

# No More Mr. Nice Guy

[Alice Cooper](#)

I used to be such a sweet, sweet thing  
'Til they got a hold of me  
I'd open 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 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 Smedley, 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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