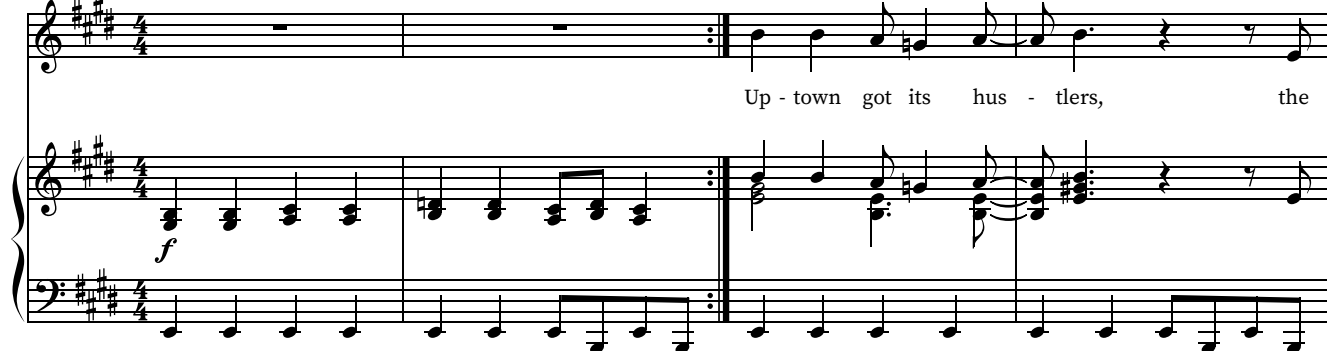
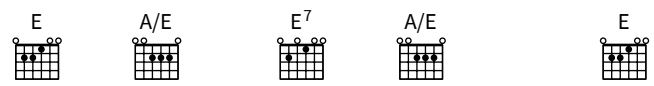


YOU DON'T MESS AROUND WITH JIM

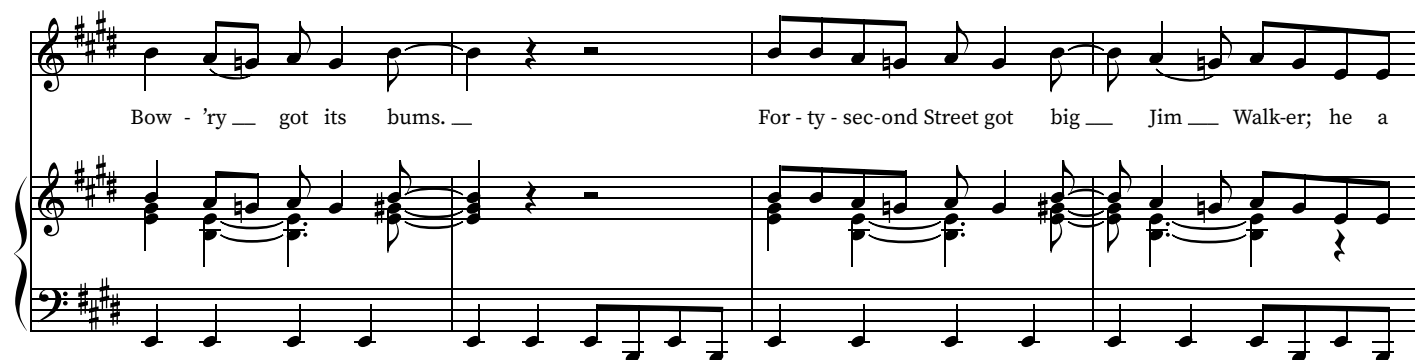
Words and Music by
JIM CROCE

Steady beat ~♩ = 145

E A/E E⁷ A/E E



Up - town got its hus - tlers, the




Bow - 'ry — got its bums. — For - ty - sec-ond Street got big — Jim — Walk-er; he a

