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## **Bonnie Tyler** "Whiter Shade of Pale"

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We skipped the light fandango Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor I was feeling kinda 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

So it was 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 As I wandered through my playing cards I could 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 have been closed

For it was later As that miller told his tale That her face, at first just ghostly Turned a whiter shade of pale

And so it was later As the miller told his tale That her face, at first just ghostly It turned a whiter shade of pale

Oh it was later As the miller told his tale That her face, at first just ghostly Turned a whiter shade of pale Turned a whiter shade of pale

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