

# Jim Croce, You Don't Mess Around With Jim

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 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 that old Lone Ranger  
And you don't mess around with Jim

Well outta south Alabama came a country boy  
He say 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 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