

# 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

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