A Whiter Sade of Pale (tekst algemeen) [Procol Harum](https://www.google.com/search?rlz=1C1SQJL_nlNL779NL780&q=Procol+Harum&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLUz9U3MLQwzEhZxMoTUJSfnJ-j4JFYVJoLAHTBs1McAAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwjj5Ju2383jAhVNyKQKHcGlBjMQMTAAegQICxAF)

We skipped the light fandango  
And turned cartwheels 'cross the floor  
I was feeling kind a 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 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 thru’ my playing cards  
And would not let her be.

One of sixteen vestal virgins

Who were leaving fort he coast  
And although mu eyes were open

They might just have well 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