

A Whiter Shade Of Pale

[Sarah Brightman](#)

We skipped the light Fandango
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor
I was feeling kind of seasick
But 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 reasonAnd the truth is plain to see
But I wandered through my playing cards
And I would not let her be
One of the sixteen vestal virginsWho were leaving for the coast
And although my eyes were open
They might just as well've been closedAnd so it was that later
As the Miller told his taleThat her face, at first just ghostly
Turned a whiter shade of pale

Songwriters

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