

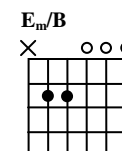
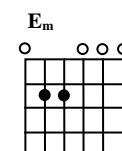
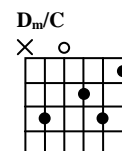
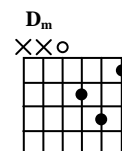
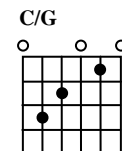
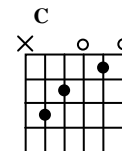
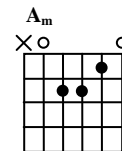
A WHITER SHADE OF PALE

Author: Procol Harum

Intro C E_m/B A_m C/G F F/E D_m D_m/C G G/F E_m G₇/D C F G

Verse 1

C We skipped the light fandango	E_m/B A_m C/G Turned cartwheels cross the floor
G G/F E_m G₇/D I was feeling kinda seasick	C E_m/B A_m C/G But the crowd called out for more
F F/E D_m D_m/C The room was humming harder	G G/F E_m G₇/D As the ceiling flew away
C E_m/B A_m C/G When we called out for another drink	F F/E D_m The waiter brought a tray



Chorus

G C E_m/B A_m C/G And so it was, that later	F F/E D_m D_m/C As the miller told his tale
G G/F E_m G₇/D That her face at first just ghostly	C F C G₇ Turned a whiter shade of pale

Instrumental C E_m/B A_m C/G F F/E D_m D_m/C G G/F E_m G₇/D C F G

Verse 2

C E_m/B A_m C/G She said "there is no reason	F F/E D_m D_m/C And the truth is plain to see"
G G/F E_m G₇/D C E_m/B A_m C/G But I wandered through my playing cards	C E_m/B A_m C/G And would not let her be
F F/E D_m D_m/C One of sixteen vestial virgins	G G/F E_m G₇/D Who were leaving for the coast
C E_m/B A_m And although my eyes were open	C/G F F/E D_m They might just as well've been closed

Chorus

G C E_m/B A_m C/G And so it was, that later	F F/E D_m D_m/C As the miller told his tale
G G/F E_m G₇/D That her face at first just ghostly	C F C G₇ Turned a whiter shade of pale

Instrumental C E_m/B A_m C/G F F/E D_m D_m/C G G/F E_m G₇/D C F G

