

## **Stereophonics**

# **"An Audience With Mr. Nice"**

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I got a phone call today from Mr. Nice  
He has oftended called...once or twice  
He's on stage in town asked me to come down  
I was five minutes late I had to pop by the gates  
I stood at the side and I listened and I tried  
To imagine a life that gave him that smile  
An audience where that reads on the bill  
A man that made his millions smuglin' for thrills

ooooohh

Master of skies and masters degrees  
Who's goal in life is to set what grows free  
I would drink and smoke while some think it's a joke  
When someone's in pain, you can't take up a string  
And I like stories told and well 'til I'm old  
Are the ones growing up are going to love what we  
know

Is it going to fast, am I living in the past? Do we think  
anymore?

Or live behind closed doors?

ooooohh

There's something about a man on a stage  
That'll make you listen and think I want to come back  
again  
And so Mr. Nice there it is. I'm glad you called, I had me  
a ball

ooooohh

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