

A Whiter Shade Of Pale
Legião Urbana

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

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

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

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

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[Solo] A F#m D Bm E C#m E A D E