

## **Davis Sammy Jr**

### **"Mr Bojangles"**

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MR. BOJANGLES

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.

I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was  
so down and out.  
He looked at me to be the eyes of age,  
as he spoke right out.  
He talked of life, he talked of life. He laughed, clicked  
heels instead.

Mister Bojangles  
Mister Bojangles  
Mister Bojangles,  
dance!

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs  
throughout the South.  
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and  
he  
traveled about.  
His dog up and died, dog up and died, after  
twentyyears he still grieved.

He said, I dance now at every chance in honky tonks  
for drinks and tips.  
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars.  
He said, I drink a bit.  
He shook his head and as he shook his head I heard  
someone ask, please

Mister Bojangles  
Mister Bojangles  
Mister Bojangles,  
dance! - Jerry Jeff Walker

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