<u>Don't Mess Around With Jim</u>   In D – orig in E

```
D                                              D
```
Uptown got its hustlers, Bowery got it's bums, 42nd street got Big Jim Walker, he's a pool shootin' son of a gun
```
        G                                      G
```
Yeah he's big and dumb as a man can come, but he's stronger than a country hoss
```
          A              G                 A         G        D
```
And when the bad folks all get together at night, You know they all call Big Jim boss, just because

```
                        G             D           G         D
```
And they say, "You don't tug on Superman's cape, you don't spit into the wind
```
       G                                       A                    D
```
You don't pull the mask off the ol' Lone Ranger, and you don't mess around with Jim (Slim)
```
                                     A7
```
Doo – do – be – doo – dee – dee – dee – dee – dee

```
D                                              D
```
Well out of South Alabama come a country boy, said he's lookin' for a man named Jim
```
D                                      D
```
"I'm a pool shootin' boy name of Willie McCoy, but down home they call me Slim
```
        G                              G
```
Yeah I'm lookin' for the king of 42nd street, drivin' a drop top Cadillac
```
       A                          G              A         G      D
```
Last week he took all my money and it may sound funny, but I come to get my money back"
```
D
```
And everybody said, "Jack, don't you know"   (repeat chorus)

```
D                                   D
```
Well a hush fell over the pool room, Jimmy come a-boppin' in off the street
```
D                                              D
```
When the cuttin' was done the only part that wasn't bloody, was the souls of the big man's feet
```
         G                              G
```
Yeah, he was cut in 'bout a hundred places, and he was shot in a couple more
```
         A              G                 A      G      D
```
And you better believe I sung a different kinda story, when Big Jim hit the floor

Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm   (repeat chorus)

```
D
```
Ya Big Jim got his hat, find out where it's at (spoken)
```
D
```
It's not hustlin' people strange to you, even if you do got a two piece custom made pool cue
```
        G              D          G          D
```
Ya you don't tug on Superman's cape, you don't spit into the wind
```
       G                                       A                    D
```
You don't pull the mask off that ol' Lone Ranger, and you don't mess around with Slim
```
D
```
Hmmmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm hmm (repeat and fade)

"You Don't Mess Around With Jim" by Jim Croce 1972