

Whiter shade of pale - 1/1

Interprété par Procol Harum.

A Whiter Shade Of Pale
- Procol Harum

We skipped the light fandango,
turned cartwheels 'cross the floor.
I was feeling kind of sea-sick,
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 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 just as well been closed.

And so it was later,
as the miller told his tale,
That her face at first just ghostly,
turned a whiter shade of pale.

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