

Sammy Davis Jnr.

"Mr. Bojangles"

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I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you

in worn out shoes.
With silver hair
a ragged shirt and baggy pants

the old soft shoe.
He jumped so high
jumped so high

then he lightly touched down.

Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles

Mister bojangles come back and dance.

I met him in a cell in New Orleans

I was down and out.
he looked at me to be the very eyes of age

as he spoke right out.
He talked of life
talked of life

he laughed slapped his leg a step.

Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles

Mister bojangles come back and dance.

He said his name
Bojangles

then he danced a lick across the cell.
He grabbed his pants a better stance
oh he jumped up high.
He clicked his heels.
He let go a laugh

let go a laugh.
Shook back his clothes all around.

Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles

Mister bojangles come back and dance.

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