As 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

CHORUS

Whiter shade of pale. pale.

She said there is no reason. And the truth is plain to see. But I wandered through my playingcards, And would not let her be.

One of sixteen vestal virgins, who were leaving for the coast. And also my eyes were open, They might just as well been closed, And so.
We skipped the light fan-dan-go
And turned cartwheels across the floor.
I was feeling kind of

tegen melodie

sea-sick,
But the crowd called-out for more.
The room was humming harder,