

Procul Harum

"A Whiter Shade Of Pale"

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We skipped the light fandango
and turned cart wheels cross the floor.
I was feeling kind of sea sick,
the crowd called out for more.
The moon 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,
that I wandered through my playing cards
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 have 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.

And so it was that later

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