AD LIB.

Prologue:

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, 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.

In a moderate tempo

So bye, Miss American Pie—Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry. Them good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye. Singin'

this'll be the day that I die,

This'll be the day that I die.

*1. Did you write the book of love... and do you

See the last page for the lyrics of verses 5, 3 and 4.
Have faith in God above?
If the Bible tells you so

Now 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 'cause I saw you dancin'

In the gym, you both kicked off your shoes. Man, I
dig those rhythm and blues._I was a lonely teenager._

broncein buck with a pink carnation and a pick-up truck._ But _

I knew I was out of luck the day _

music died._ I started singing _

He was singin'_ bye bye, Miss American Pie Drove my _

American Pie - 7-4
Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry.

good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

this'll be the day that I die,

Ad lib.

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 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
2. Now for ten years we've been on our own, and moss grows fat on a rollin' 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 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...etc.

3. Helter-skelter in the summer swelter the birds flew off with a fallout shelter
Eight miles high and fallin' 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 half-time air was sweet perfume while the sergeants played a marching tune
'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 singin',...bye-bye...etc.

4. 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
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...etc.