

Jim Croce

"You 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 1)
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
the ol' 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 Willie McCoy
but down home they call me Slim"

"Yeah, I'm lookin' for the king of 42nd Street
He 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"

(Chorus 1)

Well, a hush fell over
the pool room as 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

Yeah 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

(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
the ol' Lone Ranger
and you don't mess around with Slim

(Repeat Chorus 2)

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