

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, Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Singing, "This'll be the day that I die", This will 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, Do you believe in rock 'n' 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 dancing in the gym  
You both kicked off your shoes, Then 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 singing bye-bye, Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee. But the levee was dry  
Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Singing, "This'll be the day that I die"  
This will be the day that I die....

Now for ten years we've been on our own  
And moss grows fat on a rolling 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 of Marx, The Quartet practiced in the park  
And we sang dirges in the dark, The day the music died..

We were singing, bye-bye Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee, But the levee was dry  
Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Singing, "This'll be the day that I die", This will be the day that I die...

Helter skelter in the 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 singing bye-bye, Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
And singing, "This'll be the day that I die", This will 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 singing bye-bye, Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
And singing, "This'll be the day that I die" This will 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 singing bye-bye, Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Singing, "This'll be the day that I die"

This will be the day that I die

They were singing bye-bye, Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
Them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Singing, "This'll be the day that I die"