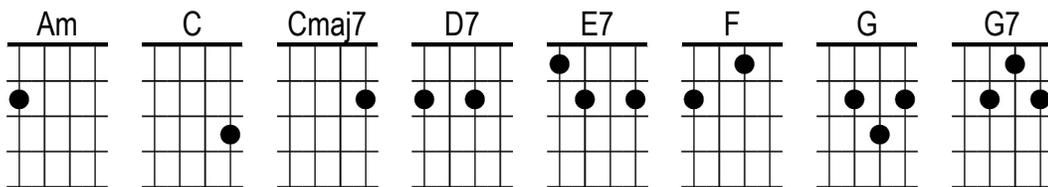


Mr. Bojangles

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band



I **C** knew a man Bojan **Cmaj7**gles and he **Am** danced for you | **F** in | worn
out **G7** shoes |

With **C** silver hair, a rag **Cmaj7**ged shirt and **Am** baggy pants, | **F** the | old
soft **G7** shoe |

F He | jumped so **C** high, **E7** he jumped so **Am** high, | **D7** then he |
lightly touched **G7** down | | |

I **C** met him in a **Cmaj7** cell in New **Am** Orleans, I was | **F** | down and
G7 out |

He **C** looked to me **Cmaj7** to be the **Am** eyes of age, | **F** as the | smoke
ran **G7** out |

F He | talked of **C** life, **E7** he talked of **Am** life, | **D7** laughed, | clicked his
heels and **G7** stepped | | |

He **C** said his name, Bojan **Cmaj7**gles, then he **Am** danced a lick | **F**
a | cross the **G7** cell |

He **C** grabbed his pants and **Cmaj7** feathered stance, 'fore he **Am** jumped
so high, | **F** then he | clicked his **G7** heels |

F He | let go a **C** laugh, **E7** he let go a **Am** laugh, | **D7** shook back his |
clothes all a **G7** round | | |

Am | Mr. Bo **G**jangles, |

Am | Mr. Bo **G**jangles, |

Am | Mr. Bo **G**jangles, | **C** dance **Cmaj7** **Am** **G**

He **C** danced for those at **Cmaj7** minstrel shows and **Am** county fairs | **F**
through | out the **G7** south |
He **C** spoke with tears **Cmaj7** of 15 years how his **Am** dog and him | **F** |
traveled a **G7** bout |
F The | dog up and **C** died, **E7** up and **Am** died, | **D7** after twenty | years
he still **G7** grieves | | |

He **C** said, "I dance now **Cmaj7** at ev'ry chance **Am** in honkytonk | **F** for |
drinks and **G7** tips |
But **C** most the time I **Cmaj7** spend behind these **Am** county bars | **F**
because I | drinks a **G7** bit |
F He | shook his **C** head, **E7** and as he shook his **Am** head | **D7** I heard |
someone ask him, **G7** "Please, | | please..." |

Am | Mr. Bo **G**jangles, |
Am | Mr. Bo **G**jangles, |
Am | Mr. Bo **G**jangles, | **C**↓ dance