

Jim Croce

"Don't Mess Around With Jim"

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Uptown got its' hustlers, the bowry got its' bums
And 42nd street got a big Jim Walker
He a pool-shootin son of gun
Yeah he big and dumb as a man can come
But he's 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

Chorus:

And they say
You don't tug on superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask off an ole lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Jim

Well, out o' 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 Will McCoy but down home they call me
Slim
Well, I'm lookin for the gang of 42nd
I hear he drive a drop-top Cadillac
And last week he took all my money and it may sound
funny but I come to get my money

And everybody say jack!

(Chorus)

Well, a hush fell over the pool room as Jimmy come
boppin in off the street
And when the cuttin was done they only thought it
wasn't blood, it was the soles of the big man's feet
Yeah he was cut in 'bout a hundred places and he was
shot in couple more
And you better believe they sung a different kind o'
story when Big Jim hit the floor

Chorus # 2

And they say you don't tug on superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask off an ole lone ranger

and you don't mess around with Slim

(Repeat Chorus # 2)

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