

A Whiter Shade of Pale Bas

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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 as the ceiling flew away Du du

When we called out for another drink Aa oo 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

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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 du du

And although my eyes were open aa oo they might as well've been closed

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