

# You Don't Mess Around with Jim

Poison

Hey!! Come on now, everyone sit down and shut up a minute.  
Give me a chance to talk, it's my turn.

Uptown got it's hustlers  
Bowery got it's bums  
42nd Street got Big Jim Walker  
He's a pool-shootin' son of a gun  
Yea, he big and dumb as a man can come  
But he 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 the old Lone Ranger  
And you don't mess around with Jim

From south Alabama came a country boy  
Hey say I'm lookin' for a man named Jim  
I am a pool-shootin' boy  
My name Willie McCoy  
But down home folks call me Slim  
Yea I'm lookin' for the man of 42nd Street  
He drivin' some drop top Cadillac  
And I know it sounds funny, but he took all my money,  
Now I come to get my money back.  
And everybody say Jack (JACK)

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 the old Lone Ranger  
And you don't mess around with Jim

Well a hush fell over the pool room  
Jimmy come boppin' in off the street  
And when the cuttin' were done  
The only part that wasn't bloody  
Was the soles of the big man's feet  
Yea he were cut in a million places  
And he were shot in a couple more  
And you better believe  
They told a different kind of story  
When big Jim hit the floor ... See ya Jim Boy. 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 the old Lone Ranger  
And you don't mess around with Slim

Now, if I were Big Jim, I woulda Taken all the money,  
Grabbed the best looking girl I seen,  
Jumped in my car, and got the hell outta town.  
You'd see me NOOO more.

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