

Nice Men

Shirley Bassey

Night arrived in a shiny dress, the water calm and still
The only sound for miles around was a hungry cat on a windowsill

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In amongst the quiet, something strange was going on

Where have all the nice men
Where have all the good men
Where have all the bad men gone?

Mothers wept, fathers went out searching for a wife
Could it be they had all been led astray and hypnotized?
Suddenly they had misplaced almost every son

Where have all the nice men
Where have all the good men
Where have all the bad men gone?

Where have they gone, who knows?
Where have they gone, no one knows
Where have they gone, who knows?
Where have they gone? Well nobody knows

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