

# Alice Cooper, No More Mr Nice Guy

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 gettin' real shot down  
And I'm, I'm getting 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, 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"