

Elliott Yamin, Whiter Shade Of Pale

We skipped the light fandango
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor
I was feeling kinda 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
And 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

Mmmmm,mmmmmm,mmmmmm

You know, 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
One of sixteen vestal virgins

Who were leaving for the coast
And although my eyes were open
They might have just as well been closed

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

Ooooooh,ohhhh yeahhhh, mmmmmmm

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

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