

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"