The Legendary Songs of Don McLean

Over 25 favorites, including

American Pie · Castles in the Air · Magdalene Lane · Tapestry · Vincent (Starry Starry Night)
TILL TOMORROW

Words and Music by DON McLEAN

Slowly

What can this be, can you tell me? Would you like to discover why we're not free to be lovers? I've been wanting to ask you, Where has all the love gone and

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what have we become?
Storm clouds full of thunder move

silent as they drum And when they're gone,
We'll be fine till tomorrow.
Though I hope it won't rain,
you will be mine; And my

sorrow will take wings in the morning;
High above the heavens a
rainbow paints the sky;

White doves sing their songs of love, I watch them as they fly and wonder

What can this be, can you tell me? Would you like to discover why we're not free to be lovers?
WINTERWOOD

Words and Music by DON McLEAN

Moderately

No one can take your place with me,
The birds like leaves on winterwood,

And time has proven that I'm right;
Sing hopeful songs on dismal days;

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There's no place I'd rather be,
They've learned to live life as they should,

Than at your place for the night.
They're at peace with Nature's ways.

No time can pass your sight unseen,
You are as natural as the night,

No moment steals away unfound;
And all that springs from you is good;
Life-time lived in such a dream,
And the children born beneath your light,

Floats like a feather to the ground,
Are like the birds on winter wood.

And for the first time I've been seeing
The things I'd never notice
without you.

And for the first time I'm discovering
The things I used to treasure.

about you.
MAGDALENE LANE

Words and Music by DON McLEAN

Medium bright tempo

1. The angels are lost in the city of stars, The wise men are
   down on their knees; And the Fruitman of Freeway will
   sell you his cars, When he's sure that you can't find the keys.

2. M.G.M. Studios can't make the nut, They're auctioning
   Dorothy's shoes; And the Gambler is gone, the Good
   Witch is a slut, And I've got the parking lot blues.

3. The Prophet has come to the kingdom of lights, But there's no one to
   listen or learn And the Savior performs for the
   Prophet's delight, While dissenters are banished or burned.
And the ladies on Magdalene Lane
The Wizard brought Benza-drine smiles,
And the heretics beg to be heard,
All And he But the

worship the sun and the sand;
And the migrants who never let Dorothy doze;
She died as she Savior's on tour for the week;
Salvation is
come can't complain,
For this is their Promised
came down the aisle,
And all that remains is her found in His word,
If only He'd learn how to

Land.
clothes.
speak.
And

La la la la la la la la la

2nd & 3rd time
La la la la la la la la.

2. Over the rainbow a Kansas tornado
Lincoln is laughing with Amos 'n' Andy,
Concerning the little girl's head;
War;
Aunt Em's on relief and the
And Paul Revere sleeps with the
Tin Man’s a thief, And everyone the Wizard can’t wake the worst looking creeps, While revolution’s knocking at his dead door.

La la la la la la la la,

La la la la la la la

D.S. at

Segue

1. C7

2. F Gm7 C7 F Gm7 C7

3. The Magdalene Lane is the red light domain, Where
ev'ryone's soul is for sale,
A piece of your heart will do for a start,
You can send us the rest in the mail.
For we have our own families to feed,
And we can't let them starve just for you;
But we'd...
Rather not watch while you bleed. So come back in an hour when you're through. It's just another city full of sorrows. Makes no difference why I came.

And I only know I'm leaving here tomorrow And
only the motel man knows my name.
CROSSROADS

Words and Music by DON McLEAN

Moderately

I've got nothing on my mind, nothing to remember,
Can you remember who I was, can you still feel it?

Nothing to forget, And I've got nothing to regret,
Can you find my pain? Can you heal it?

But I'm all tied up on the inside,
Then lay your hands upon me now,
And no one knows quite what I've
And cast this darkness from my
got; soul: And I know that on the outside, What I
You alone can light my way,
used to be, I'm not, any more.
You alone can make me whole once again.

You know I've heard about people like me, But I never made the connection;
We've walked both sides of every street, They walk one road to set them free,
Through all kinds of windy weather;

They walk one road to set them free,
But that was never our defeat,
And find they've gone the wrong direction.
As long as we could walk together.
But there's no need for turning back,
'Cause all roads lead to where I stand;
And I believe I'll walk them all,
No matter what I may have planned.

2. Em Cmaj7
planned.

rall.
CIRCUS SONG

Moderate four (folk)

Cotton candy, two for a quarter, See if the fat man can guess your weight; A
Roller coasters make me dizzy, Cotton candy makes me sick; I

big stuffed tiger is what I bought her, And I'm go-in' home 'cause it's late,
wish I had some bromo fizzle, And that would do the trick.

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Ev'ryone knows that the clowns aren't happy, And ev'ryone knows that the people don't care; I wish I could laugh at the way that they're acting, But I'm so sick, I just don't dare to.
High wire dancers kick and balance
White silk horses step in time
The tattooed man displays his talents
I’m not the talented kind.

I always go to the circus on Sunday
And there I can laugh at the people I see
But when I leave home in the morning on Monday
Everybody laughs at me.

