**"American Pie"**

*[Intro]*
A long, long time ago
I can still remember how that ­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ used to make me smile
And I knew if I had my \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
That I could make those people dance
And maybe \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ be happy for a while
But \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ made me shiver
With every paper I'd deliver
Bad news on the doorstep
I\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ take one more step
I can't remember if I \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
When I read about his widowed bride
But something touched me deep inside
The day the music \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

*[Chorus]*
So bye-bye, Miss \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Pie
Drove my \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to the levee, but the levee was dry
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Singin' "\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ be the day that I die
This'll be the day that I die"

Did you write the book of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
And do you have faith in God above
If the Bible tells you so?
Now do you believe in \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Can music save your mortal soul
And can you \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_me how to dance real slow?
Well, I know that \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_in love with him
'Cause I saw you dancin' in the gym
You both \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ off your shoes
Man, I dig those \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and blues
I was a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ teenage broncin' buck
With a pink carnation and a pickup truck
But I knew I was out of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
The day the music died

*[Chorus]*
*[Verse 2]*
Now for ten years \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ been on our own
And moss grows fat on a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ stone
But that's not how it used to be
When the jester sang for the king and queen
In a coat he \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ from James Dean
And a voice that came from you and me

Oh, and while the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ was looking down
The jester stole his thorny \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
The courtroom was adjourned
No verdict was \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

And while Lenin read a book on Marx
A quartet \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ in the park
And we sang dirges in the dark
The day the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ died

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