

Joe Cocker - A Whiter Shade Of Pale

Tom: A
Intro: A Gbm D Bm E Dbm E A D E

A Gbm D
We skipped the light fandango
Bm E7
turned cartwheels 'cross the floor
E Dbm E7 A
I was feeling kinda seasick
Gbm D
but the crowd called out for more
Bm E7
The room was humming harder
E Dbm E7 A
as the ceiling flew away
Gbm D
When we called out for another drink
Bm
the waiter brought a tray
Refrão:
E7 E E7 A E Gbm D
And so it was that later
Bm E7
as the miller told his tale
E E7 Dbm E
that her face, at first just ghostly,
A D A E7
turned a whiter shade of pale
A Gbm D
She said, There is no reason
Bm E7
and the truth is plain to see.
E Dbm E7 A

But I wandered through my playing cards
Gbm D
and would not let her be
Bm E7
one of sixteen vestal virgins
E Dbm E7 A
who were leaving for the coast
Gbm D
and although my eyes were open
Bm
they might have just as well been closed

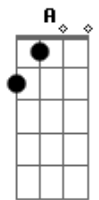
Refrão:
E7 E E7 A E Gbm D
And so it was that later
Bm E7
as the miller told his tale
E E7 Dbm E
that her face, at first just ghostly,
A D A E7
turned a whiter shade of pale

Solo: A Gbm D Bm E Dbm E A D E

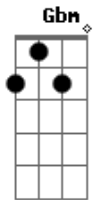
Refrão Final:
E7 E E7 A E Gbm D
And so it was that later
Bm E7
as the miller told his tale
E E7 Dbm E
that her face, at first just ghostly,
A D A E7
turned a whiter shade of pale

Solo Final: A Gbm D Bm E Dbm E A D E

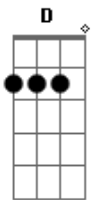
Acordes



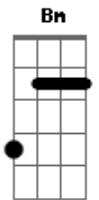
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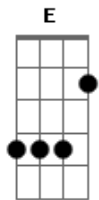
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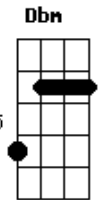
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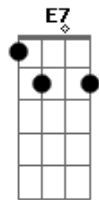
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