

## A Whiter Shade Of Pale

Willie Nelson

We skipped the light fandango  
And turned cartwheels cross the floor.  
I was feeling kind of seasick  
But the crowd called out for more.  
The room was humming harder  
And the ceiling flew away  
When we called out for another drink  
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 would not let her be  
One of sixteen vestal virgins  
Who were leaving for the coast  
And although my eyes were open  
They might just just have 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 she wanted shore leave  
Tho in truth we were at sea  
So I took her by a looking glass  
And forced her to agree  
Saying you must be the mermaid  
Who took Neptune for a ride  
Well she smiled at me so sadly  
That my anger straightway died  
And so it was...