

Doro

"A Whiter Shade Of Pale"

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We skipped the light fandango
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor
I was felling kind of seasick
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 's 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 been closed

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