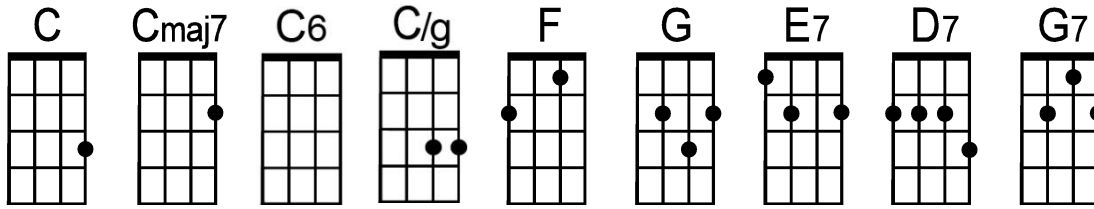


Mr. Bojangles

by Jerry Jeff Walker (1968)



Intro: C . . | Cmaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . .

| C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . . |
I knew a man Bo—jangles and he danced for you—

F . . . | | G . . . | . . .
in worn out— shoes—

. | C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . . |
With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants

F . . . | | G . . . | |
The o—old soft shoe—

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

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

Chorus:

Am . . . | | G . . . | | Am . . . | | G . . . | |
Mister Bo—o— jan-gles— Mister Bo—o— jan-gles—

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

. | C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . . |
I methim in a cell in New Or—leans, I was—

F . . . | | G . . . | |
Do—own and out—

. | C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . . |
He looked to me to be— the eyes of age—

F . . . | | G . . . | |
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 . . . |
He said his name, Bo—jangles, then he danced a lick—

F . . . | | G . . . | |
A—cro—oss the cell—

. | **C** . . . | **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . | **C/g** . . . |
 He grabbed his pants, a better stance, oh he jumped up high—
F . . . | . . . | **G** . . . | . . . |
 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-o— jan-gles— Mister Bo-o— jan-gles—
Am . . . | . . . | **G** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . | **G** . . . |
 Mister Bo-o— jan-gles— dance—

. | **C** . . . | **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . | **C/g** . . . |
 He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs—
F . . . | . . . | **G** . . . | . . . |
 Through-out— the south—
 . | **C** . . . | **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . | **C/g** . . . |
 He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and he—
F . . . | . . . | **G** . . . | . . . |
 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** . . . |
 He said, "I dance now at every chance in honky tonks
F . . . | . . . | **G** . . . | . . . |
 For drinks— and tips—
 . | **C** . . . | **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . | **C/g** . . . |
 But most the time I spend be-hind these county bars—
F . . . | . . . | **G** . . . | . . . |
 '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-o— jan-gles— Mister Bo-o— jan-gles—
Am . . . | . . . | **G** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . | **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . | **G7** . . . | **C** |
 Mister Bo-o— jan-gles— dance—