

You Don't Mess Around With Jim

Words & Music:
Jim Croce

G
Uptown's got its hustlers -- The Bowery's got its bums.
G
Forty-second street's got Big Jim Walker - he's a pool-shooting son of a gun G7
C7
Well he's big & dumb as a man can come - but he's stronger than a country hoss
D7 C7 D7 C7
When the bad folks all get together at night you know they all call Big Jim, "Boss".
G
Just because...and they say:

CHORUS:

C7 G7 C7 G7
"You don't tug on Superman's cape, you don't spit into the wind.
C7 D7 G
You don't pull the mask of the old Lone Ranger and you don't mess around with Jim."
G C7 D7
Ba-doo-da-doo-doo dee-doo-doo-doo doot

Well, out of South AL come a country boy. He said, "I'm lookin' for a man named Jim.
I am a pool-shootin' boy, my name is Willie McCoy, but back home they call me Slim."
He said, "I'm lookin' for the King of 42nd street. He's drivin' a drop-top Cadillac.
Last week he took all my money, and it may sound funny,
But I come to get my money back."
And everybody say, "Jack, don't you know?"

CHORUS:

Well, a hush fell over the poolroom when Jimmy come boppin' in off the street.
And when the cuttin' was done, the only part that wasn't bloody
Was the soles of the big man's feet.
He was cut in 'bout a hundred places and he was shot in a couple more.
And you better believe they sung a different kind of story
When Big Jim hit the floor. And now they say:

FINAL CHORUS WORDS:

You don't tug on Superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask of the old Lone Ranger
And you don't mess around with Slim