You Don't Mess Around With Jim

Jim Croce

Uptown got it's hustlers
The bowery got it's bums
42nd street got Big Jim Walker
He's a pool-shootin' son of a gun
Yeah, he big and dumb as a man can come
But he's stronger than a country horse
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 that old Lone Ranger
And you don't mess around with Jim"
Well, outta South Alabama came a country boy
He said, "I'm lookin' for a man named Jim"
I am a pool-shootin' boy, my name Willie McCoy
But down home they call me, 'Slim'"
Yeah, I'm lookin' for the king of 42nd street
He drivin' a drop top Cadillac
Last week he took all my money
And it may sound funny
But I've come to get my money back
And everybody say, "Jack, don't you know?
And 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 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
Yeah, he were cut in 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

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

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