

Mr. Soul

Neil Young

Oh, hello Mr. Soul, I dropped by to pick up a reason
For the thought that I caught, that my head is the event of the season
Why in crowds just a trace of my face could seem so pleasin'
I'll cop out to the change, but a stranger is putting the tease on I was down on a frown when the messenger
brought me a letter
I was raised by the praise of a fan who said I upset her
Any girl in the world could have easily known me better
She said, "You're strange, but don't change", and I let her In a while will the smile on my face turn to plaster?
Stick around while the clown who is sick does the trick of disaster
For the race of my head and my face is moving much faster
Is it strange I should change? I don't know, why don't you ask her?
Is it strange I should change? I don't know
Is it strange I should change? I don't know

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