



## AMERICAN PIE

Don McLean



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,  
But something touched me deep inside,  
The day the music died.

{Refrain}

So bye-bye, Miss\_American Pie.  
<sup>7</sup>Drove my chevy to the levee  
But the levee was dry,  
And good\_old boys were drinkin' 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 '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 dancin' in the gym.  
You both kicked off your shoes;  
Man, I dig those rhythm and blues.

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<sup>7</sup> (I)

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'  
**So bye-bye, Miss\_American Pie.**  
**Drove my chevy to the levee, but the levee was dry,**  
**And good\_old boys were drinkin' 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 rollin' stone,  
But that's not how it used to be.  
When the jester<sup>8</sup> 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<sup>9</sup>,  
No verdict was returned.  
And while Lennon read a book of Marx,  
The quartet practiced in the park,  
And we sang dirges<sup>10</sup> in the dark,  
The day the music died.

We were singing  
**So bye-bye, Miss\_American Pie.**  
**Drove my chevy to the levee, but the levee was dry,**  
**And good\_old boys were drinkin' whiskey\_and rye,**  
**Singin' this'll be the day that\_I die.**  
**This'll be the day that\_I die.**

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<sup>8</sup> jester = bufón

<sup>9</sup> The courtroom was adjourned = el Tribunal levantó la sesión

<sup>10</sup> dirges = cantos fúnebres

Helter Skelter<sup>11</sup> in a summer swelter<sup>12</sup>,  
The Byrds flew off with a fallout shelter<sup>13</sup>,  
Eight miles high and falling fast.  
It landed foul out 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.  
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<sup>14</sup>,  
Do you recall what was revealed?  
The day the music died.

We started singing  
**So bye-bye, Miss\_American Pie.**  
**Drove my chevy to the levee, but the levee was dry,**  
**And good\_old boys were drinkin' whiskey\_and rye,**  
**Singin' this'll be the day that\_I die.**  
**This'll 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<sup>15</sup>, 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<sup>16</sup>.  
No angel born in hell  
Could break that Satan's spell<sup>17</sup>,

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<sup>11</sup> Helter Skelter = atropelladamente, caótico

<sup>12</sup> swelter = sofoco

<sup>13</sup> fallout shelter = refugio antinuclear

<sup>14</sup> yield = ceder

<sup>15</sup> nimble = ágil

<sup>16</sup> My hands were clenched in fists of rage = "Mis manos estaban apretadas en puños de furia"

<sup>17</sup> spell = maleficio, hechizo

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  
So bye-bye, Miss\_American Pie.  
Drove my chevy to the levee, but the levee was dry,  
And good\_old boys were drinkin' 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  
So bye-bye, Miss\_American Pie.  
Drove my chevy to the levee  
But the levee was dry,  
And good\_old boys were drinkin' whiskey\_and rye,  
Singin' this'll be the day that\_I die.  
This'll 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 drinkin' whiskey\_and rye,  
Singin' this'll be the day that\_I die.