

Sammy Hagar "Whiter Shade Of Pale"

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We skipped a light fandangle, turned some cartwheels
across the floor

I was feelin' kinda seasick, when the crowd called out
for more

The room was humming harder, and the ceiling flew
away

When I called out for another drink, or the waiter
brought a tray

And so it was, later when the Miller told his tale
That her face at first just ghostly, Turned a whiter,
shade of pale

{guitarsolo}

He said there is no reason, and the truth was plain to
see

That I wandered through my playing cards, I just could
not let her be

no

One of sixteen vestile virgins, was leaving for the coast
And although, my eyes were open, they might just as
well been closed

And so it was, later, when the Miller told his tale
He said her face at first, just ghostly and turned a
whiter, shade of pale

{guitar solo}

And so it was, later, when the Miller told his tale
He said our faces, our faces burst as ghostly

They turned a whiter, shade of pale

Just a whiter, shade of pale

They turned a whiter, shade of pale.....

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