

Donna Fargo, You Don't Mess Around With Jim

(One two one two three four)

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 Jim

Well uptown got its hustlers the Bowery 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 off the old Lone Ranger and you don't mess around with Jim

Well outta south Alabama come a country boy

He said I'm lookin' for a man named Jim

Well I'm a pool shootin' boy my name is Willie McCoy

But down home they call me Slim

Yeah I'm looking for the king of Forty Second Street he drivin' 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 you don't 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 Jim

Well a hush fell over the pool room Jimmy come boppin' in off of 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 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 the old Lone Ranger and you don't mess around with Slim

No no no you don't tug on Superman's cape...

No no no you don't tug on Superman's cape...