

# Neil Young & Crazy Horse, Mr. Soul

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?