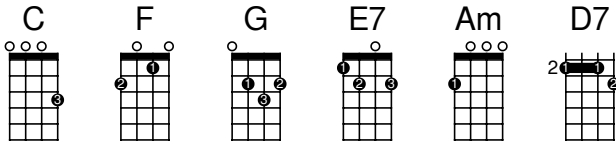


Mr. Bojangles

Jerry Jeff Walker - 1968



[C]/// [C/B]/// [C/A]/// [C/G]///

[C]/// [C/B]/// [C/A]/// [C/G]///

I [C]knew a man [C/B]Bojangles and he [C/A]danced for you,[C/G] [F] in worn-out
[G]shoes.

With [C]silver hair a [C/B]ragged shirt and [C/A]baggy pants,[C/G] [F] the old son
[F]He jumped so [C]high,[E7] jumped so [Am]high,
[D7] Then he lightly touched [G]down.

[Am]Mister Bo [G]jangles, [Am]Mister Bo [G]jangles, [Am]Mister Bo [G]jangles, [C]
[C/A] [C/G]

I m[C]et him in a [C/B]cell in New [C/A]Orleans I was [C/G] [F] down and [G]out
He [C]looked at me to [C/B]be the [C/A]eyes of age [C/G] [F] as he spoke right
[F]He talked of [C]life,[E7] talked of [Am]life,
[D7] he laughed slapped his leg a [G]step.

[C]He said his name, [C/B]Bojangles, then he [C/A]danced a lick[C/G], [F] across
[G]cell.

[C]He grabbed his pants [C/B]for better stance oh he [C/A]jumped up high[C/G], [F]
clicked his [G]heels,

[F]He let go a [C]laugh,[E7] let go a l[Am]augh,
[D7] shook back his clothes all [G]around.

[Am]Mister Bo [G]jangles, [Am]Mister Bo [G]jangles, [Am]Mister Bo [G]jangles, [C]
[C/A] [C/G]

[C]He danced for those at [C/B]minstrel shows and [C/A]county fairs[C/G] [F]
Throughout the [G]south.

[C]He spoke with tears of [C/B]fifteen years how his [C/A]dog and him[C/G]
[F] Traveled [G]about.

[F]His dog up and [C]died,[E7] he up and [Am]died,

[D7] After twenty years he still [G]grieves,

[C]He said, "I dance now at [C/B]every chance in h[C/A]onkytonks [C/G] [F]For
and t[G]ips.

[C]But most of the time I [C/B]spend behind these [C/A]county bars," [C/G] [F]
drinks a [G]bit."

[F]He shook his [C]head and as he [E7]shook his [Am]head,

[D7] I heard someone ask, [G]please,

[Am]Mister Bo [G]jangles, [Am]Mister Bo [G]jangles, [Am]Mister Bo [G]jangles, [C]
[C/A] [C/G]

[Am]Mister Bo [G]jangles, [Am]Mister Bo [G]jangles, [Am]Mister Bo [G]jangles, [C]
[C/A] [C/G] [C]