

A Whiter Shade of Pale

[Sarah Brightman](#)

We skipped the light fandango
And turned cartwheels 'cross the floor
I was feeling kind of 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 (And the truth is plain to see)
But I wandered through my playing cards
I would not let her be (I would not let her be)
One of 16 vestal virgins
Who were leaving for the coast
And although my eyes were open
They might just as well've been closed
And so it was that later
As the miller told his tale (As the miller told his tale)
That her face, at first just ghostly
Turned a whiter shade of pale

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>