

Johnny Rivers, A Whiter Shade Of Pale

We skipped the light fandango
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor
I was feeling kinda seasick
The crowd called out for more
The room was humming harder
As the ceiling flew away
So we called out for another drink
The waiter brought a tray

And so it was baby
As the miller told his tale
How her face at first just ghostly
Turned a whiter shade of pale

He said, there is no reason
And the truth is plain to see
And I wandered through my playing cards
Would not let her be
One of sixteen vestal virgins
Leaving for the coast
And although my eyes were wide open, girl
They just might as well be closed

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