

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.

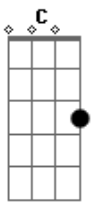
He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs
throughout the south
He spoke with tears of 15 years
of how his dog and him just traveled about
His dog up and died, he up and died,
and after 20 years he still grieves

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance.

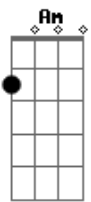
He said "I dance now at every chance at honky-tonks
for drinks and tips
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars,
cause I drinks a bit"
He shook his head, yes he shook his head,
I heard someone ask him, please?

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

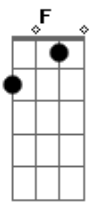
Acordes



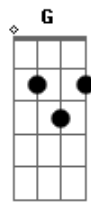
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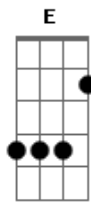
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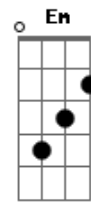
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