A WHITER SHADE OF PALE

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In a Slow 1

We skipped the light—fan-dan-go—
She said, "I'm home... on shore leave."
We turned cartwheels across the floor... I was feeling kind of

She said, "There's no reason..."
She said, "There's no reason..."
Though in truth we... were at sea... So I took her by the

sea-sick,
looking glass
she called out for more.

the crowd called out for more.
The room was humming hard—er

playing cards
and forced her to give.

and would not let her be

The room was humming hard—er

as the ceiling flew away—
who took Neptune for a ride—

When we called out for another drink—
but she smiled at me so sadly

who were leaving for the coast—
and though my eyes were open—

And so it was that later as the miller told his tale—
That her face at last just

ghostly turned a whiter shade of pale... pale...