Recorded by DON MCLEAN on CNITED ARTHS 13 Records



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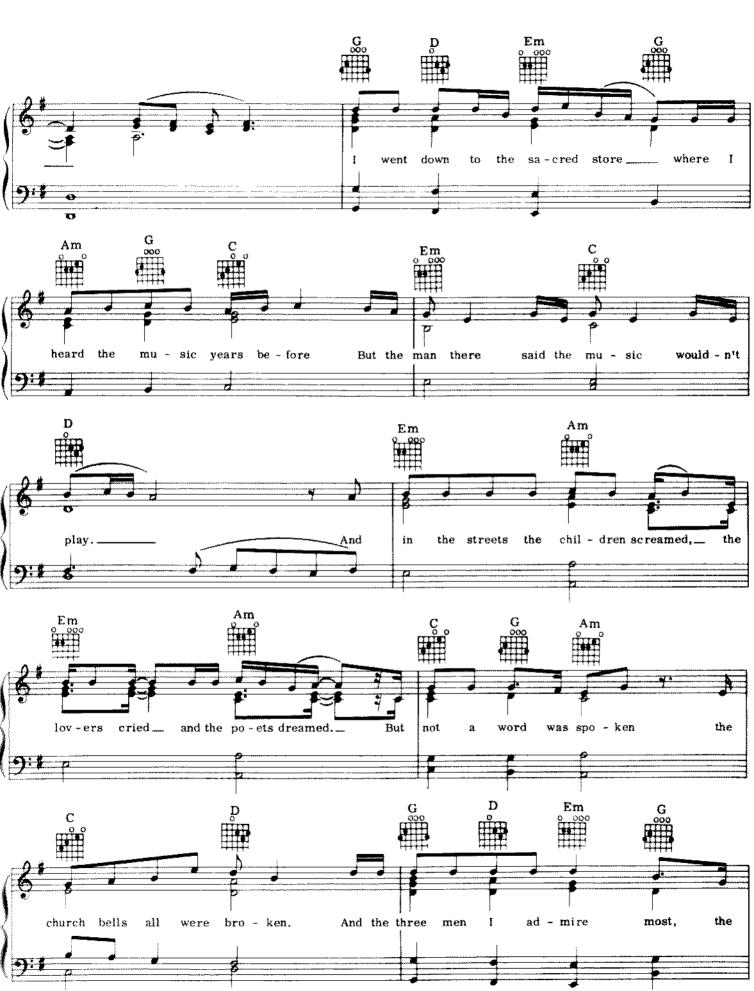


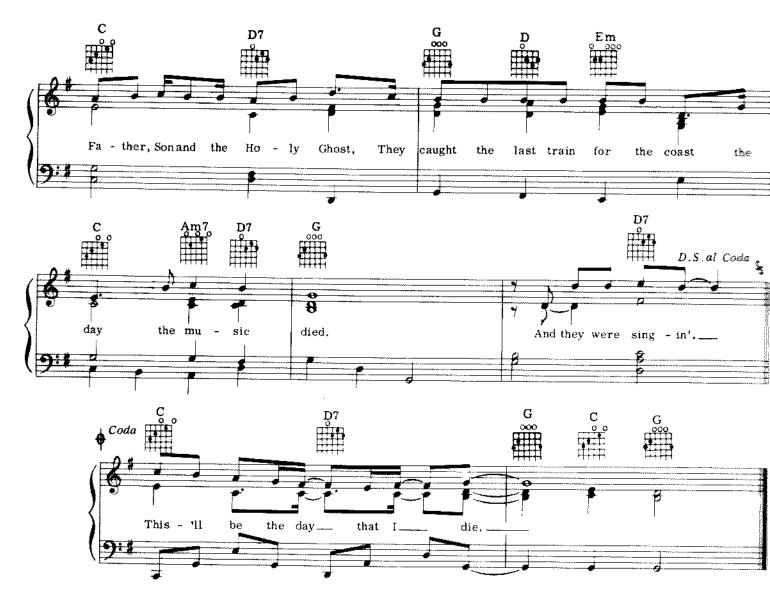
C Am Em D











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 Lennin 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 We all got up to dance but we never got the chance '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.

OUR PRICE

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 cl 0127-01 AMERICAN PIE/MCLEA wisht to light the sacrificial rite 1992643 He was singin'... by

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