

Gilbert O'Sullivan, Underneath The Blanket Go

I don't know if you've heard the news but I'm a boy
Who's got himself a problem so big it's no joy
You see I've something that people claim
Could bring me fortune and instant fame
A face so ugly you could hardly blame
Anybody here for saying so

I think I'll bury myself deep beneath the ground
And come up only when there's no one else around
And if by chance someone approaches me
And that someone happens to be a she
You can bet your life in time of worry
I wouldn't hesitate but to be that way

Oh why can't girls just look at me and smile
Instead of looking at me as though
I will turn my head and before I go to bed
Gaily underneath the blanket go

I've even wrote to Marjorie Proops, but she can't help
The best that she could offer me was disguise yourself
Well this I've done would you believe not twice
But more than once in fact I think it was nice
So much so when I'm inclined to hurry
I wouldn't hesitate but to be that way-oh oh oh

Woh! Woh!