

Johnny Paycheck "Mr. Bojangles"

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I knew a man Bojangles
And he danced for you in worn out shoes
With silver hair and ragged shirt
And baggy pants the old soft shoe

He jumped so high, he jumped so high
Then he'd lightly touch down
I met him in a cell in New Orleans
He was down and out

He looked to me to be the eyes of age
And he spoke right out
He talked of life he talked of life
He laughed slapped his leg a step

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 oh, dog up
And died after twenty years he still grieves
He said, I dance now at every chance
In honky tonks for drinks and for tips

But most the time I spend behind
These county bars 'cause I drink a bit
He shook his head he shook his head
And I heard someone ask please

Mr Bojangles, Mr Bojangles, Mr Bojangles, oh, dance,
oh, dance

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