

Kenny Wayne Shepherd, 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
Don't ask me what I think of you
I might not give the answer that you want me to
Now when I talk to God

I think he'll understand
Stick by me and I'll be your guiding hand
Don't ask me what I think of you
I might not give the answer that you want me to