

Jerry Jeff Walker

"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,
He did the old soft shoe.

He jumped so high, jumped so high,
Then he lightly touched down.

Chorus:

Mister Bojangles, Mister Bojangles,
Mister Bojangles, dance.

I met him in a cell in New Orleans I was down and out.
He looked at me to be the eyes of age as he spoke
right out.

He talked of life, talked of life, he laughed slapped his
leg a step.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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, up and died,
After twenty years he still grieved,

Chorus

He said, "I dance now at every chance in honky tonks
for drinks and tips.

But most the time I stand behind these county bars and
I drinks a bit."

He shook his head and as he shook his head,

I heard someone ask him please,

Chorus

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