

Oh Well

Fleetwood Mac

Can't help about the shape I'm in
Can't sing, I ain't pretty and my legs are thin
Don't ask me what I think of you
Might not give the answer that you want me to
Now, when I talked to God I knew He'd understand
He said, "Stick by my side and I'll be your guiding hand
Don't ask me what I think of you
I might not give the answer that you want me to"
Oh well, oh well
Well, well, well, well

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