YOU DON’T MESS AROUND WITH JIM - Jim Croce

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:  (4 measures) or Riff=

or Riff

Uptown got its hustlers, the Bowery got its bums

42 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 an old Lone Ranger,

And you don’t mess around with Jim. Do, do, do, da, dee dee dee dee dee

or Riff

Well, outta south Alabama come a country boy, said he’s lookin’ for a man named Jim

I am a pool-shootin’ boy, my name is Willy McCoy, but down home they call me Slim

Yeah, I’m lookin’ for the King of 42nd Street, he drives an ol’ drop top Cadillac

Last week he took all my money, and it may sound funny, but I come to get my money back
p.2. You Don’t Mess Around With Jim

And everybody say, “Jack, don’t ya know,”

You don’t tug on Superman’s cape, you don’t spit into the wind

You don’t pull the mask off an old Lone Ranger,

And you don’t mess around with Jim. Do, do, da, dee dee dee dee dee

or Riff

Well, a hush fell over the pool room, as Jimmy come boppin’ in off the street

And when the cuttin’ was done, the only part that wasn’t bloody was the soles of the big man’s feet

Whoo! 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…oh, oh

They say you don’t tug on Superman’s cape, you don’t spit into the wind

You don’t pull the mask off an old Lone Ranger,

1. And you don’t mess around with Slim. Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do (repeat refrain)

2. And you don’t mess around with Slim. Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do………, do
YOU DON’T MESS AROUND WITH JIM-Jim Croce

Intro: Riff (X2) or C7 (4 measures)  Riff= C C6 C7 C6

Riff or C7
Uptown got its hustlers, the Bowery got its bums

42 Street got big Jim Walker, he’s a pool-shootin’ son of a gun  
F7
Yeah, he’s big and dumb as a man can come, but he’s stronger than a country hoss  
G7 F7
And when the bad folks all get to-gether at night,  
G7 F7 C7
You know, they all call big Jim boss, just be-cause  
F7 C7 F7 C7
And they say you don’t tug on Superman’s cape, you don’t spit into the wind  
F7
You don’t pull the mask off an old Lone Ranger,  
G7 C G7
And you don’t mess around with Jim. Do, do, do, da, dee deeu deeu deeu deeu  
Riff or C7
Well, outta south Alabama come a country boy, said he’s lookin’ for a man named Jim

I am a pool-shootin’ boy, my name is Willy McCoy, but down home they call me Slim  
F7
Yeah, I’m lookin’ for the King of 42nd Street, he drives an ol’ drop top Cadillac  
G7 F7 G7 F7
Last week he took all my money, and it may sound funny, but I come to get my money back  
C7
And everybody say, “Jack, don’t ya know,”  
F7 C7 F7 C7
You don’t tug on Superman’s cape, you don’t spit into the wind  
F7
You don’t pull the mask off an old Lone Ranger,  
G7 C G7
And you don’t mess around with Jim. Do, do, do, da, dee deeu deeu deeu deeu  
Riff or C7
Well, a hush fell over the pool room, as Jimmy come boppin’ in off the street

And when the cuttin’ was done, the only part that wasn’t bloody was the soles of the big man’s feet  
F7
Whoo! Yeah, he was cut in ‘bout a hundred places, and he was shot in a couple more  
G7 F7 G7 F7 C7
And you better believe they sung a different kinda story when Big Jim hit the floor…oh, oh  
F7 C7 F7 C7
They say you don’t tug on Superman’s cape, you don’t spit into the wind  
F7
You don’t pull the mask off an old Lone Ranger,  
G7 C
1. And you don’t mess around with Slim. Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do………., do

2. And you don’t mess around with Slim. Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do………., do