

# 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