

# You Don't Mess Around With Jim

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 ...)  
(they say ...)

chorus:

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  
(ba-doo-da-doo-doo doo-doo-doo-doo doot)  
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 mccooy  
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  
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 -- don't you know that...)  
(chorus)

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  
(and 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

