

# Maciej Wójcikowski, A Whiter Shade of Pale

We skipped the light fandango  
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor  
I was feeling kind of seasick  
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 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've been closed

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