

Glen Miller/Bette Midler - A Whiter Shade Of Pale

Tom: C

Intro: C C Am Am F F Dm Dm G G Em7 G C F G F G C

We skipped the light Fandango
 Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor
 I was feeling kind of 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

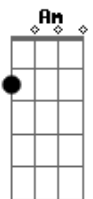
Interlude: (C C Am Am F F Dm Dm G G Em7 G C F G F G C)

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

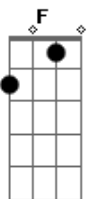
Acordes



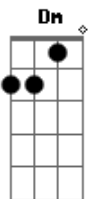
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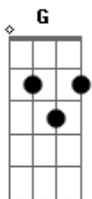
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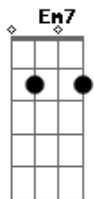
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