**"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

**"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