

## Mr. Soul

Cher

Well, hello Mr. Soul  
I dropped by to pick up a reason  
For the thought that I caught that my head  
Was 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 the ground  
When the messenger  
Wrote 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 much better  
She said  
You're strange, but don't change  
And I let her  
In a while when the smile on my face  
Turned to plaster  
Stick around while the clown who gets 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, why don't you ask her  
Is it strange I should change

Why don't you ask her