

OH WELL

Key E

I can't help about the shape I'm in
I can't sing I ain't pretty and my legs are think
But don't ask me what I think of you
I might not give the answer that you want me to

Oh well

Now, 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 to"

Oh well

I look in a mirror thinking who's that man
I see those eyes and I don't understand
But don't ask me what I think of you
I might not give the answer that you want me to

Oh well