Doro, Alive

We skipped the light fandango Turned cartwheels cross the floor I was felling 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 's no reason And the truth is plain to see, & guot; But I wandered through my playing cards And would not let her be Oneof sixteen vestal virgins Who were leaving for the coast And although my eyes were open They might just as well been closed And so it was that later As the miller told his tale

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