

# 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 And 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 ever clear  
I'm the crack in your ceilin'  
Thump you think you hear I'm a 3 a.m. phone call  
Tank of gasoline  
I'm a siren stoppin'  
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

Songwriters

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