

Zakk Wylde & Black Label Society "Whiter Shade Of Pale"

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We skipped the light fandango
And turned cartwheels across the floor
Yeah, I was feeling kind of seasick
But the crowd called out for more, yeah, oh yeah
And the room was humming harder
And as the ceiling flew away
We called out for another drink, oh yeah
The waiter brought the tray

And so it was that later, yeah
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
But I wandered through my playing cards
And I would not let her be, oh, oh yeah
One of sixteen vestal virgins
Who were leaving for the coast
And oh, and my eyes were open
They might as well just have been closed

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

Oh, and so it was, yeah, oh later
The miller told his tale
Yeah her face was kinda ghostly

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