

A Whiter Shade of Pale

Gary Brooker & Keith Reid

We skipped the light fandango
And turned cartwheels cross the floor.
I was feeling kind of seasick
But the crowd called out for more.
The room was humming harder
And 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
And would not let her be
One of sixteen vestal virgins
Who were leaving for the coast
And although 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.

She said she wanted shore leave
Tho in truth we were at sea
So I took her by a looking glass
And forced her to agree
Saying you must be the mermaid
Who took Neptune for a ride
Well she smiled at me so sadly
That my anger straightway died
 And so it was that later
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