

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