A WHITER SHADE OF PALE

In a slow 4

Words and Music by KEITH REID and GARY BROOKER

We skipped the light - fan - dan - go,
turned cart - wheels 'cross the floor;

She said, "I'm home - on shore leave;"
though in truth we - were at sea;

She said, "There is - no rea - son;"
and the truth is - plain to see;

So I took her by the look - ing glass
But I wandered through my playing cards

I was feeling kind of sea - sick,

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the crowd called out for more
and forced her to agree
and would not let her be
The room was humming hard-
Say-ing, "You must be the mer-
one of six-teen ves-tal vir-

G/F Dm7 G 'Em G 7

As the sail-ing flew a-way,
who took Nep-tune for a ride;
who were leav-ing for the coast.

Dm7 G 'Em G7

When we called out but she smiled at
for all oth-er drink
And al-though my eyes were so sad
pen-

C C/B Am Em F Dm/E

the wait-er brought a tray
that my an-ger straight-way died.
they might just as well been closed.

And so it
I was that later as the miller told his tale.
That her face at first just ghostly turned a whitener shade of pale.