

E E7

E E7 E

Uptown got it's hustlers

E7 E

The bowery got it's bums

E7 E

42nd Street got Big Jim Walker

E7 E

He's a pool-shooting son of a gun

A

Yeah, he big and dumb as a man can come

E E7 E

But he stronger than a country hoss

B7 A

And when the bad folks all get together at night

A7 E

You know they all call big Jim "Boss", just because

E7

And they say

A A7 E

**You don't tug on Superman's cape**

A A7 E

**You don't spit into the wind**

A A7

**You don't pull the mask off that old Lone Ranger**

B7 A7 E

**And you don't mess around with Jim**

E E7 E

Well outta south Alabama came a country boy

E7 E

He say I'm looking for a man named Jim

E7 E

I am a pool-shooting boy

E7 E

My name Willie McCoy

E7 E

But down home they call me Slim

A

Yeah I'm looking for the king of 42nd Street

E7 E

He driving a drop top Cadillac

B7

Last week he took all my money

A

And it may sound funny

A7 A E

But I come to get my money back

E7

And everybody say Jack don't you know

## You Don't Mess Around With Jim

Jim Croce

### CHORUS

E E7 E

Well a hush fell over the pool room

E7 E

Jimmy come bopping in off the street

E7 E

And when the cutting were done

E7 E

The only part that wasn't bloody

E7 E

Was the soles of the big man's feet

A

Yeah he were cut in bout a hundred places

E E7

And he were shot in a couple more

B7

And you better believe

A A7

They sung a different kind of story

A E E7

When big Jim hit the floor, now they say

### CHORUS

Yeah, big Jim got his hat

Find out where it's at

And it's not hustling people strange to you

Even if you do got a two-piece custom-made pool cue

### CHORUS