

Back Door Man

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium slow

*E*⁷ *mf*

I am a back door man.

Well, the

men don't know but the lit-tle girls un-der-stand.

When ev - 'ry-bo - dy's try'n to sleep,

I'm some - where mak-in' my mid - night creep.



Verse 3

They take me to the doctor, shot full of holes;
Nurse cried "Can't save his soul."
Accused him for murder, first degree,
Judge wife cried "Let the man go free."

Verse 4

When everybody's tryin' to sleep,
I'm somewhere makin' my midnight creep;
Every morning the rooster crow,
Something tell me I got to go.

Verse 5

Cop's wife cried, "Don't kick him down,
Rather be dead, six feet in the ground."
When you come home you can eat pork and beans;
I eat more chicken any man seen.

Verse 6

When everybody's try'n to sleep,
I'm somewhere makin' my midnight creep.
Just the mornin' the rooster crow,
Somethin' tell me I got to go.