

Oh Well

Joe Jackson

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
And when I talk to God I know he'll understand
He says, "Stick by me, 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