

**A Whiter Shade Of Pale**  
**Joe Cocker**

Intro: **A F#m D Bm E C#m E A D E**

**A F#m D**  
We skipped the light fandango  
**Bm E7**  
turned cartwheels cross the floor  
**E C#m E7 A**  
I was feeling kinda seasick  
**F#m D**  
but the crowd called out for more  
**Bm E7**  
The room was humming harder  
**E C#m E7 A**  
as the ceiling flew away  
**F#m D**  
When we called out for another drink  
**Bm**  
the waiter brought a tray

Refrão:

**E7 E E7 A E F#m D**  
And so it was that later  
**Bm E7**  
as the miller told his tale  
**E E7 C#m E**  
that her face, at first just ghostly,  
**A D A E7**  
turned a whiter shade of pale

**A F#m D**  
She said, There is no reason  
**Bm E7**  
and the truth is plain to see.  
**E C#m E7 A**  
But I wandered through my playing cards  
**F#m D**  
and would not let her be  
**Bm E7**  
one of sixteen vestal virgins  
**E C#m E7 A**  
who were leaving for the coast  
**F#m D**  
and although my eyes were open  
**Bm**  
they might have just as well been closed

Refrão:

E7 E E7 A E F#m D

And so it was that later

Bm E7

as the miller told his tale

E E7 C#m E

that her face, at first just ghostly,

A D A E7

turned a whiter shade of pale

Solo: A F#m D Bm E C#m E A D E

Refrão Final:

E7 E E7 A E F#m D

And so it was that later

Bm E7

as the miller told his tale

E E7 C#m E

that her face, at first just ghostly,

A D A E7

turned a whiter shade of pale

Solo Final: A F#m D Bm E C#m E A D E