

Oh Well

Fleetwood Mac

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 to
Now when I talk to God you know he understands

He said stick by me and I'll be your guidin' hand
But don't ask me what I think of you
I might not give the answer that you want me to

Songwriters

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