

Brenda Lee

"Mr. Bojangles"

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I knew a man Bojangles
And he danced for you in worn out shoes
With a silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants.

He did wore the old soft shoes
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
But, don't you know that he spoke right out
He talked of life, talked of life
He laughed slapped his leg a step.

He said his name, Bojangles
Then he danced a lick don't you know
He went right across the cell
He grabbed his pants
Get a better stance oh he jumped so high
Lord, he clicked his heels
He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh
Shook back his clothes all around.

Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles, dear (Come on and dance with me.)

He danced for those at minstrel shows and country
fairs
He danced throughout the South
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and
he
He told me how they travelled about
His dog up and died, he just up and died
After twenty years he, Bojangles still grieved.

He said, "I dance now at ev'ry chance in honky tonks
But always dance for my drink and tips
'Cause most of the time I spend behind these country
bars

'Cause, you know, I drinks a bit."
Then he shook his head and as he shook his head
I heard someone ask "Please, please, please, please."

Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles, dear (Come on and dance with me.)

Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles, dear (Come on and dance with me...)

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