

Oh Well

Tourniquet

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
Oh well...
Now when I talk to God I know He understands
He says "Stick by me, 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
Oh well...