

# You Don't Mess Around with Jim

Jim Croce

E E6 (straight shuffle-swagger)

## VERSE 1

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 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 E  
You know they all call big Jim "Boss", just because

E7  
And they say

## CHORUS

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 A7 E -> B  
And you don't mess around with Jim

## VERSE 2

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  
Last week he took all my money  
A  
And it may sound funny  
B7 A  
But I come to get my money back

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E

And everybody say Jack, don't you know

CHORUS

VERSE 3

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, woo!

A

Yeah he were cut in bout a hundred places  
And he were shot in a couple more

B7

And you better believe

A

They sung a different kind of story

B7 A E

When big Jim hit the floor, now they say

CHORUS 2

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 Slim

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

CHORUS 2