

## Jim Croce

# "BIG JIM WALKER"

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Uptown's got it's hustlers. The bowry's got it's bums.  
42nd street got Big Jim Walker. He's a pool shootin son  
of a gun.

He 'bout as big and dumb as a man can come  
But he's stronger than a country horse.  
And when all the bad folks get together at night  
You know they all call Big Jim boss. Just because.

They say you don't tug on Superman's cape.  
You don't spit into the wind.  
You don't pull the mask off the ol' Lone Ranger  
and you don't mess around with Jim.

Now outta south Alabama came a country boy  
He said I'm lookin' for a man named Jim.  
I'm a pool shootin' boy. My name is Willie McCoy  
But back home they call me Slim.  
Now I'm a 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 said, "hey Jack" don't ya know.

They say you don't tug on Superman's cape.  
You don't spit into the wind.  
You don't pull the mask off the ol' Lone Ranger  
and you don't mess around with Jim.

Now 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 bopttoms of the big man's feet.  
Yeah he was cut in hundred places and he was shot in  
a couple more  
And you better believe it was a different kinda story  
When Big Jim hit the floor. awwwwww huh.

They say you don't tug on Superman's cape.  
You don't spit into the wind.

You don't pull the mask off the ol' Lone Ranger  
and you don't mess around with SLIM.

(spoken)

Yeah Big Jim got his hat. -a

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