

# No More Mr. 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

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