

A Whiter Shade of Pale – Procol Harum 1967

Words: Keith Reid/Gary Brooker Music: Matthew Fisher

Arr: *Nickomo*

Do-do-do refrain

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.

Do-do-do refrain

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.

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.

Do-do-do refrain

And so it was that later,
As the miller told his tale,
That her face, at first just ghostly,
Turned a whiter
Turned a whiter
Turned a whiter shade of pale.