E⁷/G# A D/A

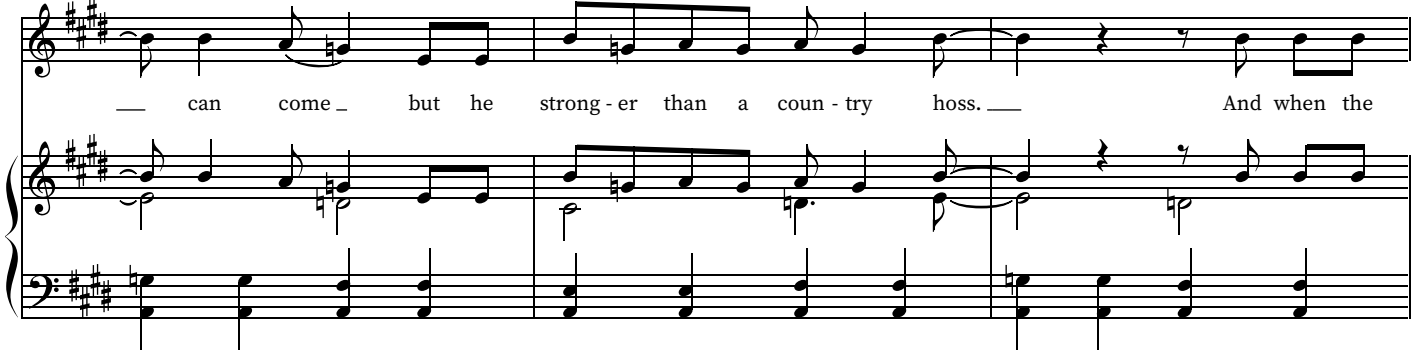


pool - shoot - in' son - of - a - gun — Yeah, he big — and — dumb — as a man —


A⁷ D/A A D/A A⁷ D/A



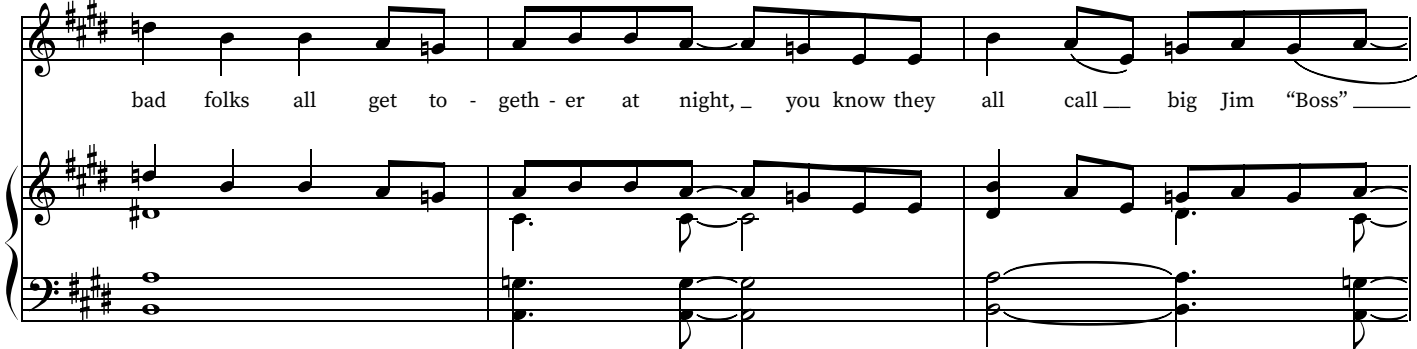
— can come — but he strong - er than a coun - try hoss. — And when the



