

# Legião Urbana - A Whiter Shade Of Pale

Tom: A

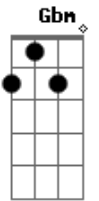
We skipped the light fandango  
 turned cartwheels 'cross the floor  
 I was feeling kinda seasick  
 but the crowd called out for more  
 The room was humming harder  
 as the ceiling flew away  
 When we called out for another drink  
 the waiter brought a tray  
 And so it was that later  
 as the miller told his tale  
 that her face, at first just ghostly  
 turned a whiter shade of pale  
 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 have just as well 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  
 [Solo]  
 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  
 [Solo]

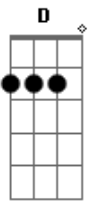
## Acordes



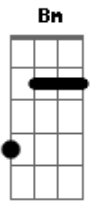
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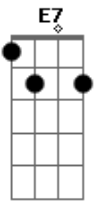
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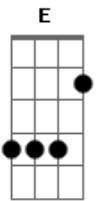
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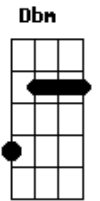
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