

Don't Mess with Me

By Bob Borta ©1975

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- C** **F** **C** **F**
1. I was driving to work this morning, got a ticket on a one-way street
C **F**
Imagine my surprise when the cop was a woman
D₇ **G₇**
And she looked so god damn sweet.
C **F** **C** **F**
I was charming as I gave her my license, I wrapped in a ten-dollar bill
C **F**
But I swear I'd be singing this song from my grave
D₇ **G₇**
If a woman's looks could kill, and she said—

Chorus:

- C** **F** **G** **C**
Don't mess with me, brother, there's a possibility
E **F**
I might turn the tide, I might step on your pride
D₇ **G**
I might flaunt it for the world to see,
D₇ **G—G₇**
So don't mess with me.
- C** **F** **C** **F**
2. I finally made it down to my office, seems that nothing ever stays the same,
C **F**
I got the cold shoulder from my secretary,
D₇ **G₇**
'Cause I called her by my pet name.
C **F** **C** **F**
And the elevator boy is a woman, it's enough to make a man go pale,
C **F**
There's woman peering in, washing my window
D₇ **G₇**
And a woman who delivers the mail, and she said—

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Chorus:

C **F** **G** **C**
Don't mess with me, brother, there's a possibility
E **F**
I might turn the tide, I might step on your pride
D₇ **G**
I might flaunt it for the world to see,
D₇ **G—G₇**
So don't mess with me.

3. **C** **F** **C** **F**
Every time I go to turn the corner, there's a "Ms." looking back at me,
C **F**
I can't make a move without stepping on tail,
D₇ **G₇**
It's a ms.-tery to me.
C **F** **C** **F**
So I'm walking kind of soft and lightly, I try to keep from making waves,
C **F**
I treat every girl like one of the boys,
D₇ **G₇**
You can't believe all the trouble it saves, and they all say—

Chorus:

C **F** **G** **C**
Don't mess with me, brother, there's a possibility
E **F**
I might turn the tide, I might step on your pride
D₇ **G**
I might flaunt it for the world to see,
D₇ **G—G₇**
So don't mess with me.
D₇ **G**
Don't mess with me.
D₇ **G—G₇**
Don't mess with me.