

Mr. Bojangles

Written by Jerry Jeff Walker,

As performed by the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

I ^D knew a man ^{F#m} Bojangles and he ^{Bm} danced for you.... ^G In worn out ^A shoes
With ^D silver hair a ^{F#m} ragged shirt and ^{Bm} baggy pants.... ^G The old soft ^A shoe
^G He jumped so ^{F#m} high, ^{F#m7} jumped so ^{Bm} high.... Then he'd ^{E7} lightly touch ^{A7} down.

^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^D dance

I ^D met him in a ^{F#m} cell in ^{Bm} New Orleans.... ^G I was down and ^A out
He ^D looked to me to ^{F#m} be the ^{Bm} eyes of age.... ^G as he spoke right ^A out
^G He talked of ^{F#m} life, ^{F#m7} talked of ^{Bm} life, he laughed, ^{E7} slapped his leg a ^{A7} step

^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^D dance

He ^D said his name ^{F#m} Bojangles then he ^{Bm} danced a lick.... ^G across the ^A cell
He ^D grabbed his pants, ^{F#m} a better stance, o he ^{Bm} jumped so high ^G & he clicked his ^A heels
^G He let go a ^{F#m} laugh, ^{F#m7} let go a ^{Bm} laugh, shook back his ^{E7} clothes all ^{A7} around

^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^D dance

He ^D danced for those at ^{F#m} minstrel shows & ^{Bm} county fairs.... ^G throughout the ^A south
He ^D spoke with tears of ^{F#m} 15 years how his ^{Bm} dog and him.... ^G traveled ^A about
^G His dog up and ^{F#m} died, ^{F#m7} up and ^{Bm} died, after 20 ^{E7} years he still ^{A7} grieves

^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^D dance

He ^D said I dance now at ^{F#m} every chance in ^{Bm} honky tonks.... ^G for drinks and ^A tips
But ^D most the time I ^{F#m} spend behind these ^{Bm} county bars.... ^G cause I drinks a ^A bit
^G He shook his ^{F#m} head, ^{F#m7} & as he ^{Bm} shook his head I heard ^{E7} someone ask him ^{A7} please

^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^{Bm} Mr. Bo ^A jangles ^D dance