

You Don't Mess Around with Jim

Josh Turner

Uptowns got it hustlers
The bowery's got its bums
42nd 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

And they say
You don't tug on superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask of the ol' lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Jim

Well outta south alabama come a country boy
He said I'm looking for a man named jim
I am a pool shootin boy
My name is Willie McCoy
But down home they call me slim
Yeah I'm lookin for the king of forty second street
He drivin' a drop top cadillac
And last week he took all my money
And it may sound funny
But I come to get my money back

And everybody say
Jack, don't you know
You don't tug on superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask of the ol' lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Jim

Well a hush fell over the pool room
When Jimmy come boppin' in off the street
And when the cutting was done
The only thing that wasn't bloody
Was the souls of the big mans feet
Yeah he was cut in bout a hundred places
And he was shot in a couple more
And you better believe
They sung a diffrent kinda story
When big Jim hit the floor, uh huh

Now they say
You don't tug on superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask of the ol' lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Jim

Now they say
You don't tug on superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask of the ol' lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Slim

You don't pull the mask of the ol' lone ranger

And you don't mess around with Slim