I make other people nervous
I guess that’s why they laugh at me
But to me my life is a three-ring circus
And I can see it for free.

Have you seen my wife Elvira
She can tame a lion you know
I once had a bushy mane
But that was so damn long ago.

Tight-collared clowns in plastic buildings
Have happy families as their fate
Happy jobs and happy clubs
And happy people they hate.

Everyone’s juggling and everyone’s acting
With smiles of grease paint three feet wide
Everyone’s caught on a carousel pony
One time around is a lifetime ride.
Verse:

There is no time to discuss or debate. What is right, what is

come from the north and they come from the south. And they come from the

wrong for our people. Time has run out for

hills and the valleys. And they're migrants and farmers

all those who wait, With bent limbs and minds that are feeble.

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rain falls and blows through their window, And the snow falls and

blows through their door; And the seasons revolve 'mid their sounds of starvation, When the

tides rise they cover the floor.

2. And they
3. And they're

African, Mexican, Caucasian, Indian Hungry and helpless A
Americans. The orphans of wealth and of adequate help Dis-

owned by this nation they live in. 4. And with weather-worn hands on

bread lines they stand Yet but one more degradation.

Yes, and they're treated like tramps while we sell them food stamps This
And the

5. And with roaches and rick-ets and rats in the thick-ets Infested, dis-

eased and decay-ing. With rags and no shoes and skin sores that

ooze By the poisonous pools they are play-ing.

6. In shacks of two
rooms that are rotting wood tombs with corpses breathing in-
side them.

And we pity their plight as they call in the

night And we do all that we can do to hide them.

And the

rain falls and blows through their window, But the snow falls
in white drifts that fold; And the tides rise

floods in the nursery And a child is crying, he's hungry and cold. His life has been sold, His young face looks old, It's the face of America dying!
EVERYBODY LOVES ME BABY

Words and Music by
DON McLEAN

Verse:

1. Fortune has me well in hand,
   Armies wait at
   my command;
   My gold lies in a foreign land,
   Buried deep beneath the sand.

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Angels guide my every tread,
My enemies are sick or dead,
But all the victories I've led

Have 'n't brought you to my bed,
You see,

Chorus:
Everybody loves me, baby,
What's the matter with you?
2. The purist race I’ve bred for thee,
To live in my democracy;
The highest human pedigree awaits your first born boy baby.

My face on every coin engraved,
The anarchists are all enslaved;
My own flag is forever waved by the grateful people I have saved
You see, (Chorus)

3. No land is beyond my claim,
When land is seized in the people’s name;
By evil men who rob and maim,
If war is hell, I’m not to blame.

Why you can’t blame me, I’m Heaven’s child,
I’m the second son of Mary mild;
And twice removed from Oscar Wilde,
But he didn’t mind, why he just smiled.
You see, (Chorus)

4. Now the ocean parts when I walk through,
The clouds dissolve, the sky turns blue;
I’m held in very great value by
Everyone I meet but you.

’Cause I’ve used my talents as I could
I’ve done some bad, I’ve done some good;
I did a whole lot better than they thought I could,
So come on and treat me like you should.
Because (Chorus)
Slowly

Freely D
(A bass) D7 (D bass) A D (D bass)

The spirit of Fatima still rules the earth,
She knows your future, she

knows what it's worth.
Sister Fatima has God-given powers,

On Forty Second Street a shop that sells flowers is her palace, come and be
She knows all your bus'ness, your health and your ills,
She'll counsel your weddings, divorces and wills. For

full restoration, five dollars an hour, And with each consultation, a free holy flower, And if she likes you, you can have
two.

And I came from nowhere like you and your

friend, My searching and wandering went on without end. My

fortune was dimmed, my spirit was crushed, In one sacred

moment my questions were hushed. I'm a servant of
faith in this garden of truth, I'm a humble recruit of the taffeta booth; Where all things are known, but few are repaired, Where sins are forgotten and sickness is healed. For five dollars, the flower is free.
TAPESTRY

Words and Music by DON McLEAN

1. Ev'ry thread of creation is held in position
   By still other strands of things living;
   In an earthly tapestry hung from the skyline
   Of smoldering cities so gray and so vulgar,
   As not to be
2. Every breeze that blows kindly is one crystal breath,
   We exhale on the blue diamond heaven;
   As gentle to touch as the hands of the healer,
   As soft as farewells whispered over the coffin,
   We're poisoned by venom with each breath we take,
   From the brown sulphur chimney
   And the black highway snake.

3. Every dawn that breaks golden is held in suspension,
   Like the yolk of the egg in albumen;
   Where the birth and the death of unseen generations,
   Are interdependent in vast orchestration,
   And painted in colors of tapestry thread,
   When the dying are born and the living are dead.

4. Every pulse of your heartbeat is one liquid moment,
   That flows through the veins of your being;
   Like a river of life flowing on since creation,
   Approaching the sea with each new generation,
   You're now just a stagnant and rancid disgrace,
   That is rapidly drowning the whole human race.

