

**Philip Claypool****"Solo In Soho"**

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Stop this lying  
Stop this cheating  
Stop treating me like I am some  
Kind of fool over whose eyes you can pull the wool  
You're not so cool  
Remember it's to me you are speaking

Stop cutting  
Stop hurting  
Stop this dirt  
About you lifting up your skirt  
To any man dressed in pants with shirt buttons undone  
and flirting

When you are so low down in soho  
There is no hope no how  
No place to go  
You will go along  
Some people say I'm a crazy kind of fool  
But be that as it may  
You always treat me cruel  
Solo in soho

Stop talking  
Stop eating  
We can't go on meeting  
And greeting  
Meeting and cheating and meeting  
And sleeping you know that's deceiting  
And that's only repeating

When you are so low  
Down in soho  
There is no hope no how  
There is no place to go  
But you will go along  
Some people say I'm a crazy kind of fool  
But be that as it may you always treat me cruel  
Solo in soho

