A Whiter Shade Of Pale

James Last

We skipped the light fandango
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor
I was feeling kind of seasick
The crowd called out for moreThe room was humming harder
As the ceiling flew away
When we called out for another drink
The waiter brought a trayAnd so it was that later
As the miller told his tale
That her face at first just ghostly
Turned A Whiter Shade Of PaleShe said: "There is no reason
And the truth is plain to see."
But I wandered through my playing cards
And would not let her beOne of sixteen vestal virgins
Who were leaving for the coast
And although my eyes were open
They might just as well be closedAnd so it was that later
As the miller told his tale
That her face at first just ghostly
Turned A Whiter Shade Of PaleAnd so it was that later
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