

# A Whiter Shade Of Pale

Johnny Rivers

We skipped the light fandango  
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor  
I was feeling kinda seasick  
The crowd called out for more  
The room was humming harder  
As the ceiling flew away  
So we called out for another drink  
The waiter brought a tray

And so it was baby  
As the miller told his tale  
How her face at first just ghostly  
Turned a whiter shade of pale

He said, there is no reason  
And the truth is plain to see  
And I wandered through my playing cards  
Would not let her be  
One of sixteen vestal virgins  
Leaving for the coast  
And although my eyes were wide open, girl  
They just might as well be closed

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