

Knocking At Your Back Door

Ian Gillan

Sweet Lucy was a dancer
But none of us would chance her
Because she was a samurai
She made electric shadows
Beyond our fingertips
And none of us could reach that high
She came on like a teaser
I had to touch and please her
Enjoy a little paradise
The log was in my pocket
When Lucy met the rocket
She never knew the reason why
I can't deny it
With that smile on her face
Oh it's not the kill
It's the thrill of the chase
Feel it coming
It's knocking at the door
You know it's no good running
It's not against the law
The point of no return
And now you know the score
And now you're learning
What's knockin' at your back door
Sweet Nancy was so fancy
To get into her pantry
Had to be the aristocracy
The members that she toyed with
At city club were something in diplomacy
So we put her on the hit list
Of a common cunning linguist
A master of many tongues
And now she eases gently
From her Austin to her Bentley
Suddenly she feels so young
I can't deny it
With that smile on her face
Oh it's not the kill
It's the thrill of the chase
Feel it coming
It's knocking at the door
You know it's no good running
No it's not against the law
The point of no return
Now how you know the score
And now you're learning

What's knockin' at your back door
Sweet Lucy was a dancer
But none of us would chance her
Because she was a samurai
She made electric shadows
Beyond our fingertips
And one of us could reach that high
I can't deny it
With that smile on my face
Oh oh, it's not the kill
It's the thrill of the chase
Feel it coming
Knocking at your door
You know it's no good running
No it's knocking at your door
Knockin' at your back door

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