

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 disa
ster
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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