

## Mr. Soul

Kenny Wayne Shepherd

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 pleasing?  
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, why don't you ask her?  
Is it strange I should change?  
I don't know  
Yeah!