

Sammi Smith

"Mr. Bojangles"

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(Jerry Jeff Walker)

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
And he jumped so high he jumped so high and then
he'd lightly touch down
I met him in a cell in New Orleans I 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, he 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 drinks a bit
He shook his head, and as he shook his head, I heard
someone ask him please
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles won't you
dance?

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