

Ben Vereen "Bojangles"

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I knew a man, Bojangles, and he'd dance for you
In worn out shoes.

With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants,
The old soft shoe.

He'd jump so high, yes he'd jump so high, then he'd
lightly touch down.

I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was
So down and out.

He looked to me to be the eyes of age,
As he spoke right out.

He talked of life, yes he talked of life. He laughed,
clicked heels and he stepped.

Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles,
Dance!

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs
Throughout the South.

He spoke through tears of fifteen years how his dog
and him
Traveled about.

His dog up and died, yes he up and died, after twenty
years he still grieved.

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

But most my 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

Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles,
Dance!

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