

Whiter Shade Of Pale

Sammy Hagar

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.....