

Bill & Boyd

"Mr. Bojangles"

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I knew a man, Bojangles, and he'd dance for you
In worn out shoes
With silver hair, a raggy 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, it was
Down and out
He looked at me to be the eyes of age
As he spoke right out
He talked of life, he talked of li-ife
He laughed, slapped his leg and stepped

Said his name Bojangles and he danced a lick
Across the cell
He grabbed his pants and made a stance
So he jumped up high
Then 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, dance!

He danced with those at minstrel shows and county
fairs
Throughout the South
He spoke with tears of fifteen years and how his dog
and him
Had traveled about
His dog up and died, he up and die-ied
After twenty years he still grieves

He said he danced now at every chance in honky tonks
For drinks and tips
But most of the time he spends behind his county bars
'Cause I drinks a bit
He shook his head and as he shook his head
I heard someone ask, please

Mister Bojangles, Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles, dance!

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