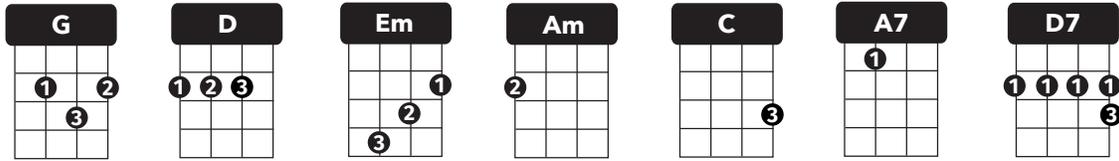


# AMERICAN PIE

by Don McLean, 1971

(working version for Patrons only)

Ukulele arrangement by Cynthia Lin, <http://cynthialin.com/ukulele>



*island strum; on split measures, play the swing strum [ d du - d du ]*

## INTRO

**G/ D/ Em/ Am/ C/**  
A long, long time ago I can still re-member how that  
**Em/ D/**  
music used to make me smile  
**G/ D/ Em/ Am/ C/**  
And, I knew if I had my chance I could make those people dance and  
**Em/ A7/ D/**  
maybe they'd be happy for a while  
**Em/ Am/ Em/ Am/**  
But February made me shiver, with every paper I'd deliver  
**C/ G/ Am/ C/ D/**  
Bad news on the doorstep, I couldn't take one more step  
**G/ D/ Em/ Am/ D/**  
I can't re-member if I cried, when I read about his widowed bride  
**G/ D/ Em/ C/ D7/ G/**  
Something touched me deep inside, the day the music died

## CHORUS

**[ G - C ] [ G - D ]**  
So bye-bye, Miss A-merican Pie  
**[ G - C ] [ G - D ]**  
Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
**[ G - C ] [ G - D ]**  
Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye, singing  
**Em/ A7/ Em/ D7 (island strum) D7**  
This will be the day that I die, This will be the day that I die



CHORUS [G - C] [G - D] [G - C] [G - D]  
 Bye- bye, Miss A-merican Pie Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
 [G - C] [G - D]  
 Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye, singing  
 Em/ A7/ Em/ D7 D7  
 This will be the day that I die, This will be the day that I die

VERSE3 G Am C Am  
 Helter Skelter in the summer swelter, the birds flew off with a fallout shelter  
 Em D D  
 Eight Miles high and falling fast  
 [G - D] Em Am C  
 lan-ded foul on the grass, the players tried for a forward pass with the  
 Em A7 D D  
 Jester on the sidelines in a cast  
 Em/ D/ Em/ D/  
 Now, the halftime air was sweet perfume while the Sergeants played a marching tune  
 [C - G] A7 C D7  
 We all got up to dance, oh, but we never got the chance  
 [G - D] Em Am C  
 'Cause the players tried to take the field, the marching band re-fused to yield  
 [G - D] Em C D7 [G - C][G - D]  
 Do you re-call what was the feel the day the music died? We started singing

CHORUS

VERSE4 G Am C Am  
 And there we were all in one place, a generation Lost in Space  
 Em D D  
 With no time left to start again  
 [G - D] Em Am C  
 So, come on, Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack Flash sat on a candle stick 'cause  
 Em A7 D D  
 Fire is the Devil's only friend  
 Em/ D/ Em/ D/  
 And, as I watched him on the stage my hands were clenched in fists of rage  
 [C - G] A7 C D7  
 No angel born in Hell could break that satan's spell  
 [G - D] Em Am C  
 And as the flames climbed high in- to the night to light the sacri-ficial rite, I saw  
 [G - D] Em C D7 [G - C][G - D]  
 Satan laughing with delight the day the music died, he was singing

CHORUS [G - C] [G - D] [G - C] [G - D]  
 Bye- bye, Miss A-merican Pie Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
 [G - C] [G - D]  
 Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye, singing  
 Em/ A7/ Em/ D7 D7  
 This will be the day that I die, This will be the day that I die

OUTRO G/ D/ Em/ Am/ C/  
 I met a girl who sang the Blues, and I asked her for some happy news  
 Em/ D/  
 But she just smiled and turned away  
 G/ D/ Em/ Am/ C/  
 I went down to the sacred store where I'd heard the music years before  
 Em/ A7/ D/  
 but the man there said the music wouldn't play  
 Em/ Am/ Em/ Am/  
 But in the streets the children screamed, the lover's cried, and the poets dreamed  
 C/ G/ Am/ C/ D/  
 Not a word was spoken, the church bells all were broken  
 G/ D/ Em/ Am/ D/  
 And the three men I admire the most, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
 G/ D/ Em/ C/ D7/ G/  
 they caught the last train for the coast the day the music died, and they we're singin'

CHORUS [G - C] [G - D] [G - C] [G - D]  
 Bye- bye, Miss A-merican Pie Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
 [G - C] [G - D]  
 Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye, singing  
 Em/ A7/ Em/ D7 D7  
 This will be the day that I die, This will be the day that I die, they were singing

FINAL CHORUS  
 [G - C] [G - D] [G - C] [G - D]  
 Bye- bye, Miss A-merican Pie Drove my Chevy to the levy but the levy was dry  
 [G - C] [G - D]  
 Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye, singing  
 C D7 G/ C/ G/  
 This will be the day that I die