

You don't Mess Around With Jim (Jim Croce)

(E E_b / E₇ E_b) x 2

^E ^{E_b} ^{E₇ E_b} ^E
 1. Uptown goe ee's hustlers, The bowry goe its bums
^E ^E
 Forty second Street goe big Jim Walker, He's a pool-shooting son of a gun
^A ^{A_b} ^{A₇} ^{A_b} ^A
 Yeah, he big and dumb as a man can come, But he's stranger than a country horse
^{B₇} ^{A₇}
 And when the bad folks all get together at night
^{B₇} ^{A₇}
 You know they all call big Jim "Boss", just because
^{E E_b E₇ = 7 2 1} ^(x) ^{A₇} ^{E₇} ^{A₇} ^{E₇}
 And they say "You don't tug on Superman's cape, You don't spice into the wind
^{A₇}
 You don't pull the mask off that old Lone Ranger
^{B₇} ^(B₇ A₇ G₇ F#11) ^{E E_b E₇ E} ^{B₇}
 (And you) don't mess around with Jim, A cloo cloo da da Moo da da

^E
 2. Well, out of south Alabama come a country boy
^E
 He said "I'm lookin' for a man namee "Jim"
^E
 I am a pool shootin' boy, My name is "Willie McCoy"
^E
 But down home they call me "s/m"
^A ^{A_b} ^{A₇} ^{A_b} ^A
 Yeah, I'm looking for the king of forty second street, He drivin' a drop top Cadillac
^{B₇} ^{A₇}
 Last week he took all my money, and it may sound funny
^{B₇} ^{A₇}
 but I come to get my money back", and everybody say "Jack woo"
^{E E_b E₇ = 7 2 1}
 don't you know that (x) repeat

^E
3. Well, a hush fell over the pool room till Jim

He come hoppin' in off the street

And when the custom' was done the only part that wasn't bloody
was the soles of the big man's feet

^A
(Woo Yeah) he was out in 'bout a hundred places,

and he was shoe in a couple more.

^{B7} And you better believe, I sung a different kind of story when a big Jim hit the floor ^{B7} ^{A7}

Oh, Yeah they sing (X) repeat

^E
Yeah, Big Jim got a hat, Fnel out where it's at

And it's not hushin' people strange to you

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

Hmm hmm Yeah (X) repeat

Hmm