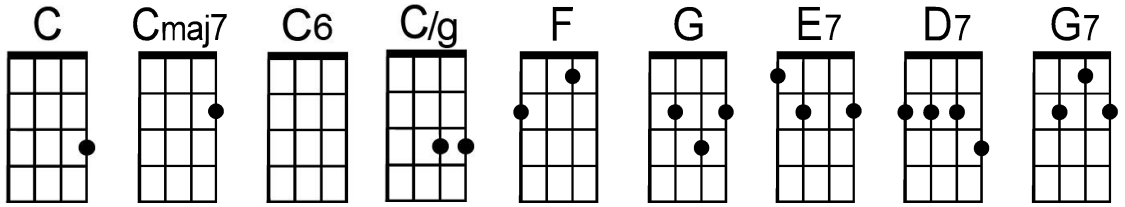
Mr. Bojangles

by Jerry Jeff Walker



3/4 time

C . . |Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . |C/g . . |F . . | . . . |G . . | . .
I knew a man Bo—jangles and he danced for you, in worn out shoes.

. |C . . |Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . |C/g . . |F . . | . . . |G . . | . . . |
With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants, The o—old soft shoe

F . . | . . . |C . . |E7 . . |Am . . |C6 . . |
He jumped so— high— jumped so high——

D7 . . | . . . |G . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
Then he light-ly touched down.

Chorus: Am . . | . . . |G . . | . . . |Am . . | . . . |G . . | . . . |
Mister Bo—— jan-gles, Mister Bo—— jan-gles,

Am . . | . . . |G . . | . . . |C . . |Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . |G .
Mister Bo—— jan-gles, dance——

. |C . . |Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . |C/g . . |F . . | . . . |G . . | . .
I met him in a cell in New Or-leans, I was do-own and out.

. |C . . |Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . C/g . . |F . . | . . . |G . . | . . . |
He looked to me to be——— the eyes of age as he spo-oke right out.

F . . | . . . |C . . |E7 . . |Am . . |C6 . . |
He talked o-of life—— talked of life———

D7 . . | . . . |G . . | . . . | . . . | . .
laughed, slapped his leg a step.

. |C . . |Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . | C/g . . |F . . | . . . |G . . | . .
He said his name, Bo-jangles, then he danced a lick, a—cro-oss the cell——

. |C . . |Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . |C/g . . |F . . | . . . |G . . | . . . |
He grabbed his pants, a better stance, oh he jumped up high, He clicked his heels—

F . . | . . . |C . . |E7 . . |Am . . |C6 . . |
He let go a laugh, let go a laugh—

D7 . . | . . . |G . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
Shook back his clothes all a-round.

Chorus: Am . . | . . . |G . . | . . . |Am . . | . . . |G . . | . . . |
Mister Bo—— jan-gles, Mister Bo—— jan-gles,

Am . . | . . . |G . . | . . . |C . . |Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . |G .
Mister Bo—— jan-gles, dance——

. |C . . |Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . |C/g . . |F . . | . . . |G . . | . .
He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs Through-out the south——

. |C . . |Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . |C/g . . |F . . | . . . |G . . | . . . |
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and he trav-eled a–bout—

F . . | . . . | C . . |E7 . . |Am . . |C6 . . |
His dog up and died— he up and died—

D7 . . | . . . |G . . | . . . | . . . | . .
After twenty years he still grieves—

. |C . . |Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . |C/g . . |F . . | . . . |G . . | . .
He said, "I dance now at every chance in honky tonks For drinks and tips——

. |C . . |Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . |C/g . . |F . . | . . . |G . . |. . . |
But most the time I spend be-hind these county bars, 'cause I drinks a bit—— "

F . . | . . . |C . . |E7 . . |Am . . |C6 . . |
He shook his head— and as he shook his— head——
D7 . . | . . . |G . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
I heard someone a—ask please——, Please——— ease——

Chorus: Am . . | . . . |G . . | . . . |Am . . | . . . |G . . | . . . |
Mister Bo—— jan-gles, Mister Bo—— jan-gles,
Am . . | . . . |G . . | . . . |C . . |Cmaj7 . . |C6 . . |G7 . . |**C**
Mister Bo—— jan-gles, dance——

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v3 - 11/6/16)