

A Whiter Shade Of Pale

Procol Harum

We skipped the light fandango
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor
I was feeling kinda seasick
But the crowd called out for more
The room was humming harder
As the ceiling flew away
When we called out for another drink
And 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 they would not let her be
One of sixteen vestal virgins
Who were leaving for the coast
And although my eyes were open wide
They might have just as 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, "I'm here on a shore leave,"
Though we were miles at sea.
I pointed out this detail
And forced her to agree,
Saying, "You must be the mermaid
Who took King Neptune for a ride."
And she smiled at me so sweetly
That my anger straightway died. 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 If music be the food of love
Then laughter is it's queen
And likewise if behind is in front
Then dirt in truth is clean
My mouth by then like cardboard
Seemed to slip straight through my head
So we crash-dived straightway quickly
And attacked the ocean bed 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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