

Mr. Bojangles

Jerry Jeff Walker

Columbia bootleg album Dylan(1973)

C /b Am /g
 I knew a man Bojangles and he'd dance for you
 F G
 In worn out shoes
 C /b Am /g
 The silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants
 F G
 That old soft shoe
 F C E Am C/g
 He'd jump so high, he'd jump so high
 D7/f# G C/g G7
 Then he'd lightly touch down

Am Em
 Mister Bojangles,
 Am Em
 Mister Bojangles,
 C /b Am /g F G
 dance

I met him in a cell in New Orleans
 I was down and out
 He looked to me to be the eyes of age
 As he spoke right out
 He talked of life, he talked of life
 laughed and slapped his leg a step

He said the name Bojangles then he danced a lick
 All across the cell
 He grabbed his pants for a better stance
 Oh he jumped so high and clicked his heels
 He let go laugh, he let go laugh
 Shook back his clothes all around

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs
 Throughout the south
 Spoke with tears of fifteen years How his dog 'n him
 had just travelled all about
 And his dog up and died, he up and died
 and 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 then he shook his head
 I heard someone ask him: "Please"