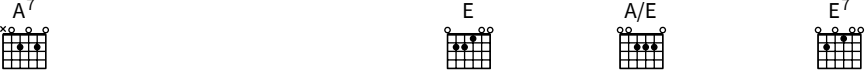
B⁷ A⁷ B⁷



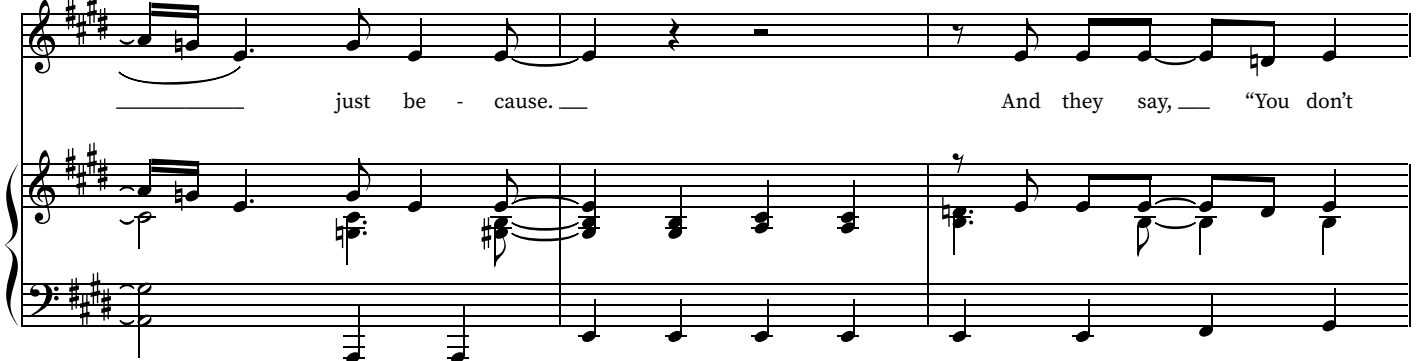
bad folks all get to - geth - er at night, — you know they all call — big Jim "Boss" —




A⁷ E A/E E⁷




— just be - cause. — And they say, — "You don't



A⁷ E A⁷ E⁷



tug on Su - per-man's cape, you don't spit in - to the wind, — you don't



A⁷ B⁷

pull the mask off the old Lone Rang - er, and you don't mess a - round with Jim." -

E A/E E⁷ A/E B⁷ To Coda

Well, out - a

E

south Al - a - bam - a come a coun - try boy. He said, "I'm look - in' for a man named Jim. -

I am a pool - shoot - in' boy, my name is Wil - lie Mc - Coy, - but down

E⁷/G[♯]

A

D/A



home they call me "Slim." — Yeah, I'm look - in' for the king of For - ty -

A⁷

D/A

A

D/A

A⁷

D/A



-sec - ond Street, he driv - in' a drop - top Cad - il - lac. — Last week he took —

B⁷A⁷B⁷

— all my mon - ey and it may sound fun - ny but I come to get my mon - ey back.".

A⁷

E

A/E

E⁷

D.S. al Coda

— And ev - 'ry - bod - y say, "Jack, don't you know that you don't

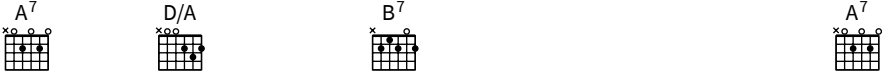
Well, a hush — fell o - ver the pool - room, Jim - my come

