

## Mr. Bojangles

Jerry Jeff Walker III-78

C C/B Am7 C/G F G  
 I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you, in worn out shoes.  
 C C/B Am7 C/G F G  
 With silver hair a ragged shirt and baggy pants, He did the old soft shoe.  
 F C E7 Am Am7 D7 G  
 He jumped so high, jumped so high, Then he lightly touched down.  
 Am G Am G Am G C  
 Mister Bojangles, Mister Bojangles, Mister Bojangles, dance.

I met him in a cell in New Orleans I was down and out.  
 He looked at me to be the eyes of age as he spoke right out.  
 He talked of life, talked of life, he laughed slapped his leg a step.

### Chorus

He said his name, Bojangles, then he danced a lick, across the cell.  
 He grabbed his pants a better stance oh he jumped up high,  
 He clicked his heels, he let go a laugh, let go a laugh,  
 Shook back his clothes all around.

### Chorus

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs throughout the south.  
 He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and he traveled about.  
 His dog up and died, up and died,  
 After twenty years he still grieved,

### Chorus

He said, "Now I dance at every chance in honky tonks for drinks and tips.  
 But most of the I spend behind these county bars," He said, "I drinks a bit."  
 He shook his head and he shook his head,  
 I heard someone ask him please,

### Chorus