American Pie

Tori Amos

In the streets, the children screamed
The lovers cried, and the poets dreamed
And not a word was spoken
The church bells, all were brokenThe three men I admired most
The Father, Son, and The Holy Ghost
They took the last train for the coast
The day the music diedThey were singing, "Bye, bye, Miss American Pie"
I drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry
Them good ol' boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Singing, "This'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die"And the three men I admired most
The Father, Son, and The Holy Ghost
They took the last train for the coast
The day the music died

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