

Bob Dylan

"Mr. Bojangles"

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I knew a man Bojangles and he'd dance for you in worn
out shoes
Silver hair, ragged shirt and baggy pants, that old soft
shoe
He'd jump so high, he'd jump so high, will he likely
touch 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
but just travelled all about
Hid 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, Ocause I drink so bitO
He shook his head, yes he shook his head, I heard
someone ask him, OpleaseO,
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance, dance, Mr
Bojangles, dance.

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