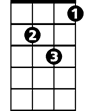
**Mr. Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker, ca. 1965) (C) (¾)**



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| **Intro: C Em Am F G C**  **C Em Am F G**  I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you - In worn out shoes  **C Em Am F G**  With silver hair a ragged shirt and baggy pants - The old soft shoe  **F Em Am Dm G**  \_ He jumped so high, jumped so high - Then he'd lightly touch down.  **Chorus**  **Am G Am G Am G C F C**  Mr. Bojangles Mr. Bojangles Mr. Bojangles dance  **C Em Am F G**  I met him in a cell in New Orleans I was - down and out  **C Em Am F G**  He looked to me to be - the eyes of age - as he spoke right out  **F Em Am Dm G**  \_ He talked of life, talked of life - He laughed, slapped his leg a step  **C Em Am F G**  He said his name Bojangles then he danced a licked - across the cell  **C Em**  He grabbed his pants, a better stance,  **Am F G**  oh he jumped so high, and he clicked his heels  **F Em Am Dm G**  \_ He let go a laugh, let go a laugh, shook back his clothes all around. **Chorus**  **C Em Am F G**  He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs - throughout the south.  **C Em Am F G**  He spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog and him - traveled about  **F Em Am Dm G**  \_ His dog up and died, up and died, after 20 years he still grieves  **C Em Am F G**  He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks - for drinks and tips  **C Em Am F G**  But most the time I spend behind these county bars - cause I drinks a bit  **F Em Am**  \_ He shook his head, and as he shook his head -  **Dm G**  I heard someone ask him please – please. **Chorus** | | | | | | |  |
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| Strum: 1 2&3& | **DGBE** |  |  |  |  |  |  |

**Mr. Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker, ca. 1965) (G) (¾)**

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| **Intro: G Bm Em C D G**  **G Bm Em C D**  I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you - In worn out shoes  **G Bm Em C D**  With silver hair a ragged shirt and baggy pants - The old soft shoe  **C Bm Em Am D**  \_ He jumped so high, jumped so high - Then he'd lightly touch down.  **Chorus**  **Em D Em D Em D G C G**  Mr. Bojangles Mr. Bojangles Mr. Bojangles dance  **G Bm Em C D**  I met him in a cell in New Orleans I was - down and out  **G Bm Em C D**  He looked to me to be - the eyes of age - as he spoke right out  **C Bm Em Am D**  \_ He talked of life, talked of life - He laughed, slapped his leg a step  **G Bm Em C D**  He said his name Bojangles then he danced a licked - across the cell  **G Bm**  He grabbed his pants, a better stance,  **Em C D**  oh he jumped so high, and he clicked his heels  **C Bm Em Am D**  \_ He let go a laugh, let go a laugh, shook back his clothes all around. **Chorus**  **G Bm Em C D**  He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs - throughout the south.  **G Bm Em C D**  He spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog and him - traveled about  **C Bm Em Am D**  \_ His dog up and died, up and died, after 20 years he still grieves  **G Bm Em C D**  He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks - for drinks and tips  **G Bm Em C D**  But most the time I spend behind these county bars - cause I drinks a bit  **C Bm Em**  \_ He shook his head, and as he shook his head -  **Am D**  I heard someone ask him please – please. **Chorus** | | | | | | |  |
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| Strum: 1 2&3& | **DGBE** |  |  |  |  |  |  |

