

# 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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