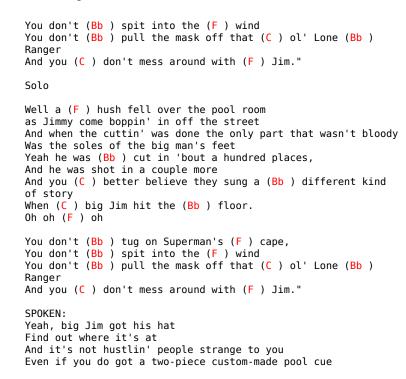


Ty Herndon - You Don't Mess Around With Jim

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Intro: (F ) Uptown got its hustler,
The bowery got its bums,
Forty-second street got big Jimmy Walker, He's a pool shootin' son of a gun
Yeah, he's (Bb ) big and dumb as a man can come
But he's stronger than a country hoss,
And when the (C ) bad folks all get to(Bb )gether at night You know they (C ) all call big Jim (Bb ) "Boss,"
Just be(F )cause
And they say, "You don't (\frac{Bb}{B}) tug on Superman's (\frac{F}{B}) cape, You don't (\frac{Bb}{B}) spit into the (\frac{F}{B}) wind
You don't (Bb ) pull the mask off that (C ) ol' Lone (Bb )
And you don't mess a(C) round with (F) Jim."
Well outta (F ) south Alabama come a country boy
Say he's lookin' for a man named Jim
"I am a pool-shootin' boy, my name is Willy McCoy
But down home they call me Slim
Yeah I'm (Bb ) lookin' for the King of 42nd Street
Driving a drop-top Cadillac
Last week he (C ) took all my money and it (Bb ) may sound
But \acute{\mathbf{I}} (\emph{C}) come to get my money (\emph{Bb})back." And everybody (\emph{F}) say, "Jack, don't you know,
You don't (Bb ) tug on Superman's (F ) cape,
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Acordes

