

You Don't Mess Around With Jim

Donna Fargo

(One two one two three four)

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 uptown got it's hustlers the Bowery got it's bums
And forty second 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
And 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 in to the wind
You don't pull the mask off the old Lone Ranger and you don't mess around with Jim

Well outta south Alabama come a country boy
He said I'm lookin' for a man named Jim
Well I'm a pool shootin' boy my name is Willie McCoy
But down home they call me Slim
Yeah I'm looking for the king of Forty Second Street he drivin' a drop top Cadillac
Last week he took all my money and it may sound funny
But I come to get my money back
And everybody say Jack don't you know you don't 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 pool room Jimmy come boppin' in off of the street
And when the cuttin' were done the only part that wasn't bloody

Was the soles of the big man's feet
Yeah he were cut in bout a hundred places and he were shot in a couple more
And you better believe they sung a different kind of story when big Jim hit the floor
Now they say you don't tug on Superman's cape you don't spit in to the wind
You don't pull the mask off the old Lone Ranger and you don't mess around with Slim
No no no you don't tug on Superman's cape...
No no no you don't tug on Superman's cape...