

Back Door Slam

Robert Cray

I was born in the back seat
Of a travellin' hurricane
I came up in the back streets
The city with no name
I was raised on trouble
Rock when I should roll
I never could control it
And I can't be controlled

I am what I am
I am the back door slam

When I walk down the streets
The streetlights go out
When I drive through your town
The dogs start to howl
I stand in the shadows
Sparks are in my hair
When i open up my mouth
My voice fills the air

I am what I am
I am the back door slam

People say
I'm charming
People say
I'm alarming
People can feel
The disturbance around me
I don't care what they say they see

I'm the dust in your broom
100 proof everclear
I'm the crack in your ceiling
Thump you think you hear
I'm a 3am phone call
Tank of gasoline
I'm a siren stopping
At the end of your street

I am what I am
I am the back door slam

People say
Strange
People say
I'm dangerous
People can feel
That a deal was struck
Save my soul and
Make my own luck

I was born in the city
A city with no shame
And when I play guitar
They all know my name

I am what I am
I am the back door slam
I am what I am
I am the back door slam