Mr Bojangles

C    E\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}    G
/// /// /// /// /// X2

C    E\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}
I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you
F    F    G\textsuperscript{7}    G\textsuperscript{7}
    In worn out shoes
C    E\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}
With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants
F    F    G\textsuperscript{7}    G\textsuperscript{7}
    The old soft shoe
F    F    C    E\textsuperscript{7}    A\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}
He jumped so high, jumped so high
D\textsuperscript{7}    D\textsuperscript{7}    G    G\textsuperscript{7}    A\textsuperscript{m}
Then he'd lightly touch down

\textbf{CHORUS:}
A\textsuperscript{m}    G    G    A\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}    G    G    A\textsuperscript{m}
Mister Bojangles, Mister Bojangles
A\textsuperscript{m}    G    G    C    E\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}    G
Mister Bojangles, dance

\textit{END WITH:}    C    E\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}    G    C
/

C    E\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}
I met him in a cell in New Orleans I was
F    F    G\textsuperscript{7}    G\textsuperscript{7}
    Down and out
C    E\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}
He looked to me to be the eyes of age
F    F    G\textsuperscript{7}    G\textsuperscript{7}
    As he spoke right out
F    F    C    E\textsuperscript{7}    A\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}
He talked of life, talked of life
D\textsuperscript{7}    D\textsuperscript{7}    G    G\textsuperscript{7}
He laughed, clicked his heels a step
He said his name, Bojangles, and he danced a lick
Across the cell
He grabbed his pants, a better stance. Oh he jumped so high
He clicked his heels
He let go a laugh, let go a laugh
Shook back his clothes all around

CHORUS:
He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs
Throughout the south
He spoke with tears of fifteen years, how his dog 'n him
They travelled about
His dog up and died, he up and died
After twenty years he still grieves

He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks
For drinks and tips
But most the time I spend 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: