

# Oh Well

**The Black Crowes**

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

When I talked to God, I knew he'd understand  
He said stick by me 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