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 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, I'm gettin' meanNo more Mister Nice Guy
No more Mister Clean
No more Mister Nice Guy
They say, he's sick, he's obsceneMy dog bit me in the leg today
My cat clawed my eyes
Mom's been thrown out the social circle
And dad has to hideI went to church, incognito
When everybody rose
The Reverend Smith, 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 obsceneNo more Mister Nice Guy
No more Mister Clean
No more Mister Nice Guy
He said, you're sick, you're obscene

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