Poison "Don't Mess Around With Jim"

Visit "Don't Mess Around With Jim" on MotoLyrics.com

Well, uptown got its hustlers And the Bowery got its bums 42nd Street got Big Jim Walker He's a pool shootin' son of a gun

Yeah, he's big and dumb as a man can come He's stronger than a country horse And when the bad folks all get together at night They all call Big Jim, 'Boss'

Just because, yeah, 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, oh no

From the south of Alabama come a country boy He said, "I'm looking for a man named Jim Now I am a pool shootin' boy, my name is Willie McCoy Down home, folks call me Slim"

I'm lookin' for the man on 42nd Street He's drivin' some drop top Cadillac And I know it sounds funny That he took all my money Now I come to get my money back

Everybody say, "Jack"

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 Ole Lone Ranger
And you don't mess around with Jim"

A hush fell over the pool room
As Jimmy walked in off the street
And when the cutting was done
The only part that wasn't bloody
Was the souls of the big man's feet

He was cut in a million places And was shot in a couple more And you better believe They told a different kinda story When Big Jim hit the floor

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 Ole 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 off the Ole 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 off the Ole Lone Ranger And you don't mess around with Slim

Visit <u>Poison</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.