bop - pin' in off the street. — And when the cut - tin' were done — the on - ly

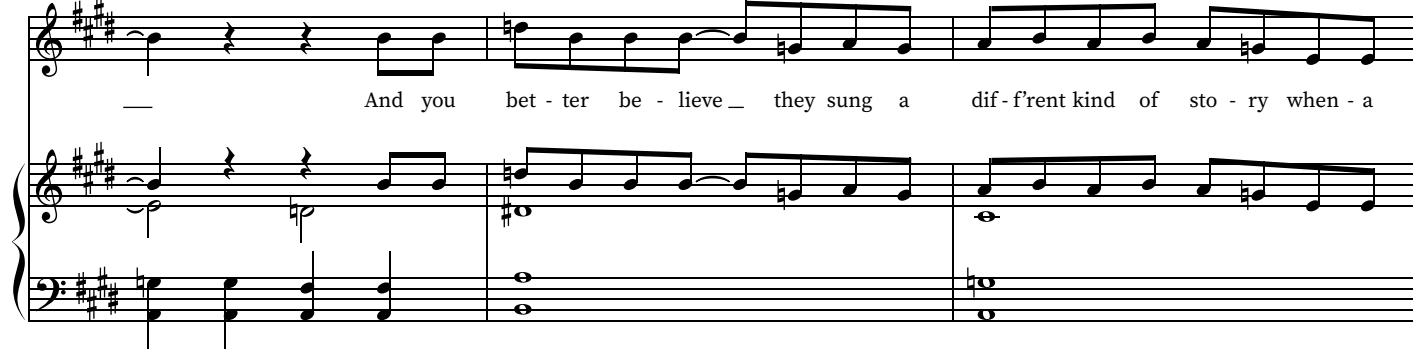
part that was - n't blood - y was the soles of the big man's feet. — Yeah, he were

cut in 'bout a hun - dred plac - es, and he were shot in a cou - ple more..


A⁷ D/A B⁷ A⁷




— And you bet - ter be - lieve — they sung a dif - f'rent kind of sto - ry when - a



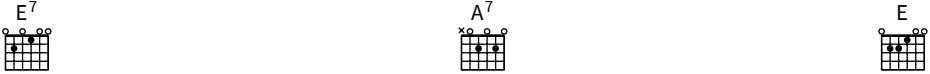
B⁷ A⁷ E A/E



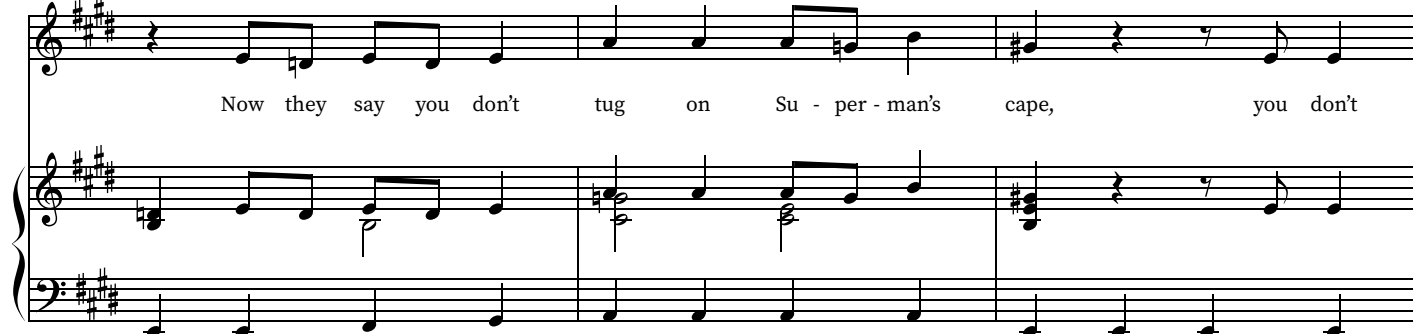
big Jim hit the floor, — oh. —



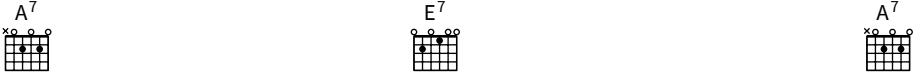
E⁷ A⁷ E



Now they say you don't tug on Su - per - man's cape, you don't



A⁷ E⁷ A⁷



spit in - to the wind, — you don't pull the mask off the



old Lone Rang - ger and you don't mess a - round with "Slim." —

B⁷ E A/E

(Spoken:)

Yeah, big Jim got his hat,
Even if you do got a two-piece

find out where it's at,
custom-made pool cue.

E⁷ A/E E A/E E⁷ A/E

and not hustling people

strange to you.

E A/E E⁷ A/E

E A/E E A/E E