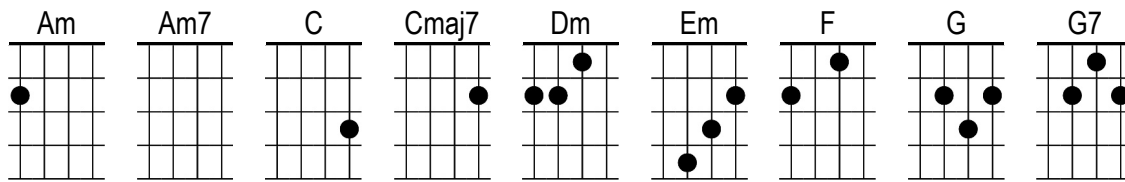


A Whiter Shade Of Pale

Procol Harum



C Cmaj7 Am Am7 F Am Dm F G G7 Em G C F G F↓ G↓

C We Cmaj7 skipped the light fan Am dango Am7
F Turned Am cartwheels 'cross the Dm floor F
G I was G7 feelin' kinda Em seasick G
C But the Cmaj7 crowd called out for Am more Am7
F The Am room was humming Dm harder F
G As the G7 ceiling flew a Em way G
C When we Cmaj7 called out for a Am another Am7 drink
F The Am waiter brought a Dm tray

Chorus

G7↓ And G7↓ so G7↓ it C was, Cmaj7 that Am later Am7
F As the Am miller told his Dm tale F
G That G7 her face, at first Em just ghostly G
Turned a C whiter F shade of C pale G

C Cmaj7 Am Am7 F Am Dm F G G7 Em G C F G F↓ G↓

C She Cmaj7 said there is no Am reason Am7
F And the Am truth is plain to Dm see F
G But I G7 wandered through my Em playing cards G
C Would Cmaj7 not let her Am be Am7

F One of **Am** sixteen vestal **Dm** virgins **F**
G Who were **G7** leaving for the **Em** coast **G**
C And all **Cmaj7** though my **Am** eyes were **Am7** open
F They might **Am** just as well been **Dm** closed

Repeat Chorus

C Cmaj7 Am Am7 F Am Dm F G G7 Em G C F G

G7↓ And **G7↓** so **G7↓** it **C↓** was