

# Whiter Shade Of Pale

## The Box Tops

We skipped the light fandango, turned cartwheels 'cross the floor  
or

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, the waiter brought a tray

And so it was, a little 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  
That I've wondered through my playing cards, 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

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