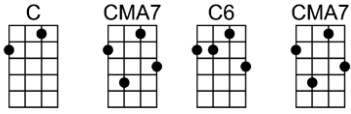


# MR. BOJANGLES (BAR)-Jerry Jeff Walker

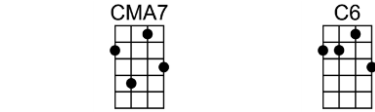
3/4 123 123

Intro:



(x2) (each chord gets 3 beats)

I knew a man



Bo-jangles and he danced for you,

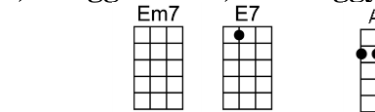
in worn out shoes.

Silver hair, a ragged shirt, and baggy pants,



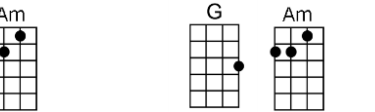
the old soft shoe

He jumped so high, jumped so high,



then he lightly touched down.

Mister Bo-jangles,



Mister Bo-jangles,

Mister Bo-jangles,

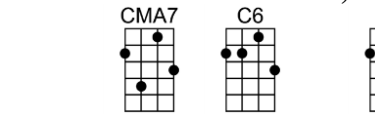
dance.

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



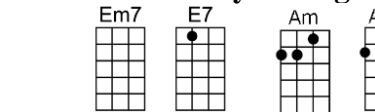
down and out.

He looked to me to be the eyes of age



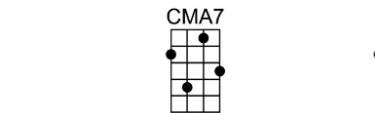
as he spoke right out.

He talked of life, talked of life,



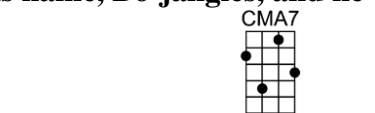
he laughed, and slapped his leg a step.

He said his name, Bo-jangles, and he danced a lick,



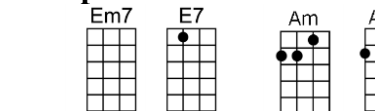
across the cell.

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



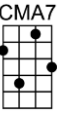
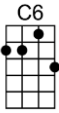
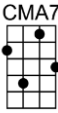
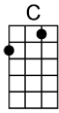
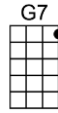
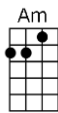
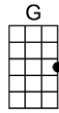
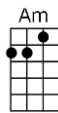
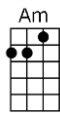
he clicked his heels

He let go a laugh, let go a laugh,

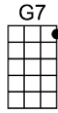
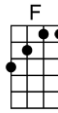
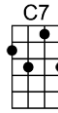
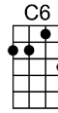
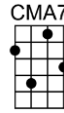
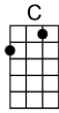


shook back his clothes all a-round.

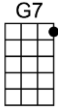
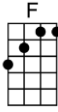
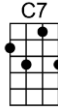
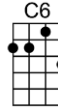
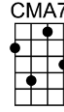
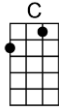
## p.2. Mr. Bojangles



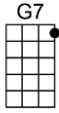
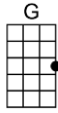
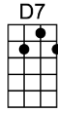
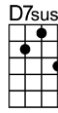
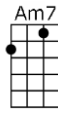
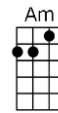
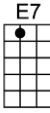
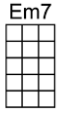
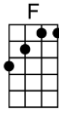
Mister Bo-jangles, Mister Bo-jangles, Mister Bo-jangles, dance.



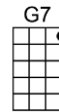
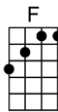
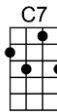
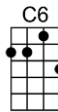
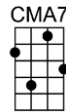
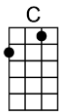
He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs throughout the south.



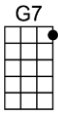
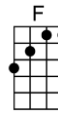
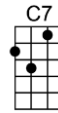
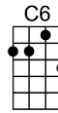
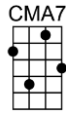
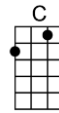
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and him, they traveled a-bout.



