

# 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!