

No More Mr. Nice Guy

Pat Boone

I used to be such a sweet, sweet thing
Till 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 feelin' mean

No more Mister Nice Guy
No more Mister Clean
No more Mister Nice Guy
They say he's sick, he's obscene

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My dog bit me on the leg today
My cat clawed my eye
Mom's been thrown out of the social circles
And dad has to hide
I went to church incognito
When everybody rose the Reverend Smithy
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