

Buffalo Springfield "Mr. Soul"

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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

I'll cop out to the change, but a stranger is putting the
tease on.

Why in crowds just a trace of my face could seem so
pleasin'

I was raised by the praise of a fan who said I upset her
In a while will the smile on my face turn to plaster?

I was down on a frown when the messenger brought
me a letter

Any girl in the world could have easily known me better
She said, You're strange, but don't change, and I let
her

Is it strange I should change? I don't know, why don't
you ask her For the race of my head and my face is
moving much faster

Stick around while the clown who is sick does the trick
of disaster

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