

# the legend of andrew mccrew

Words and Music by  
DON McLEAN

Ad lib

F

Am

Bb

F



There was a mum-my at the fair all crum-pled in a fold-ing chair. The

Am

Dm

G7

C7



peo-ple passed but did-n't care that the mum-my was a man. So

Moderately

Chorus:

G7

C7

F

C7sus

(G bass)

5fr

F

C7sus

(G bass)

5fr



tell me if you can. Who are you, who are you?

*molto rit.* *mf*

F

Gm7

G7

C7

F

Am



Where have you been, where are you go-ing to? Well, An-drew Mc-Crew must have

B $\flat$       B $\flat$ m      F      G7      C7 $^{\circ}$       F

lost his way— 'Cause though he died long a - go, — he was bur - ied to - day. —

F      F $\sharp$ dim      C7 $^{\circ}$

To Verse 1  
F      F $\sharp$ dim      C7 $^{\circ}$

To verses 2 & 3  
F      F $\sharp$ dim      C7 $^{\circ}$

## 'MUMMY' TO RECEIVE A BELATED FUNERAL

DALLAS, May 24 (UPI)— In 1913, a one-legged hobo named Anderson McCrew was riding a freight train through Marlin in central Texas. Mr. McCrew fell off the train, lost his other leg and died.

His body was taken to a funeral home in Marlin. There the body was mummified to preserve until a relative could be found to claim him. No relative ever appeared.

Somehow the mummy of Anderson McCrew became

part of a carnival show. Dressed in a tuxedo, it was taken across the country and billed as the "petrified man" and "the eighth wonder of the world."

When the carnival began losing money, it sold some of its possessions including the mummy. A relative of Elgie Pace, a licensed vocational nurse in Dallas, bought the mummy and has kept it in her basement.

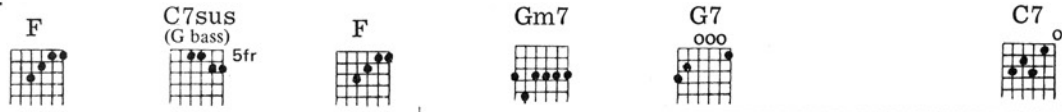
Mrs. Pace, who called the mummy Sam, was in Marlin

recently and learned about Anderson McCrew, although she could not find out how the mummy became part of the carnival.


Mrs. Pace decided that Anderson deserved a proper burial, 60 years after his death, and Frank Lott, a funeral home owner, said he would pay for it.

Services will be Saturday at will be buried in a plain black suit because Mr. Lott could not find a tuxedo like those worn in 1913.

## Verse 1:

F C7sus (G bass) 5fr F Gm7 G7 C7<sup>o</sup>  


Down on Night - mare Al - ley where the shad - y peo - ple sway, A



F C7sus (G bass) 5fr F Gm7 G7 C7<sup>o</sup>  

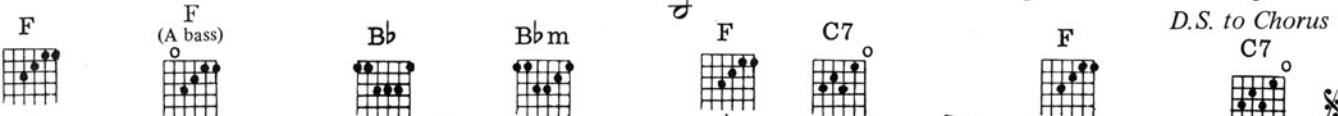

ho - bo came a - hik - in' on a salt - y sum - mer day. Well, he hopped




F C7sus (G bass) 5fr F Gm7 G7 C7<sup>o</sup>  


a freight in Dal - las and he rode it out of sight, But on a



F F (A bass) Bb Bbm F C7<sup>o</sup> F C7<sup>o</sup>  


turn he slipped and lost his grip, and he fell in - to the night. D.S. to Chorus C7<sup>o</sup>



Verse 2:

F C7sus (G bass) 5fr F Gm7 G7 C7

Well, An - drew\_ had one\_ leg of wood\_ The oth - er leg was small. And when he

F C7sus (G bass) 5fr F Gm7 G7 C7

fell off of\_ the train\_ that night\_ he found he had\_ no legs at all. They\_ found\_

F C7sus (G bass) 5fr F Gm7 G7 C7

\_ him\_ in a thick - et and the un - der - tak - er came, And they mum -

F Am Bb Bbm F C7 F D.S. to Chorus C7

\_ i - fied\_ his bod - y for\_ a rel - a - tive\_ to claim. \_\_\_\_\_

Verse 3:

F



C7sus

(G bass)



5fr

F



Gm7



G7



C7



Well, no one came\_ to\_ claim him\_ un - til the car - ni - val passed through.\_ The

*mp*

F



C7sus

(G bass)



5fr

F



Gm7



G7



C7



car - nies\_ took him\_ to their\_ tent\_ and they de - cid - ed what to do.\_ They\_ dressed\_

F



C7sus

(G bass)



5fr

F



Gm7



G7



C7



\_ him in a worn out tux and they put him on\_ a stand, \_ And

F



Am



Bb



Bbm



F



C7



F



C7



mil - lions saw the leg - end called the fa - mous\_ mum - my man.

Chorus 3:

F C7sus (G bass) 5fr F C7sus (G bass) 5fr F Gm7  
 Who are you, — who are you? — Where have you been, where are you

G7 C7 F Am Bb Bbm  
 go - ing to? — Well, An - drew Mc - Crew must have lost his way — 'Cause though he

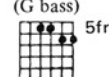
F G7 C7 F  
 died long a - go, — he was bur - ied to - day. —

To Verse 4  
 F#dim C7

F F#dim C7  
 To Verse 5  
 F#dim C7 F F#dim C7

## Verse 4:

F

C7sus  
(G bass)

F



Gm7



G7

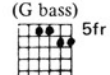


C7



Well, what a way to live a life and what a way to die.

F

C7sus  
(G bass)

F



Gm7



G7

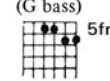


C7



Left to live a living death with no one left to cry. A

F

C7sus  
(G bass)

F



Gm7



G7



C7



petri-fied a-maze-ment, a wonder beyond worth. A man

F



Am



Bb



Bbm



F



C7



F



C7



D.S. to Chorus 3

who found more life in death than life gave him at birth.

Verse 5:








But what a - bout the ones who live and wish that they could go. Whose lives








are lost to liv - ing and per - form - ing for the show. Well, at least








you got the best of life un - til it got the best of you. So from all









of us to what's left of you fare - well, An - drew Mc - Crew.

*rit.*