

MR. BOJANGLES (JERRY JEFF WALKER, 1965) *

C **F** **G**
I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you, in worn out shoes

C **F** **G**
With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants, the old soft shoe

F **C** **Am** **G**
He jumped so high, He jumped so high, then he lightly touched down

Chorus:

Am G Am G Am G C
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance!

I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was - down and out
He looked at me to be the eyes of age as he spoke right out
He talked of life, He talked of life, he laughed, slapped his leg a step
(Chorus)

He said his name, Bojangles, then he danced a lick, across the cell
He grabbed his pants a better stance, oh, he jumped up high, he clicked his
heels He let go a laugh, He let go a laugh, shook back his clothes all around
(Chorus)

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs throughout the south
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and he traveled about
His dog up and died, he up and dies, and after twenty years he still grieves
(Chorus)

He said "I dance now at every chance in honky-tonks, for drinks and tips.
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars" he said "I drinks a bit"
He shook his head and as he shook his head, I heard someone ask "Please:
(Chorus)

*Recorded by Jerry Jeff Walker. Walker has said he was inspired to write the song after an encounter with a street performer in a New Orleans jail and does not refer to the famous stage and movie personality Bill "Bojangles" Robinson. Walker said while in jail for public intoxication in 1965, he met a homeless white man who called himself "Mr. Bojangles" to conceal his true identity from the police. The two men and others in the cell chatted about all manner of things, but when Mr. Bojangles told a story about his dog, the mood in the room turned heavy. Someone else in the cell asked for something to lighten the mood, and Mr. Bojangles obliged with a tap dance. Edited from www.wikipedia.org.