

Croce Jim

"You Dont Mess Around With Jim"

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Uptown got it's hustlers

Bowery got it's bums

42nd Street got Big Jim Walker

He's a pool-shootin' son of a gun

Yea, he big and dumb as a man can come

But he stronger than a country hoss

And when the bad folks all get together at night

You know they all call big Jim "Boss" ... just because ...

And they say ...

CHORUS:

You don't tug on Superman's cape

You don't spit into the wind

You don't pull the mask off the old Lone Ranger

And you don't mess around with Jim

Well outa south Alabama came a country boy

Hey say I'm lookin' for a man named Jim

I am a pool-shootin' boy

My name Willie McCoy

But down home they call me Slim

Yea I'm lookin' for the king of 42nd Street

He 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 that

(Repeat Chorus)

Well a hush fell over the pool room

Jimmy come boppin' in off the street

And when the cuttin' were done

The only part that wasn't bloody

Was the soles of the big man's feet

Yea he were cut in in 'bout a hundred places

And he were shot in a couple more

And you better believe

They sung a different kind of story

When big Jim hit the floor ... now they say

(Repeat Chorus [New last line] And you don't mess
around with Slim)

[Spoken] Yea, big Jim got his hat

Find out where it's at

And it's not hustling people strange to you

Even if you do got a two-piece custom-made pool cue
... yea

(Repeat Chorus)

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