

# Robert Cray, Back Door Slam

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  
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 everclear  
I'm the crack in your ceiling  
Thump you think you hear  
I'm a 3am phone call  
Tank of gasoline  
I'm a siren stopping  
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