

# 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

