

# Tori Amos, American Pie

In the streets the children screamed  
The lovers cried, and the poets dreamed  
And not a word was spoken  
The church bells all were broken

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

They 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