

Young Neil

"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?
Is it strange I should change? I don't know
Is it strange I should change? I don't know

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