**A Whiter Shade Of Pale** (Procol Harum)

Intro +interlude/solo:

C Am F Dm G Em C F G C

Verse:

C Am F Dm G Em G7 C Am F Dm G Em G7

C Am Em F Dm G13

Chorus:

C6 Am

F Dm

G Em

C F C G7

We skipped the light fandango

And turned cartwheels across the floor

I was feeling kind of seasick

But the crowd called out for more

The room was humming harder

As the ceiling flew away

When we called out for another drink

The waiter brought a tray

And so it was that later

As the miller told his tale

That her face at first just ghostly

Turned a whiter shade of pale

She said "There is no reason

And the truth is plain to see,"

But I wandered through my playing cards

And would not let her be

One of sixteen vestal virgins

Who were leaving for the coast

And although my eyes were open

They might just as well have been closed