

Eurythmics, A Whiter Shade Of Pale

We skipped the light fandango
Turned cartwheels cross 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
But 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
You said there is no reason
And the truth is plain to see

But I wander through my playing cards
And would not let it be
I'm one of the sixteen virgins
Who are leaving for the coast
And although my eyes were open
They might just as well been closed
(*Repeat)
A whiter shade of pale
Turned a whiter shade of pale
A whiter shade of pale