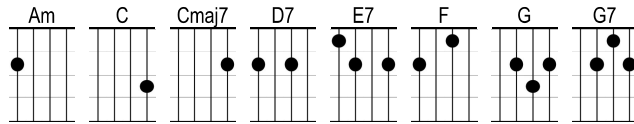


Mr. Bojangles

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