Em]sergeants played a [D]marching tune
We [C//]all got up[G//] to da-[Am]-nce, but we [C]never got the [D]chance
'Cuz the [G//]players [D//]tried to [Em]take the field,
the [Am]marching band ref-[C]-used to yield
Do [G//]you rec-[D//]-all what [Em]was revealed
the [C]day the [D]music [G//]died[C//]
[G]we started [D]singin'

[Chorus] - Strum D DU

So [G//]Bye -[C//]bye, Miss A-[G//]-merican [D//]Pie,
drove my [G//]Chevy to the [C//]levee but the [G//]levee was [D//]dry,
Them [G//]good ole' [C//]boys were drinkin'
[G//]whiskey and [D//]rye, singin'
[Em]This'll be the day that I [A7]die, --1 down strum each chord here
[Em]this'll be the day that I [D]die. [D7] [D7 – Hold]