

You Don't Mess Around with Jim

Jim Croce

E
Uptown got it's hustlers
The bowery got it's bums
42nd Street got Big Jim Walker
He's a pool-shooting son of a gun
A
Yeah, he's big and dumb as a man can come,
but he stronger than a country hoss
B7 A
and when the bad folks all get together at night,
B7 A
you know they all call big Jim 'Boss',
E
just because And they say,

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

E
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
A
Yeah, I'm looking for the king of 42nd Street
He driving a drop top Cadillac
B7 A
Last week he took all my money and it may sound funny,
B7 A
but I come to get my money back
E
and everybody say Jack, don't you know

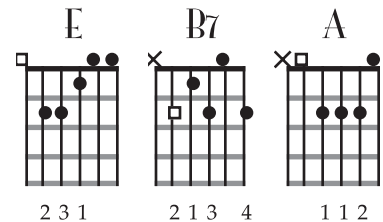
CHORUS

E
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
A
Yeah, he were cut in 'bout a hundred places
and he were shot in a couple more
B7 A
and you better believe they sung a different kind of story
B7 A E
when big Jim hit the floor, now they say

CHORUS

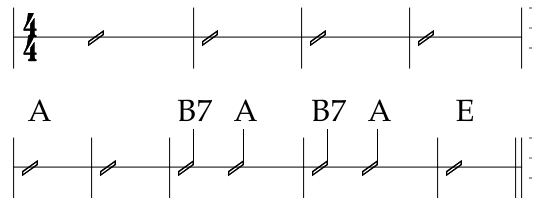
Yeah, big Jim got his hat
Find out where it's at
and it's not hustling people strange to you
even if you do got a two-piece custom-made pool cue

CHORUS



Verse

E



Chorus

