

# Back Door Slam

Bernie Reilly

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

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