

# No More Mr. Nice Guy

## Megadeth

I used to be such a sweet, sweet thing  
'Til they got a hold of me  
I opened 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' shot down  
And I'm feeling 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 eye  
My mom's been thrown out of the society circle  
My dad's had to hide

I went to church incognito  
And everybody rose, the reverend Smith  
He recognized me  
Punched me in the nose

No more Mister nice guy  
No more Mister clean  
No more Mister nice guy  
They say he's sick, he's obscene

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