

No More Mr. Nice Guy

Slash

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
I'm feeling real 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 feeling kinda, kinda 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
The cat clawed my eyes
Ma's been thrown out of the social circle
And my dad just has to hide
I went to church, I was 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
They say you're sick, you're obscene

No more Mister Nice Guy
No more Mister Clean
No more Mister Nice Guy
They say you're sick, you're obscene

No more, oh ow
No more, oh ow
No more Mister Nice Guy