No More Mr. Nice Guy (Album Version)

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 feeling 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 feelin' 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 obscene.My 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 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
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