

## **Bobby Cole** **"Mr Bojangles"**

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I knew a man Bojangles  
And he'd dance for you  
In worn out shoes

Silver hair, a ragged shirt  
And baggy pants  
The old soft shoe

He jumped so high  
He jumped so high  
Then he'd lightly touch down

Mr. Bojangles, 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 eyes of age  
He spoke right out

He talked of life, he talked of life  
He laughed, slapped his leggings down

He said the name Bojangles  
And he danced a bit  
Across the cell

He grabbed his pants  
For a better stance  
Oh, he jumped so high  
He clicked his heels

He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh  
Shook back his clothes all around

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. 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 him traveled about

His dog up and died  
Lord, he up and died  
After twenty years, he still grieves

He said I dance now  
At every chance in honky tonks  
For drinks and tips  
But most the time I spend  
Behind these county bars  
Cause I drink a bit

He shook his head  
And as he shook his head  
I heard someone ask please

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles, dance

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