

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

[Jam]

Now, when I talked to God I knew he'd understand  
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

Oh well

[Solo]

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