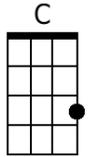


Mr. Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker, ca. 1965) (C) (6/8 Time)

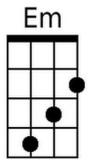
Intro: C Em | Am Em

C Em Am F G - G7
I knew a man Bo-jangles and he danced for you _ In worn out shoes



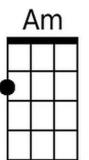
C Em Am F G
With silver hair, a ragged shirt, and baggy pants _ The old soft shoe

F Em Am Em Dm (D7) G
_ He jumped so high, jumped so high _ Then he'd lightly touch down.



Chorus

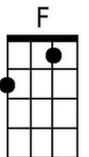
Am G Am G Am G C Em | Am Em
_ Mr. Bo-jangles _ Mr. Bo-jangles _ Mr. Bo-jangles . . . dance.



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

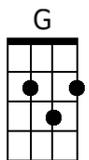
F Em Am Em Dm (D7) G - G7
_ He talked of life, talked of life _ He laughed, slapped his leg a step



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

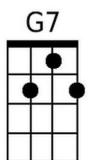
F Em Am Em Dm (D7) G
_ He let go a laugh, let go a laugh, _ shook back his clothes all a-round. **Chorus**



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.

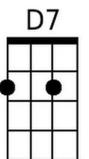
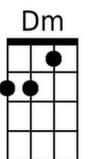


C Em Am F G - G7
He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks _ for drinks and tips

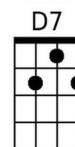
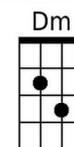
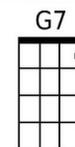
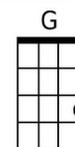
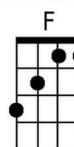
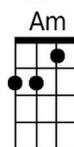
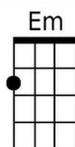
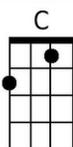
C Em Am F G
But most the time I spend behind these county bars _ 'cause I drinks a bit

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.**



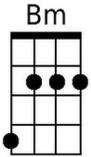
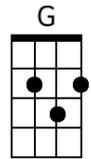
DGBE



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

Intro: G Bm | Em Bm

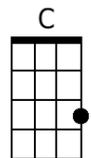
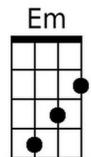
G Bm Em C D - D7
 I knew a man Bo-jangles and he danced for you _ In worn out shoes
 G Bm Em C D
 With silver hair, a ragged shirt, and baggy pants _ The old soft shoe
 C Bm Em Bm Am (A7) D
 _ He jumped so high, jumped so high _ Then he'd lightly touch down.



Chorus

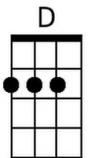
Em D Em D Em D G Bm | Em Bm
 _ Mr. Bo-jangles _ Mr. Bo-jangles _ Mr. Bo-jangles . . . dance.

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

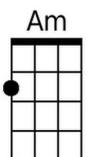
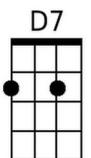
G Bm
 He grabbed his pants, a better stance,
 Em C D
 oh he jumped so high, _ and he clicked his heels



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.

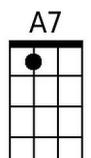
G Bm Em C D
 He spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog and him _ traveled a-bout
 C Bm Em Bm Am (A7) D - D7
 _ His dog up and died, he up and died, _ after 20 years he still grieves.



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.**



DGBE

