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

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