A WHITER SHADE OF PALE

In a slow 4

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

We skipped the light fan-dango,
She said, "I'm home on shore leave,"
She said, "There is no reason,"

Dm7  G  G/F  Em  G7

I was feeling kind of sea-sick,
So I took her by the looking glass,
But I wondered through my playing cards.

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Tous droits réservés
The crowd called out for more.
and forced her to agree.
and would not let her be

The room was humming
Saying, "You must be the one of sixteen vestal
virgin maid
who took Neptune for a ride,
who were leaving for the coast.

When we called out for another drink,
but she smiled at me so sadly.
And although my eyes were open,

the waiter brought a tray
that my anger straightway died.
they might just as well been closed.

And so
was that later as the miller told his tale,
That her face at first just ghostly turned a
white or shade of pale.
D.O. al Coda
CODA