

When I Turn off the Living Room Light

The Kinks

Who cares if you're Jewish,
And your breath smells of garlic,
And your nose is a shiny red light.
To me you are gorgeous,
And everything's right,
When I turn off the living room light.

Your clothes are old-fashioned,
Your knuckles are bony,
Your hair looks a terrible sight.
But I don't have to see you,
The way that you are,
When I turn off the living room light.
When I turn off the living room light.
I don't have to see you,
The way that you are,
When I turn off the living room light.

Well it's not that you are ugly,
And I'm not being cruel,
It helps me to relax, dear,
It helps to keep me cool.
Now I am not intending,
To make you feel ashamed,
What's wrong in me pretending?
'Cause you can't help being plain.

Your nose may be bulbous,
Your face may be spotty,
Your skin may be wrinkled and tight.
But I don't want to see you,
The way that you are,
So I turn off the living room light.

We don't feel so ugly,
We don't feel so draggy,
We don't feel so twisted up tight.
And we don't feel as ugly as we really are,
When we turn off the living room light.
When we turn off the living room light.
We don't feel as ugly as we really are,
When we turn off the living room light.