

## Procol Harum "A Whiter Shade Of Pale"

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We skipped the light fandango  
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor  
I was feeling kinda 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  
And 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 is no reason  
And the truth is plain to see."  
But I wandered through my playing cards  
And they would not let her be  
One of sixteen vestal virgins  
Who were leaving for the coast  
And although my eyes were open wide  
They might have just as well been closed

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, "I'm here on a shore leave,"  
Though we were miles at sea.  
I pointed out this detail  
And forced her to agree,  
Saying, "You must be the mermaid  
Who took King Neptune for a ride."  
And she smiled at me so sweetly  
That my anger straightway died.

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

If music be the food of love  
Then laughter is it's queen  
And likewise if behind is in front  
Then dirt in truth is clean  
My mouth by then like cardboard  
Seemed to slip straight through my head  
So we crash-dived straightway quickly  
And attacked the ocean bed

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

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