

# Zakk Wylde, Whiter Shade Of Pale

We skipped the light fandango  
And turned cartwheels across the floor  
Yeah, I was feeling kind of seasick  
But the crowd called out for more, yeah, oh yeah  
And the room was humming harder  
And as the ceiling flew away  
We called out for another drink, oh yeah  
The waiter brought the tray

And so it was that later, yeah  
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 I would not let her be, oh, oh yeah  
One of sixteen vestal virgins  
Who were leaving for the coast  
And oh, and my eyes were open  
They might as well just have been closed

And so it was that later, oh  
As the miller told his tale  
That her face at first just ghostly  
Turned a whiter shade of pale, oh yeah

Oh, and so it was, yeah, oh later  
The miller told his tale  
Yeah her face was kinda ghostly