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