

DON'T MESS AROUND WITH JIM Jim Croce Intro E A progression

E *Lead D hammer E etc*

Uptown got its hustlers, Bowery got its bums

E E7
42nd street got Big Jim Walker; he a pool-shootin' son-of-a-gun

A D A D A D A

Yeah, he big and dumb as a man can come and meaner than a country hoss

B7 A B A E

And when the bad folks all get together at night You know they all call Big Jim "Boss"

E A E

just because-- and they say...

[Chorus]

A E A E
You don't tug on Superman's cape You don't spit into the wind

A B7 A E

You don't pull the mask off the old Lone Ranger and you don't mess around with Jim

E
Well outa South Alabama come a country He said I'm lookin' for a man named Jim

E E7
I am a pool-shootin' boy, my name is Willie McCoy But down home they call me "Slim"

A D A D A D A

Yeah, I'm lookin' for the king of 42nd street He drivin' a drop-top Cadillac

B A B A E

Last week he took all my money and it may sound funny but I come to get my money back

A
and everybody say, "Hey Jack... don't you know..."

[repeat Chorus]

E
Well a hush feel over the pool room Jimmy come a-boppin' in off the street

E E7
And when the cuttin' was done the only part that wasn't bloody was the soles of the big man's feet

A D A D A D A

Yeah, he were cut in 'bout a hundred places and he were shot in a couple more

B A B A E

And you better believe they sung a different kind of story when Big Jim hit the floor

A E

Whoa... now they say...

[Chorus]

A E A E
You don't tug on Superman's cape You don't spit into the wind

A B A E
You don't pull the mask off the old Lone Ranger [A] and you don't mess around with
"Slim"

LEAD OVER VERSE CHORDS Then Chorus

[Spoken, use E A progression]

"Yeah Big Jim got his hat, find out where it's at and it's not hustlin' people strange to you

Even if you do got a two-piece custom-made pool cue." E7

[repeat "Slim" Chorus] Don't Mess around with Jim E A progression at end E7