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

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