

# Bob Dylan - Mr. Bojangles (c)

Tom: C

(modo mais simples de tocar esta musica e com dedilhado sem palheta)

(intro) C

I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you

In worn out shoes

Silver hair, ragged shirt and baggy pants

That old soft shoe

He jumped so high, he jumped so high.

Then he lightly touched down

Mr. Bojangles!! Mr. Bojangles!!

Dance..

I met him in a cell in New Orleans  
I was down and out  
He looked to me to be the eye of age  
as he spoke right out  
He talked of life, he talked of life,

laughing slapped his leg stale

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance.

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

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance, yeah, dance.

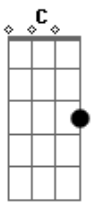
He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs  
throughout the south  
He spoke with tears of 15 years  
of how his dog and him just traveled about  
His dog up and died, he up and died,  
and after 20 years he still grieves

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance.

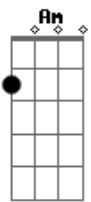
He said "I dance now at every chance at honky-tonks  
for drinks and tips  
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars,  
cause I drinks a bit"  
He shook his head, yes he shook his head,  
I heard someone ask him, please?

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance, dance, Mr Bojangles,  
dance.

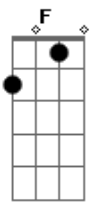
## Acordes



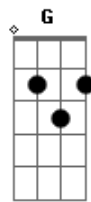
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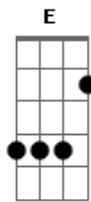
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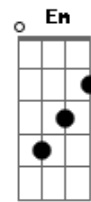
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