You Don't Mess Around With Jim Jim Croce

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Uptown's got its hustlers The Bowry's got its bums Forty-second street's got Big Jim Walker E7He's a pool-shootin' son of a gun AWell he's big and dumb as a man can come But he's stronger than a country hoss B7 AAnd when the bad folks all get together at night B7 AYou know they all call Big Jim "boss" E(Just because ...) (They say ...)

Chorus

A7EYou don't tug on Superman's cape
A7EYou don't spit into the wind
A7FYou don't pull the mask of the old Lone Ranger
B7EAnd you don't mess around with Jim
(Ba-doo-da-doo-doo doo-doo-doo doot)

Well out of South Alabama 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 forty-second street He's drivin' a drop-top Cadillac And 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 that...) *Chorus*

Well a hush fell over the pool room 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)

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

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