

A whiter shade of pale

ton original

Texte et musique de Gary Brooker et Keith Reid, sorti en 1967.

Do Lam Fa Rém

Sol Mim Sol7 Do Fa Sol Fa Sol7

10

We skipped the light fan - dan - go And turned cart wheels cross the
She said "There is no rea - son, And the truth is — plain to

Do Lam Fa

8

floor — I was feel - ing — kind of sea - sick
 see", — But I wandered through my play - ing cards

Rém Sol Mim Sol7

15

But the crowd called out — for more. — The room was hum - ming har - der
 And — would not let — her be. — One of six - teen vestal vir - gins

Do Lam Mim Fa Rém

20

As the cei - ling flew a - way. — When we called out for an -
 Who were leav - ing for the coast. — An al - though my eyes wer

Sol Mim Sol7 Do

25

- o - ther drink, The wai - ter brought a tray. — And so it was _____ that
o — pen, They might just have well been closed. _

Lam Mim Fa Rém Sol Do6 DoM7

la — ter As the mil - ler _ told his tale. — That her face at _ first just

Lam Do Fa Rém Sol

30

ghost · ly Turned a whi - ter — shade of pale. — pale. —

Mim Sol7 Do Fa Do Sol7 Do

We skipped the light Fandango
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor
I was feeling kind of 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 just as well've 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

And so it was...

Nous avons dansé le fandango tout en sautillant
Fait plusieurs fois la roue à travers la piste
Je ressentais une sorte de mal au coeur
Mais la foule en redemanda
La salle bourdonnait encore plus
Alors que le plafond s'envolait
Quand nous commandâmes une autre boisson
Le serveur apporta un plateau

Et c'est ainsi que plus tard
Alors que le meunier racontait son histoire
Que son visage, d'abord seulement spectral
Prit une nuance plus blanche de pâleur

Elle a dit qu'il n'y a aucune raison
Et la vérité saute aux yeux
Mais j'errais à travers mes cartes à jouer
Et ne la laisserais jamais être
Une des seize vierges vestales
Qui allaient partir pour la côte
Et bien que mes yeux étaient ouverts
Cela aurait été tout pareil s'ils étaient fermés

Et c'est ainsi que plus tard
Pendant que le meunier racontait son histoire
Que son visage, au début simplement spectral
Prit une nuance plus blanche de pâleur

Et c'est ainsi...