

Back Door Man

Willie Dixon

I am, a back door man
I am, a back door man
Well the, men don't know, but the little girls understand

When everybody's tryin' to sleep
I'm somewhere making my, midnight creep
Yes in the morning, when the rooster crow
Something tell me, I got to go

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They, take me to the doctor, shot full o' holes
Nurse cried, please save the soul
Killed him for murder, first degree
Judge's wife cried, let the man go free

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Stand out there, cop's wife cried
Don't take him down, rather be dead
Six feets in the ground
When you come home you can eat, pork and beans
I eats mo' chicken, any man seen

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