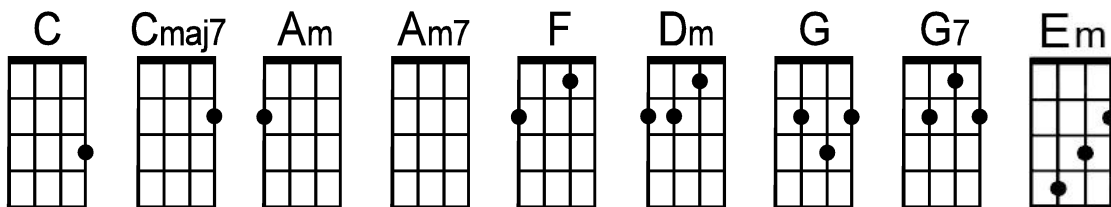


# A Whiter Shade of Pale

by Keith Reid, Gary Brooker & Matthew Fisher (1967)



**Intro:** C . CMaj7 . | Am . Am7 . | F . Am . | Dm . F . |  
 G . G7 . | Em . G7 . | C . F . | G . F\ G\ |

(sing e)

C . CMaj7 . | Am . Am7 . | F . Am . | Dm . F . |  
 We skipped the light fan-dango— and turned cart-wheels 'cross the flo-or—  
 G . G7 . | Em . G7 . | C . CMaj7 . | Am . Am7  
 I was feeling— kinda seasick the crowd— called out for more—  
 F . Am . | Dm . F . | G . G7 . | Em . G . |  
 The room was humming harder— as the ceiling— flew a-way—  
 C . CMaj7 . | Am . Am7 . | F . Am . | Dm .  
 When we called out for an-other— dri—i-ink— the waiter brought a tra— ay—

**Chorus:**

G\ \ \ | C . CMaj7 . | Am . Am7 . | F . Am . | Dm . F . |  
 And so it was— that later— as the miller told his tale—  
 G . G7 . | Em . G7 . | C . F . | C . F\ G\ |  
 That her face at first just ghostly— turned a whiter— shade of pale—

**Instr:** C . CMaj7 . | Am . Am7 . | F . Am . | Dm . F . |  
 G . G7 . | Em . G7 . | C . F . | G . F\ G\ |

C . CMaj7 . | Am . Am7 . | F . Am . | Dm . F . |  
 She said there is no reason— and the truth is plain to see-ee—  
 G . G7 . | Em . G7 . | C . CMaj7 . | Am . Am7  
 But I wandered thru my playing cards— Would not— let her be-e-e—  
 F . Am . | Dm . F . | G . G7 . | Em . G . |  
 One of sixteen vestal virgins who were leaving— for the coast  
 C . CMaj7 . | Am . Am7 . | F . Am . | Dm .  
 And al-though my eyes were open— they might just as well been clo-osed

**Chorus:**

G\ \ \ | C . CMaj7 . | Am . Am7 . | F . Am . | Dm . F . |  
 And so it was— that later— as the miller told his tale—  
 G . G7 . | Em . G7 . | C . F . | C . F\ G\ |  
 That her face at first just ghostly— turned a whiter— shade of pale—

**Outro:** C . CMaj7 . | Am . Am7 . | F . Am . | Dm . F . |  
 G . G7 . | Em . G7 . | C . F . | G . . . | C\