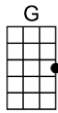
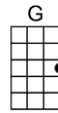
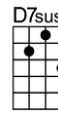
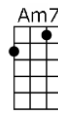
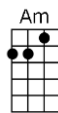
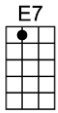
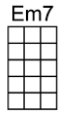
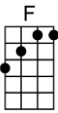
His dog up and died, up and died, after twenty years he still grieves,



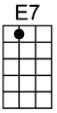
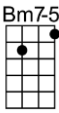
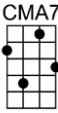
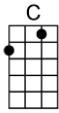
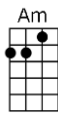
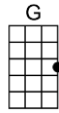
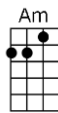
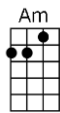
He said, "I dance now at every chance in honky tonks for drinks and tips.



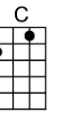
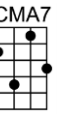
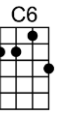
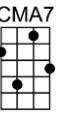
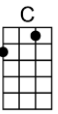
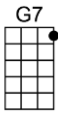
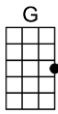
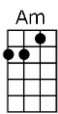
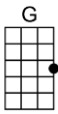
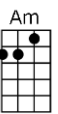
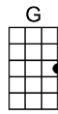
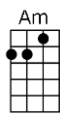
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars, 'cause I drinks a bit."



He shook his head, and as he shook his head, I heard someone ask him please,



Mister Bo-jangles, Mister Bo-jangles, Mister Bo-jangles, dance.



Mister Bo-jangles, Mister Bo-jangles, Mister Bo-jangles, dance.

# MR. BOJANGLES-Jerry Jeff Walker

3/4 123 123

Intro: C CMA7 C6 CMA7 (x2) (each chord gets 3 beats)

C CMA7 C6 C7 F G7  
I knew a man Bo-jangles and he danced for you, in worn out shoes.

C CMA7 C6 C7 F G7  
Silver hair, a ragged shirt, and baggy pants, the old soft shoe

F Em7 E7 Am Am7 D7sus D7 G Gsus G  
He jumped so high, jumped so high, then he lightly touched down.

Am G Am G Am G G7 C CMA7 C6 CMA7  
Mister Bo-jangles, Mister Bo-jangles, Mister Bo-jangles, dance.

C CMA7 C6 C7 F G7  
I met him in a cell in New Or-leans, I was down and out.

C CMA7 C6 C7 F G7  
He looked to me to be the eyes of age as he spoke right out.

F Em7 E7 Am Am7 D7sus D7 G Gsus G G7  
He talked of life, talked of life, he laughed, and slapped his leg a step.

C CMA7 C6 C7 F G7  
He said his name, Bo-jangles, and he danced a lick, across the cell.

C CMA7 C6 C7 F G7  
He grabbed his pants for a better stance, oh, he jumped so high, he clicked his heels

F Em7 E7 Am Am7 D7sus D7 G Gsus G  
He let go a laugh, let go a laugh, shook back his clothes all a-round.

("Mr. Bojangles.....")

C CMA7 C6 C7 F G7  
He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs throughout the south.

C CMA7 C6 C7 F G7  
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and him, they traveled a-bout.

F Em7 E7 Am Am7 D7sus D7 G Gsus G G7  
His dog up and died, up and died, after twenty years he still grieves,

C CMA7 C6 C7 F G7  
He said, "I dance now at every chance in honky tonks for drinks and tips.

C CMA7 C6 C7 F G7  
But most of the I spend behind these county bars, 'cause I drinks a bit."

F Em7 E7 Am Am7 D7sus D7 G Gsus G  
He shook his head, and as he shook his head, I heard someone ask him please,

Am G Am G Am G G7 C CMA7 Bm7b5 E7  
Mister Bo-jangles, Mister Bo-jangles, Mister Bo-jangles, dance.

Am G Am G Am G G7 C CMA7 C6 CMA7 C  
Mister Bo-jangles, Mister Bo-jangles, Mister Bo-jangles, dance.