

No More Mister Nice Guy

Alice Cooper

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' 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, 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 in the leg today
My cat clawed my eyes
Mom's been thrown out the social circle
And dad has to hide I went to church, incognito
When everybody rose
The Reverend Smith, 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

Songwriters

Alice Cooper; Michael Bruce Published by

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