Mr. Bojangles
by Jerry Jeff Walker (1968)

Intro:

Chorus:

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-o– high—— jumped so high——

Then he light-ly touched down——

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——

laughed, slapped his leg a step——

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

A—cro-oss the cell——

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

He clicked his heels——
Chorus:
Am . . . . . . | G . . . | . . | Am . . . . . . | G . . . | . . |
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 . . . . . . . . .
Throughout—— 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——
D 7 . . . . . . 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——
D 7 . . . . . . G . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
I heard someone a—ask please—— Please—— ease——

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

San Jose Ukulele Club
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