

Pointer Sisters

"You Don't Mess Around With Jim"

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Hey!! Come on now, everyone sit down and shut up a minute.

Give me a chance to talk, it's my turn.

Uptown got it's hustlers
Bowery got it's bums
42nd Street got Big Jim Walker
He's a pool-shootin' son of a gun
Yea, he big and dumb as a man can come
But he 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...
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 old Lone Ranger
And you don't mess around with Jim

From south Alabama came a country boy
Hey say I'm lookin' for a man named Jim
I am a pool-shootin' boy
My name Willie McCoy
But down home folks call me Slim
Yea I'm lookin' for the man of 42nd Street
He drivin' some drop top Cadillac
And I know it sounds funny, but he took all my money,
Now I come to get my money back.
And everybody say Jack (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 old Lone Ranger
And you don't mess around with Jim

Well a hush fell over the pool room
Jimmy come boppin' in off the street
And when the cuttin' were done
The only part that wasn't bloody

Was the soles of the big man's feet
Yea he were cut in a million places
And he were shot in a couple more
And you better believe
They told a different kind of story
When big Jim hit the floor... See ya Jim Boy. 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 old Lone Ranger
And you don't mess around with Slim

[Spoken] Now, if I were Big Jim, I woulda Taken all the
money,
Grabbed the best looking girl I seen,
Jumped in my car, and got the hell outta town.
You'd see me NOOO more.

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