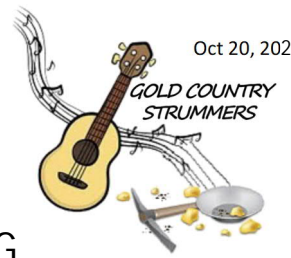


Music & lyrics by Jerry Jeff Walker
Published 1968

Mr. Bojangles



Oct 20, 2020

Intro: C CM7 C6 CM7 (x2)

Baritone

I knew a man, Bo-jangles and he'd dance for you in worn out shoes

With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants the old soft shoe

He jumped so high jumped so high then he'd lightly touch down

Mr. Bo-jangles, Mr. Bo-jangles, Mr. Bo-jangles dance

I met him in a cell in New Or-leans, I was down and out

He looked to me to be the eyes of age as he spoke right out

He talked of life. He talked of life. He laughed, slapped his leg a step

He said the name, Bo-jangles and he danced a lick across the cell

He grabbed his pants, a better stance, oh he jumped so high he clicked his heels

He let go a laugh. He let go a laugh shook back his clothes all a-round

Mr. Bo-jangles, Mr. Bo-jangles, Mr. Bo-jangles dance

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs throughout the south

He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and him traveled a-bout

His dog up and died. He up and died. After twenty years he still grieves

He said, "I dance now at every chance in honky tonks for drinks and tips

But most the time I spend behind these county bars 'cause I drinks a bit"

He shook his head and as he shook his head I heard someone ask, "Please

Mr. Bo-jangles, Mr. Bo-jangles, Mr. Bo-jangles dance"

