

Whiter Shade of Pale

Bonnie Tyler

(k. reid/ g. brooker)

Producers for bonnie: hugh murphy/ ronnie scott/ steve wolfe We skipped the light fandango

Turned cartwheels cross the floor

I was feeling kind of seasick

The crowd called out for more

The room was hummin' harder

As the ceiling flew away

When we called out for another drink

The waiter brought a tray, so* (oh) it was later

As the miller told his tale

That her face at first just ghostly

(it) turned a whiter shade of pale She said there is no reason

And the truth is plain to see

As I wander through my playing cards

I could not let her be

One of sixteen vestal virgins

Who were leavin' for the coast

And although my eyes were open

They might just as well have been closed

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