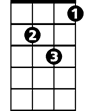
**Mr. Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker, ca. 1965) (C) (6/8 Time)**



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| **Intro: C Em | Am Em**  **C Em Am F G - G7**  I knew a man Bo-jangles 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 Em Dm (D7) G**  \_ He jumped so high, jumped so high \_\_ Then he'd lightly touch down.  **Chorus**  **Am G Am G Am G C Dm | Am Em**  \_\_ Mr. Bo-jangles \_\_ Mr. Bo-jangles \_\_ Mr. Bo-jangles . . . dance.  **C Em Am F G - G7**  I met him in a cell in New Or-leans 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 Em Dm (D7) G - G7**  \_ He talked of life, talked of life \_\_ He laughed, slapped his leg a step  **C Em Am F G - G7**  He said his name Bo-jangles 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 Em Dm (D7) G**  \_ He let go a laugh, let go a laugh, \_\_ shook back his clothes all a-round. **Chorus**  **C Em Am F G - G7**  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 a-bout  **F Em Am Em Dm (D7) G - G7**  \_ His dog up and died, he up and died, \_\_ after 20 years he still grieves.  **C Em Am F G - G7**  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 Em**  \_ He shook his head, and as he shook his head,  **Dm (D7) G**  \_\_ I heard someone ask him please – please. **Chorus. End on C.** | | | | | | | |  |
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**Mr. Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker, ca. 1965) (G) (6/8 Time)**

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| **Intro: G Bm | Em Bm**  **G Bm Em C D - D7**  I knew a man Bo-jangles 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 Bm Am (A7) D**  \_ He jumped so high, jumped so high \_\_ Then he'd lightly touch down.  **Chorus**  **Em D Em D Em D G Bm | Em Bm**  \_\_ Mr. Bo-jangles \_\_ Mr. Bo-jangles \_\_ Mr. Bo-jangles . . . dance.  **G Bm Em C D - D7**  I met him in a cell in New Or-leans 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 Bm Am (A7) D - D7**  \_ He talked of life, talked of life \_\_ He laughed, slapped his leg a step  **G Bm Em C D - D7**  He said his name Bo-jangles 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 Bm Am (A7) D**  \_ He let go a laugh, let go a laugh, \_\_ shook back his clothes all a-round. **Chorus**  **G Bm Em C D - D7**  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 a-bout  **C Bm Em Bm Am (A7) D - D7**  \_ His dog up and died, he up and died, \_\_ after 20 years he still grieves.  **G Bm Em C D - D7**  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 Bm**  \_ He shook his head, and as he shook his head,  **Am (A7) D**  \_\_ I heard someone ask him please - please. **Chorus. End on G.** | | | | | | | |  |
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