

Iron & Wine

"Mr. Soul"

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Well hello Mr. Soul, I dropped by to pick up a reason
For the thought that I caught that my head in 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
But any girl in the world could have easily known me
better

She said, "You're strange, but don't change," and I let
her

Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh

So in a while will the smile on my face turn to plaster
Stick around while the clown who is sick does a 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

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