5. Every fish that swims silent, every bird that flies freely,
   Every doe that steps softly;
   Every crisp leaf that falls, all the flowers that grow,
   On this colorful tapestry, somehow they know,
   That if man is allowed to destroy all we need,
   He will soon have to pay with his life
   For his greed.
I WANT HER

Words and Music by
DON McLEAN

Brightly

I want her but she can't be mine,

happens to me all the time;

know she understands me, but she loves somebody else,

never figure out what's wrong with me.
don't know why they always leave me standing by myself,

I wonder just what is my malady.

I wonder where my feet choose to go,

cannot tell them where to lead, my mind; But
women always like to have a home that they can know, And

so I end up leaving them behind.

I see her in the fading afternoon,

And all the world seems happily in
tune;
But evening time will find me in a sad predicament,
The girl that I have favored will be gone.
The sparrow in the morning will sing out his merriment,
And once again I'll have to move a-
San Francisco is a long way from here, But I'll bet you I could make it if I tried; 'Cause living in this rooming house is worse than watered beer, But I'd
rather sit and drink than go outside.

And all I need is someone for a friend,

But it looks as if my hard luck never ends.

The poets of old England with their...
ruffles and their bows advocated being quite aloof,

But Shelley, Keats and Byron had their

women when they chose, While here I sit abandoned on the roof...
F#7                          B7                          E                          C#7                          F#7                          B7                          E
won-der just_ what is_ my mal-a-dy,
I won-der just_ what is_ my mal-a-dy,
I won-der just_ what is_ my mal-a-dy,
AND I LOVE YOU SO

Words and Music by DON McLEAN

Moderately slow

1.-3. And I love you so,
2. And you love me too,

The people ask me how,
Your thoughts are just for me,
How I've lived till now,
You set my spirit free,

I tell them I don’t know.
I’m happy that you do.
I guess they understand,
The book of life is brief,

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How lonely life has been,
And once a page is read,
But life began again,
All but love is dead,

The day you took my hand,
That is my belief.
And, yes, I know
how lonely life can be,
The shadows follow

me and the night won't set me free.

But I don't
let the evening get me down, Now that you're a-
round me.  
I tell them I don't know.

Tacet
CASTLES IN THE AIR

Words and Music by
DON McLEAN

Moderately bright

Verse:

1.-3. And if she asks you why, you can tell her that I

how can words express the feel of sunlight in the

told you That I'm tired of castles in the air, I've got a

morn - ing, In the hills away from city strife, I need a
dream of country woman for my wife, I'm city born, but I just lead me to despair.
love the country life.

Hills of forest green, where the mountains touch the sky, A dream come true, I'll live there till I die; I'm asking you to

part of the cocktail generation, Partners devoid of all romance; The music plays and
say my last goodbye, The love we knew ain't
every one must dance, I'm bowing out, I

worth another try.
need a second chance.

Chorus:

Save me from all the trouble and the pain, I know I'm

weak, but I can't face that girl again.
Tell her the reason why I can’t remain. Perhaps she’ll understand, if you tell it to her plain.

2. But
3. And

D.S. al Coda
Well, I said I wasn't gonna tell nobody but

I couldn't keep it to myself, No, I couldn't keep it
to myself, No, I couldn't keep it to myself...

Well I
said I wasn’t gonna tell nobody but I couldn’t keep it

to myself. What the Lord has done for me.

You ought to been there (You ought to been there) when Jesus saved my soul. You ought to been
there (You ought to been there) when he wrote my name on the roll.

Well, I started walkin', I started talkin',

I started singin', I started shoutin' what the Lord has done for me.

Well I me.
BABYLON

Moderately

Tacet

Words and Music by
DON McLEAN
LEE HAYS

By_______ the wa- ters, the wa- ters of Bab-y- lon,

We lay down and wept____ and wept____ for thee, Zi-on.

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We remember thee, remember thee, remember thee, Zion.

By the waters, the waters of Babylon,

We lay down and wept and wept for thee Zion.

We remember thee, remember thee, remember thee, Zion.
By the waters, the waters of Babylon,

We lay down and wept and wept for thee, Zion.

We remember thee, remember thee, remember thee, Zion.

Tacet
GENERAL STORE

Words and Music by
DON McLEAN

Medium bright tempo

Good morning, Miss Campbell,
A lovely day today,
I heard about the fire,
I wonder what the papers say.

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"Let's see now." Give me fifty shotgun shells and a hundred feet of rope, just add that to my bill. Says here there ain't no hope, they all were burned alive; and four packs of cigarettes, no, I think I'll make it five.
I heard about the wedding, I'm so happy for the bride,

Why that fire house looked mighty nice And the whole town swelled with pride,

We watched her grow to womanhood, She's found an upright man,

ad lib.

Gm

Tacet

She'll learn this life ain't easy, You do the best you
Tempo Iº

Cm

can.

No, no,

my fam - ly ain't so good,

My wife just

had a spell;

And I can't af - ford the med - i - cine

She needs to make her well.

I've been laid off at that
factory For sixteen months or more; I came home last Wednesday evening,

I found her lying on the floor.

'Bye now, Missis Campbell,

Say howdy to your son;
You can tell him we'll go hunt-in',

When he gets a bigger gun,

It was too bad about the fire, But don't you get me

ad lib.

wrong; We've got to teach these people How to stay where they belong.