

# Whiter Shade of Pale

Procol Harum '67

## *Intro... full setup*

We skipped the light fandango  
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor  
I was feeling kinda 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

## < *Lead* >

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've been closed

[ C ] < *Lead* > [ C ] ... X 3