No More Mr. Nice Guy (Live In Columbus)

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 seeI 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' meanNo more mister nice guy
No more mister clean
No more mister nice guy
They say he's sick, he's obsceneI 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 obsceneMy 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 hideI went to church incognito
When everybody rose
The Reverend Smedley, he recognized me
And punched me in the noseHe 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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