

Mr. Bojangles (Nitty Gritty Dirt Band)

D D/C# D/B D G A7
D D/C# D/B D G A7
I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you, . . . in worn out shoes.
D D/C# D/B D G A7
Silver hair a ragged shirt and baggy pants, . . . the old soft shoe.
G D F#m Bm-Bm7-E7 open-A7
He jumped so high, jumped so high, . . . then he'd lightly touch down.

D D/C# D/B D G A7
I met him in a cell in New Orleans I was, . . . down and out.
D D/C# D/B D G A7
He looked to me to be the eyes of age . . . as he spoke right out.
G D F#m Bm-Bm7-E7 open-A7
He talked of life, talked of life, laughed and slapped his leg a step.

Bm A Bm A Bm A
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles,
D D/C# D/B D G A7
Dance

D D/C# D/B D G A7
He said his name "Bojangles", and he danced a lick, across the cell.
D D/C# D/B D G
Grabbed his pants for a better stance oh he jumped so high
A7
Then he clicked his heels.
G D F#m Bm-Bm7-E7 open-A7
He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh, shook back his clothes all around.

Bm A Bm A Bm A
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles,
D D/C# D/B D G A7
Dance

D D/C# D/B D G
He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs
A7
Throughout the south.

D D/C# D/B D G A7
Spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog and he, traveled about.
G D F#m Bm-Bm7-E7 open-A7
His dog up and died, he up and died, after 20 years he still grieves.

D D/C# D/B D G
He said "I dance now at every chance in honky-tonks,
A7
For drinks and tips.

D D/C# D/B D G A7
Most my time I spend behind these county bars, 'cause I drinks a bit".
G D F#m Bm-Bm7-E7
He shook his head, and as he shook his head,
open A7
I heard someone ask him, "Please...please

Bm A Bm A Bm A
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles,
D D/C# D/B D G A7 D
Dance