

Neil Young & Crazy Horse "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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