

Sammy Hagar, Whiter Shade Of Pale

We skipped a light fandangle, turned some cartwheels across the floor
I was feelin' kinda seasick, when the crowd called out for more
The room was humming harder, and the ceiling flew away
When I called out for another drink, or the waiter brought a tray
And so it was, later when the Miller told his tale
That her face at first just ghostly, Turned a whiter, shade of pale
{guitarsolo}

He said there is no reason, and the truth was plain to see
That I wandered through my playing cards, I just could not let her be
no

One of sixteen vestile virgins, was leaving for the coast
And although, my eyes were open, they might just as well been closed
And so it was, later, when the Miller told his tale
He said her face at first, just ghostly and turned a whiter, shade of pale
{guitar solo}

And so it was, later, when the Miller told his tale
He said our faces, our faces burst as ghostly
They turned a whiter, shade of pale
Just a whiter, shade of pale
They turned a whiter, shade of pale.....