

Fleetwood Mac, Oh well

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 talk to God you know he understands
He said stick by me and I'll be your guidin' hand
But don't ask me what I think of you
I might not give the answer that you want me to...