

## **Willie Nelson**

# **"Whiter Shade Of Pale"**

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[ with Waylon Jennings ]

We skipped the light fandango and 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 brough  
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

[ guitar ]

She said there is no reason for the truth is plain to see  
But I wondered why my playing cards just would not let  
her be

One of sixteen vestal virgins were leaving for the coast  
Although both my eyes were wide open they might just  
have well been closed

And so it was that later...

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