Bette Midler, A Whiter Shade Of Pale

We skipped the light fandango And turned cartwheels across the floor I was feeling kind of seasick 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 Would not let her be One of sixteen vestal virgins Who were leaving for the coast At the moment my eyes were open They might just as well have been closed 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