

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