

Shilelagh Law

"Bare Knuckles Man"

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I had a rough night to cap off a rough week
I woke up spitting blood and a couple of teeth
A blurry left eye makes the world sort of spin
And my swollen right hand ain't got no more skin
There's cash in my pocket, I paid half a grand
I'm the bare-knuckles man, I'm the bare knuckles man

No robe for my shoulders, no belt for my waist
Just the drunks and the bookies, one more bloody face
At the old standing warehouse at the end of the dock
They'll let you inside if you know the right knock
No shirt on my back, no gloves on my hand
I'm the bare knuckles man, I'm the bare knuckles man

It used to be different, it used to be clean
With a trainer in a corner and a real referee
But there ain't no points now, and there ain't no rounds
I beat and I break until someone falls down

Well, there's my story, that's how it goes
A broken old man with a broken old nose
My footwork is slipping and I can't see too well
But my right hook still sends them to the gates of hell
I still got the lighting, my race isn't ran
I'm the bare knuckles man, I'm the bare knuckles man

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