

# You Don't Mess Around With Jim

Ty Herndon

Uptown got its hustlers  
The Bow'ry got its bums  
The 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  
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

Well, out of South Alabama came a country boy  
Said he was looking for a man named Jim  
"Hey, I'm a pool shootin' boy, my name is Willie McCoy  
At home they just call me Slim"

"Hey, I'm lookin' for the king of Forty Second Street  
Drivin' a drop top Cadillac  
Last week he took all my money and it may sound funny  
But I've 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 off the old lone ranger  
And you don't mess around with Jim"

Well, a hush fell over the room  
Jimmy came boppin' in off the street  
And when the cuttin' was done the only part that wasn't bloody  
Was the soles of the big man's feet

Well, he was cut in 'bout a hundred places  
And he was shot in a couple more  
And you better believe they sang a diff'rent kind of story  
When Big Jim hit the floor

Oh oh, yeah, 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 off the old lone ranger  
And you don't mess around with Slim

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 off the old lone ranger  
And you don't mess around with slim

Yeah, Big Jim found out where it's at  
Yeah, he's hustling people, strange to you  
Even if you do got a two-piece custom made pool cue