

# Whiter Shade of Pale

Joe Cocker

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  
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 have just as well've been closed  
She said, 'I'm home on shore leave,'  
Though in truth we were at sea  
So I took her by the looking glass  
And forced her to agree  
Saying, 'You must be the mermaid  
Who took Neptune for a ride.'  
But she smiled at me so sadly  
That my anger straightway died  
If music be the food of love  
Then laughter is its 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

Songwriters

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