

Mr Bojangles (Jerry Jeff Walker) [Nitty Gritty Dirt Band (capo 6)]

[intro (3/4 time)] |C |G/B |Am |

[verse 1]

|C |G/B |Am | |F | |G |  
I knew a man, Bojangles, and he'd dance for you in worn-out shoes,  
|C |G/B |Am | |F | |G |  
With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants, the old soft shoe.  
|F | |Em |E |Am |  
He jumped so high, jumped so high,  
|D | |G | |G7 |  
Then he lightly touched down.

[verse 2]

|C |G/B |Am | |F | |G |  
I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was down and out.  
|C |G/B |Am | |F | |G |  
He looked to me to be the eyes of age as he spoke right out.  
|F | |Em |E |Am |  
He talked of life, talked of life,  
|D | |G | |G7 |  
He laughed, clicked his heels and stepped.

[verse 3]

|C |G/B |Am | |F | |G |  
He said his name, Bojangles, and he danced a lick across the cell.  
|C |G/B |Am | |F | |G |  
He grabbed his pants and spread his stance, oh he jumped so high,  
|F | |G |  
And then he clicked his heels.  
|F | |Em |E |Am |  
He let go a laugh, let go a laugh  
|D | |G | |G7 |  
And shook back his clothes all around.

[chorus]

|Am | |G | |Am | |G | |Am | |G | |C |G/B |Am |  
Mr Bojangles, Mr Bojangles, Mr Bojangles, dance.

[verse 4]

|C |G/B |Am | |F | |G |  
He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs throughout the South.  
|C |G/B |Am | |F | |G |  
He spoke through tears of 15 years how his dog and him travelled about.  
|F | |Em |E |Am |  
The dog up and died, he up and died,  
|D | |G | |G7 |  
And after 20 years he still grieves.

[verse 5]

|C |G/B |Am | |F | |G |  
He said, I dance now at every chance in honky-tonks for drinks and tips,  
|C |G/B |Am | |F | |G |  
But most the time I spend behind these county bars 'cause I drinks a bit.  
|F | |Em |E |Am |  
He shook his head, and as he shook his head  
|D | |G | |G7 |  
I heard someone ask him, please, please...

[chorus, followed by...]

|C |G/B |Am |/  
I knew a man, Bojangles, and he'd dance for you.