

No More Mr. Nice Guy

[Alice Cooper](#)

I used to be such a sweet, sweet thing
'Til they got a hold of me
I'd open doors for little old ladies
I helped the blind to see I got no friends 'cause they read the papers
They can't be seen
With me and I'm gettin' real shot down
And I'm feelin' mean No more mister nice guy
No more mister clean
No more mister nice guy
They say he's sick, he's obscene I got no friends 'cause they read the papers
They can't be seen
With me and I'm gettin' real shot down
And I'm gettin' mean
No more mister nice guy
No more mister clean
No more mister nice guy
They say he's sick, he's obscene My dog bit me on the leg today
My cat clawed my eyes
Ma's been thrown out of the social circle
And dad has to hide I went to church incognito
When everybody rose
The Reverend Smedley, he recognized me
And punched me in the nose He said:
No more mister nice guy
No more mister clean
No more mister nice guy
He said you're sick, you're obscene
No more mister nice guy
No more mister clean
No more mister nice guy
He said you're sick, you're obscene
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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