Mr. Bojangles
by Jerry Jeff Walker

3/4 time

I knew a man Bo—jangles and he danced for you, in worn out shoes.

With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants, The o—old soft shoe

He jumped so— high— jumped so high—

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

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

Mister Bo—jan-gles, dance——

I met him in a cell in New Or-leans, I was do—own and out.

He looked to me to be—— the eyes of age as he spo—oke right out.

He talked o—of life—— talked of life——

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

He said his name, Bo-jangles, then he danced a lick, a—cro—ss the cell——

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

He let go a laugh, let go a laugh——

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

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

Mister Bo—jan-gles, dance——

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs Through—out the south——

He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and he 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 For drinks and tips——
But most the time I spend be-hind these county bars, 'cause I drinks a bit——"

He shook his head—— and as he shook his head——
I heard someone a—ask please——, Please—— ease——

Chorus:  

Mister Bo—jan-gles, dance——

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