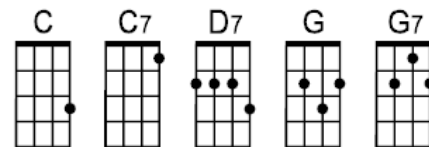


You Don't Mess Around with Jim Jim Croce



G G G G
Uptown got its hustlers. The Bowery got its bums

G G G G
42nd street got big Jim walker he's a pool shootin' son of a gun

C C7 C C7
Yeah, he big and dumb as a man can come but he stronger than a country hoss

D7 C7
And when the bad folks all get together at night

D7 C7 G G7
You know they all call big Jim boss just because. And they say

C7 G C7 G7
You don't tug on superman's cape. You don't spit into the wind

C7 C7
You don't pull the mask off that old Lone Ranger
D7 G G7 D7 D7
And you don't mess around with (*Jim or Slim*)

G G G G
Well outta south Alabama came a country boy. He say I'm lookin' for a man named Jim

G G G G
I am a pool shootin' boy my name Willie McCoy but down home they call me slim

C C7 C C7
Yeah I'm lookin' for the king of 42nd street he drivin' a drop top Cadillac

D7 C7
Last week he took all my money and it may sound funny

D7 C7 G G7
But I come to get my money back. And everybody say Jack don't you know

<Chorus Jim>

G G G G
Well a hush fell over the pool room when Jimmy come boppin' in off the street

G G G G
And when the cuttin' were done the only part that wasn't bloody was the soles of the big man's feet

C C7 C C7
Yeah he were cut in 'bout a hundred places and he were shot in a couple more

D7 C7 D7 C7 G G7
And you better believe they sung a different kind of story when-a big Jim hit the floor oh-oh

<Chorus Slim>

G G7 G G7
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

<Chorus Slim>