Oh Well

Joe Jackson

I can't help about the shape I'm in
I can't sing, I ain't pretty and my legs are thin
But don't ask me what I think of you
I might not give the answer that you want me toOh, wellNow, when I talked to God I knew he'd understand
He said, "Stick by my side and I'll be your guiding hand"
But don't ask me what I think of you
I might not give the answer that you want me toOh, well

Songwriters
HARRIS, JAMES SAMUEL III/LEWIS, TERRY/MORRIS, NATHAN BPublished by
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