Mr. Bojangles
by Jerry Jeff Walker (1968)

Intro:

I knew a man Bo—jangles and he danced for you—

G . . .
in worn out— shoes——


With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants

G . . . . .
The o—old soft shoe——


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

Chorus:

Mister Bo—o— jan-gles—— Mister Bo—o— jan-gles——

Mister Bo—o— jan-gles—— dance——

I met him in a cell in New Or—leans, I was——

G . . . . .
Do-own and out——

He looked to me to be—— the eyes of age——

G . . . . .
As he spo—oke right out——


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

He said his name, Bo-jangles, then he danced a lick——

G . . . . .
A—cro—oss the cell——

He grabbed his pants, a better stance, oh he jumped up high——

G . . . . .
He clicked his—— heels——
He let go a laugh— let go a laugh—
D7 . . . . | . . . | G . . . . . . . . . .
Shook back his clothes— all a-round—

Chorus:
Mister Bo-o— jan-gles— Mister Bo-o— jan-gles—
Mister Bo-o— jan-gles— dance——

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs——
. | . . . | G . . . . . .
Through-out—— the south——
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and he——
. | . . . | G . . . . . .
Trav-eled a—bout——
His dog up and died—— he up and died——
D7 . . . . | . . . | G . . . . . . . . . .
After twenty years he still grieves——
He said, "I dance now at every chance in honky tonks
. | . . . | G . . . . . .
For drinks—— and tips——
But most the time I spend be-hind these county bars——
. | . . . | G . . . . . .
'cause I drinks—— a bit———"
He shook his head—— and as he shook his head——
D7 . . . . . | . . . | G . . . . . . . . . .
I heard someone a—ask please—— Please—— ease——

Chorus:
Mister Bo-o— jan-gles— Mister Bo-o— jan-gles—
Mister Bo-o— jan-gles— dance———

San Jose Ukulele Club
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