

# Joe Jackson, 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 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