A WHITER SHADE OF PALE

Words and Music by KEITH REID and GARY BROOKER

In a slow 4

C  C/B  C/A  C/G  F  F/E  Dm  Dm/C

G  G/F  Em  G7  C  F  G  F  G7

We skipped the light - dan - go,
She said, "I'm home - on shore leave,"
She said, "There is no rea - son,"

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

She said, "There is no rea - son,"
Though in truth we were at
And the truth is plain to

I was feel - ing 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-

er maid gins

as the sail-ing flew a-way,

who took Nep-tune for a ride;"

who were leav-ing for the coast.

When we called out but she smiled at for an-
other drink
And al-though my me so sad-ly.

eyes were o-

pen.

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 paler shade of pale.

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