Did you write the book of love?

And do you have faith in God above?

If the Bible tells you so

Now, 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

Cuz I saw you dancin’ in the gym

You both kicked off your shoes

Man I dig those rhythm n blues

I was a lonely teenage broncin’ buck

With a pink carnation and a pickup truck

But I knew that I was out of luck

The day the music died

I started singin’

Bye, bye Miss American Pie

Drove my Chevy to the levy

But the levy was dry

And good ol’ boys were drinkin’

Whiskey and rye

Singin’ this’ll be the day that I die

This I’ll be the day that I die

Now for ten years we’ve been on our own

And moss grows fat on a rolling stone

But that’s now 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 Lennon read a book of Marx

The quartet practiced in the park

And we sang dirges in the dark

The day the music died

We were singin’

(CHORUS)

Helter-Skelter in a summer swelter

The Byrds flew off with a fallout shelter

Eight miles high and falling fast

It landed foul out on the grass

The players tried for a forward pass

But the jester's on the sideline’s in a cast

Now the half-time air was sweet perfume

While the sergeant’s 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’

(CHORUS)

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, jack be quick

Jack Flash sat on a candlestick

Cuz fire is the Devil’s only friend

Oh 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’

(CHORUS)

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 admired most

The Father, Son and the Holy Ghost

They caught the last train for the coast

The day the music died

And they were singin’

(CHORUS X2)