

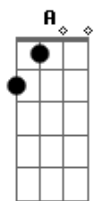
# Legião Urbana - A Whiter Shade Of Pale

Tom: A

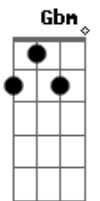
We skipped the light fandango A Gbm D  
 turned cartwheels 'cross the floor Bm E7  
 I was feeling kinda seasick E Dbm E7 A  
 but the crowd called out for more Gbm D  
 The room was humming harder Bm E7  
 as the ceiling flew away E Dbm E7 A  
 When we called out for another drink Gbm D  
 the waiter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

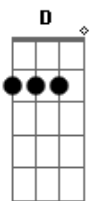
## Acordes



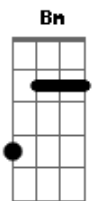
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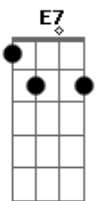
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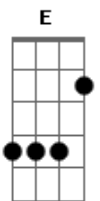
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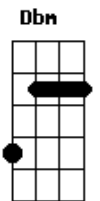
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