

Black Label Society - Whiter Shade Of Pale

Tom: C
Intro:

We called outfor another drink

But the waiter brought a tray, and so it

Chorus:
was that later As
the miller
told his tale

Verse:

We skipped the light fandango

Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor

I was feeling kind of seasick

The crowd called out for more

And the room was hummin' harder

As the ceiling flew away

That her face was kinda ghostly turned a
whiter shade
of pale

Intro: 2nd Verse:
She said: "There is no reason,
And the truth is plain to see."
But I wander through my playin' cards
Would not let her be
One of the sixteen vestal virgins
Who were leaving for the coast
And although my eyes were open
They might just as well been closed

Chorus
Intro: Chorus
Intro:

Acordes

