

Big Country, Oh Well

Can't help about the shape I'm in
I can't sing, I ain't pretty, and my legs are thin
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 sit by me I'll be your guiding hand
So don't ask me what I think of you
I might not give the answer that you want me to
Oh Well