

Mr. Soul
Neil Young

(A fine a guitarra em **Eb**)

F F F F

F

Oh hello Mr. Soul I dropped by to pick up a reason

F

For the thought that I'd caught that my head is the event of the season

Bb

F

Why in crowds just a trace of my face should seem so pleasin

Eb

Bb

F

I'll cop out to the change but a stranger is putting the tease on

Eb G# Eb x2

I was down on a frown when a 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

Eb

In a while well the smile on my face turned to plaster

Stick around while the clown who was 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

Eb

Bb

Is it strange I should change? I don't know

Eb

Bb

Is it strange I should change? I don't know

C	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
G	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
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