

## Neil Young "Hello 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  
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?

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