A WHITER SHADE OF PALE

Procol Harum

Intro

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C     Em/B Am   C/G  F     Am/E Dm   Dm/C
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G    G/F  Em   G7   C    F    C    G7
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C     Em/B               Am   C/G
   We skipped the light fandango
F          Am/E               Dm   Dm/C
   And turned cartwheels across the floor
G      G/F        Em      G7
   I was feeling kind of seasick
C        Em/B           Am    C/G
   But the crowd called out for more
F    Am/E          Dm    Dm/C
   The room was humming  harder
G      G/F        Em   G7
   As the ceiling flew away
C          Em/B          Am    C/G
   When we called out for another drink
F    Am/E          Dm
   The waiter brought a tray
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           C   Em/B Am  C/G
And so it was that  later
F     Am/E          Dm   Dm/C
 As the miller told his tale
G        G/F          Em
 That her face at first just ghostly
G7       C    F       C  G7
 Turned a whiter  shade of pale
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C     Em/B             Am      C/G
   She said "There is no reason,
F         Am/E            Dm    Dm/C
   And the truth is plain to  see",
G      G/F              Em              G7
   But I wandered through my playing cards
C     Em/B         Am  C/G
   And would not let her be
F       Am/E        Dm     Dm/C
   One of sixteen vestal virgins
G         G/F        Em   G7
   Who were leaving for the coast
C         Em/B            Am  C/G
   And although my eyes were open
F    Am/E                 Dm
   They might just as well have been closed
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CHORUS

Instrumental (Sax?)

CHORUS

End
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C     Em/B Am   C/G  F     Am/E Dm   Dm/C
/++++++++/++++++++/++++++++/++++++++
G    G/F  Em   G7   C    F    C    G7
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