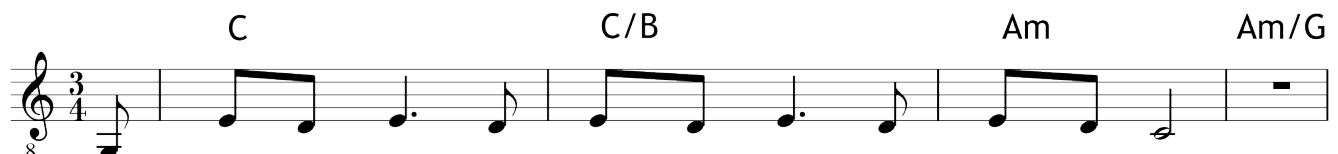



Mr. Bo Jangles

Jerry Jeff Walker 1968

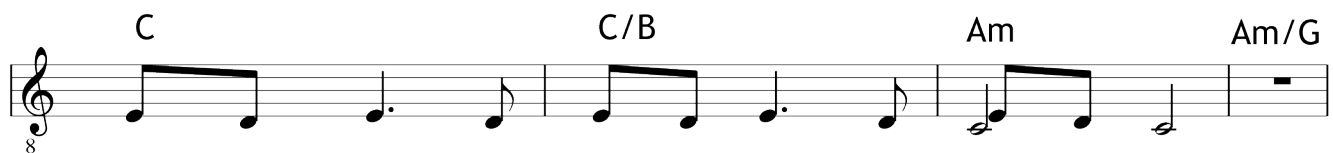
Intro: C | C/B | Am | Am/g | F | F | G | G |




I knew a man Bo Jangles and He'd dance for you
Met - him in a cell in New-or-leans
He said his name Bo Jangles and he danced a lick
He danced for those at minstrel shows and coun-try fairs
He said he danced at eve-ry chance at hon-ky tonks



in worn-out shoes. With
I was down and out He
a-cross the cell He
through out the south He
for drinks and tips But



sil-ver hair and rag-ged shirt and bag-gy pants.
looked at me with big - eyes of age
grabbed his pants for a bet-ter stands
spoke though tears of fif-teen years how his dog and him
most o' the time I spend be-hind these coun-try bars



the old shoe.
He spoke right out
Oh he jumped so high and clicked his heels
just trav-elled a-bout
for I drink a bit

F C C/B

8

He jumped so high jumped so
 He talked of life talked of
 Let go a laugh let go a
 His dog up and died he up and
 He shook his head shook his

Am Am/G D/fis G

8

high then he light- ly touched down
 life, then he jumped 'n clapped his hands
 laugh Shook back his hair all around
 died Af- ter twenty years he still - grieves.
 head I heard someone asked him please

Am G 8 Takte Intro

8

Mis- ter Bo Jan- - gles danced.