

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  
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 ole boys were drinking 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?  
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, 'cos 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  
And them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
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 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 Lennon read a book on Marx, the 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  
And them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
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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 a forward pass with the jester on the sidelines in a cast  
Now the half-time air was sweet perfume while sergeants played a marching tune  
We all got up to dance, oh but we never got the chance  
'cos the players tried to take the field, the marching band refused to yield  
Do you recall what was revealed, the day the music died?

[continued...]

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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, 'cos 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  
And them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
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 singing... Bye-bye Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
And them good ole boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
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They were singing... Bye-bye Miss American Pie  
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