MR BOJANGLES

|G . . |/F# . . | Em . . |/D /E /F# |

G /F# Em /D C D

I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you in worn out shoes

G /F# Em /D C D

Silver hair a ragged shirt and baggy pants the old soft shoe

C Bm B7 Em /D A D

he jumped so high jumped so high then he lightly touched down

I met a man in a cell in New Orleans he was

down and out

He looked at me to be the eyes of age

as the smoke ran out

he talked of life he talked of life

laughed clicked his heals and stepped

He said his name Bojangles and he danced a lick

across the cell

he grabbed his pants and feathered stance for he jumped so high

then he clicked his heals

He let go a laugh let go a laugh

shook back his clothes all around

**Em D**

**Mr.Bojangles**

**Em D**

**Mr.Bojangles**

**Em D G**

**Mr.Bojangles dance**

He danced for those in minstrel shows and county fairs

throughout the south

He spoke through tears of fifteen years how his dog and him

traveled about

the dog up and died he up and died

after twenty years he still grieves

He said I dance now at every chance in a honkey tonks

for drinks and tips

But most the time was spent 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 PLEASE

**CHORUS**

|G . . |/F# . . | Em . . |/D /E /F# | G