

You Don't Mess Around With Jim

Josh Turner

Uptowns got it hustlers
The Bowery's got its bums
And forty-second street got Big Jim Walker
He's a pool shootin' son of a gun Yeah 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 and 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 ol' lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Jim Well outta South Alabama come a country boy
He said, "I'm looking for a man named Jim
I am a pool shootin' boy
My name is Willie McCoy
But down home they call me Slim" Yeah I'm lookin for the king of forty second street
He 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?
You don't tug on Superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask of the ol' lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Jim" Well a hush fell over the pool room
When Jimmy come boppin' in off the street
And when the cutting was done
The only thing that wasn't bloody
Was the souls of the big mans feet Yeah he was cut in 'bout a hundred places
And he was shot in a couple more
And you better believe
They sung a different kinda 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 of the ol' lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Slim No no
You don't tug on Superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask of the ol' lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Slim

You don't pull the mask of the ol' lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Slim You don't mess around with Slim
You don't mess around with Slim
Don't mess around with Slim
No no
Don't mess around with Slim
No no
Don't mess around with Slim

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