

YOU DON'T MESS AROUND WITH JIM

Jim Croce

V1 C V2 C V3 C2 T C2

(Intro)E E7

Verse 1

E E7 E
Uptown got it's hustlers
E7 E
The bowery got it's bums
E7 E
2nd Street got Big Jim Walker
E7 E
He's a pool-shooting son of a gun
A
Yeah, he big and dumb as a man can come
A
But he stronger than a country hoss
B7 A
And when the bad folks all get together at night
B7 E
You know they all call big Jim "Boss", just because
E7
And they say

Chorus

A A7 E
You don't tug on Superman's cape
A A7 E
You don't spit into the wind
A A7
You don't pull the mask off that old Lone Ranger
B7 A7 E B
And you don't mess around with Jim

Verse 2

Well outta south Alabama came a country boy
He say I'm looking for a man named Jim
I am a pool-shooting boy
My name Willie McCoy
But down home they call me Slim
Yeah I'm looking for the king of 42nd Street
He driving a drop top Cadillac
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

Verse 3

Well a hush fell over the pool room
Jimmy come bopping in off the street
And when the cutting were done
The only part that wasn't bloody
Was the soles of the big man's feet
Yeah he were cut in bout a hundred places
And he were 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

Chorus 2

You don't tug on Superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask off that old Lone Ranger
And you don't mess around with Slim

Tag

E

Yeah, big Jim got his hat
Find out where it's at
And it's not hustling people strange to you
Even if you do got a two-piece custom-made pool cue