

Whiter Shade of Pale

Bonnie Tyler

We skipped the light fandango
Turned cartwheels cross the floor
I was feeling kind of seasick
The crowd called out for more
The room was hummin' harder
As the ceiling flew away
When we called out for another drink
The waiter brought a tray, so

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
As I wander through my playing cards
I could not let her be
One of sixteen vestal virgins
Who were leavin' for the coast
And although my eyes were open
They might just as well have been closed

*repeat 2 times
Turned a whiter shade of pale