

Whiter Shade of Pale

Procol Harem - Gary Brooker, Matthew Fisher
 lyrics: Keith Reid Bach's "Air On A G String."

mel

bass

1

5

9

17

25

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 altho my eyes were open, they might have just as well've been closed

She said, 'I'm home on shore leave,' though in truth we were at sea
 so I took her by the looking glass, and forced her to agree
 saying, 'You must be the mermaid, who took Neptune for a ride.'
 But she smiled at me so sadly, that my anger straightway died

If music be the food of love, then laughter is its queen
 and likewise if behind is in front, then dirt in truth is clean
 My mouth by then like cardboard, seemed to slip straight through my head
 So we crash-dived straightway quickly, and attacked the ocean bed