

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

