

Bob Dylan - Mr. Bojangles (c)

Tom: C (modo mais simples de tocar esta musica e com dedilhado sem palheta) (intro) C C Am 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 F Am He jumped so high, he jumped so high. Then he lightly touched down Mr. Bojangles!! Fm Mr. Bojangles!!

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 throughtout 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

C Am

Dance..

