

Oh Well

Deep Purple

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 me, 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

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