

# YOU DON'T MESS AROUND WITH JIM

Words and Music by  
JIM CROCE

Steady beat ~♩ = 145



Up - town got its hus - tlers, the

Bow - 'ry — got its bums. — For - ty - sec-ond Street got big — Jim — Walk-er; he a



pool - shoot - in' son - of - a - gun — Yeah, he big — and — dumb — as a man —

A<sup>7</sup> D/A A D/A A<sup>7</sup> D/A

— can come — but he strong - er than a coun - try hoss. — And when the

B<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>

bad folks all get to - geth - er at night, — you know they all call — big Jim “Boss” —

A<sup>7</sup> E A/E E<sup>7</sup>

— just be - cause. — And they say, — “You don’t

A<sup>7</sup> E A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>

tug on Su - per - man’s cape, you don’t spit in - to the wind, — you don’t

A<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>

pull the mask off the old Lone Rang - er, and you don't mess a - round with Jim."

E A/E E<sup>7</sup> A/E B<sup>7</sup> To Coda

Well, out - a

E

south Al - a - bam - a come a coun - try boy. He said, "I'm look - in' for a man named Jim. \_

I am a pool - shoot - in' boy, my name is Wil - lie Mc - Coy, \_ but down

E<sup>7</sup>/G<sup>♯</sup>      A      D/A

home they call me "Slim." — Yeah, I'm look - in' for the king of For - ty -

A<sup>7</sup>      D/A      A      D/A      A<sup>7</sup>      D/A

-sec - ond Street, he driv - in' a drop - top Cad - il - lac. — Last week he took —

B<sup>7</sup>      A<sup>7</sup>      B<sup>7</sup>


— all my mon - ey and it may sound fun - ny but I come to get my mon - ey back."

A<sup>7</sup>      E      A/E      E<sup>7</sup>


D.S. al Coda

— And ev - 'ry - bod - y say, "Jack, don't you know that you don't

E



Well, a hush — fell o - ver the pool - room, Jim - my come



bop - pin' in off the street. — And when the cut - tin' were done — the on - ly









E<sup>7</sup>/G#




part that was - n't blood - y was the soles of the big man's feet. — Yeah, he were



A      D/A      A<sup>7</sup>      D/A      A<sup>7</sup>      D/A

cut in 'bout a hun - dred plac - es, and he were shot in a cou - ple more..



A<sup>7</sup> D/A B<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

— And you bet - ter be - lieve — they sung a dif - f'rent kind of sto - ry when - a

B<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> E A/E

big Jim hit the floor, \_\_\_\_\_ oh. \_\_\_\_\_

E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> E

Now they say you don't tug on Su - per - man's cape, you don't

A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

spit in - to the wind, \_\_\_\_\_ you don't pull the mask off the

