

# Iron And Wine, Mr. Soul

Well hello Mr. Soul, I dropped by to pick up a reason  
For the thought that I caught that my head in 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  
But any girl in the world could have easily known me better  
She said, You're strange, but don't change, and I let her

Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh

So in a while will the smile on my face turn to plaster  
Stick around while the clown who is sick does a 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