

Joe Dassin

"You Don't Mess Around With Jim"

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(Jim Croce)

Uptown's got its hustlers, the Bowry's got its bums
Forty-second street's got Big Jim Walker
He's a pool-shootin' son of a gun.
Well he's 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...

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 Jim.

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
Because 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 ?"

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 Jim.

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, 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.

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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