

# Brass Knuckles

Rupert Holmes

Workin' out of homicide  
They told me Joe Vinelli died  
We'd been a team for seven years  
His widow wouldn't waste her tears  
Who'd done him no one seemed to care  
'Cause crooked cops foul up the air  
But since I worked so long with Joe  
I felt I had the right to know

I found a club in Malibu  
He'd gone when he felt black and blue  
Twenty bucks in petty cash  
The hat-check girl spilled out some trash  
In a tale I heard a name  
That rang a gong to save the game  
A congressman named Thollie Doakes  
Who had a place in Sherman Oaks

Step softly gumshoe, you're out of your class  
You're trailing money therefore then there's glass in the grass  
Brass knuckles won't help when your hands ain't clean  
Rubber hoses, broken noses are a trench coat scene  
And you ain't dressed for this affair  
You're breathing rarified air

Up through the luscious estate I wheeled  
A servant made me show my shield  
The congressman conversed with me  
He flashed his smile convincingly  
He said he'd not a thing to hide  
Which told me right away he lied  
'Cause how could he afford the rent  
Unless he's somewhat overspent

But down the stairs he missed his dose  
The kind that takes off ermine cloaks  
She'd left her furs upon her bed  
And slipped on angel lace instead  
Her husband left to get a drink  
Her eyes squared up the way I think  
I figured Doakes had murdered Joe  
When blackmail for his needing go

Brass knuckles copper, you're falling in love  
You're near the rim of hell but you see heaven above  
Brass knuckles won't fail you but the light touch will  
Pistol holder, chip on shoulder with your guts set to spill  
You think that justice owes you face  
You brain is loaded with blanks

The angel felt heavenly  
She sank her body into me  
My double-breasted suit fit fine  
Her form aligned itself with mine  
I wonder I'd a natural brain  
I smelled the truth out clean and plain  
I'd have to take her husband in that night

I hoped he'd come without a fight

That when the angel stole my gun  
And said, "I hate to spoil your fun"  
Then laughing she explained to me  
The murderer was none but she  
A love affair with Joe went tired  
And six shots into him she fired  
The congressman a jerk like me  
Covered up to keep her free

So good-bye shameless, I'll aim for the chest  
The bullet hole that entered near the top of your vest  
You lost your heart already so you won't feel the pain  
Brass knuckles, brass knuckles and a brass-headed brain  
Take a breath, prepare to crash  
You'll see a bright, blinding flash