

Cher, Mr. Soul

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

[Fade out]